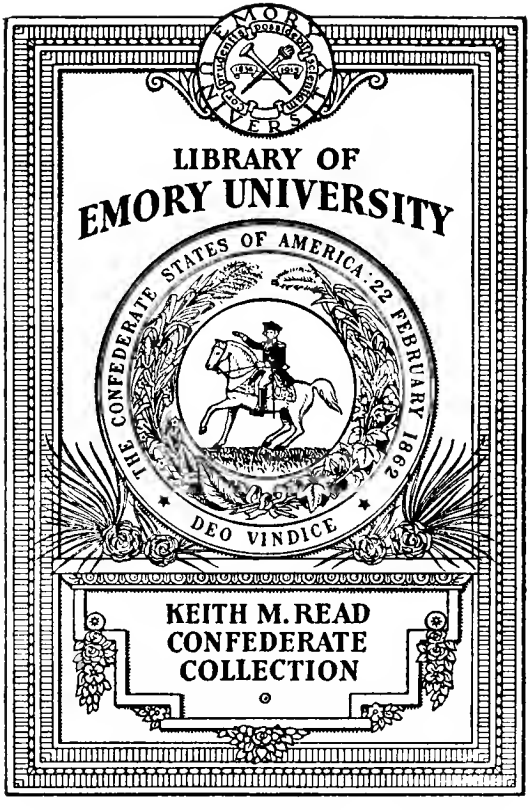
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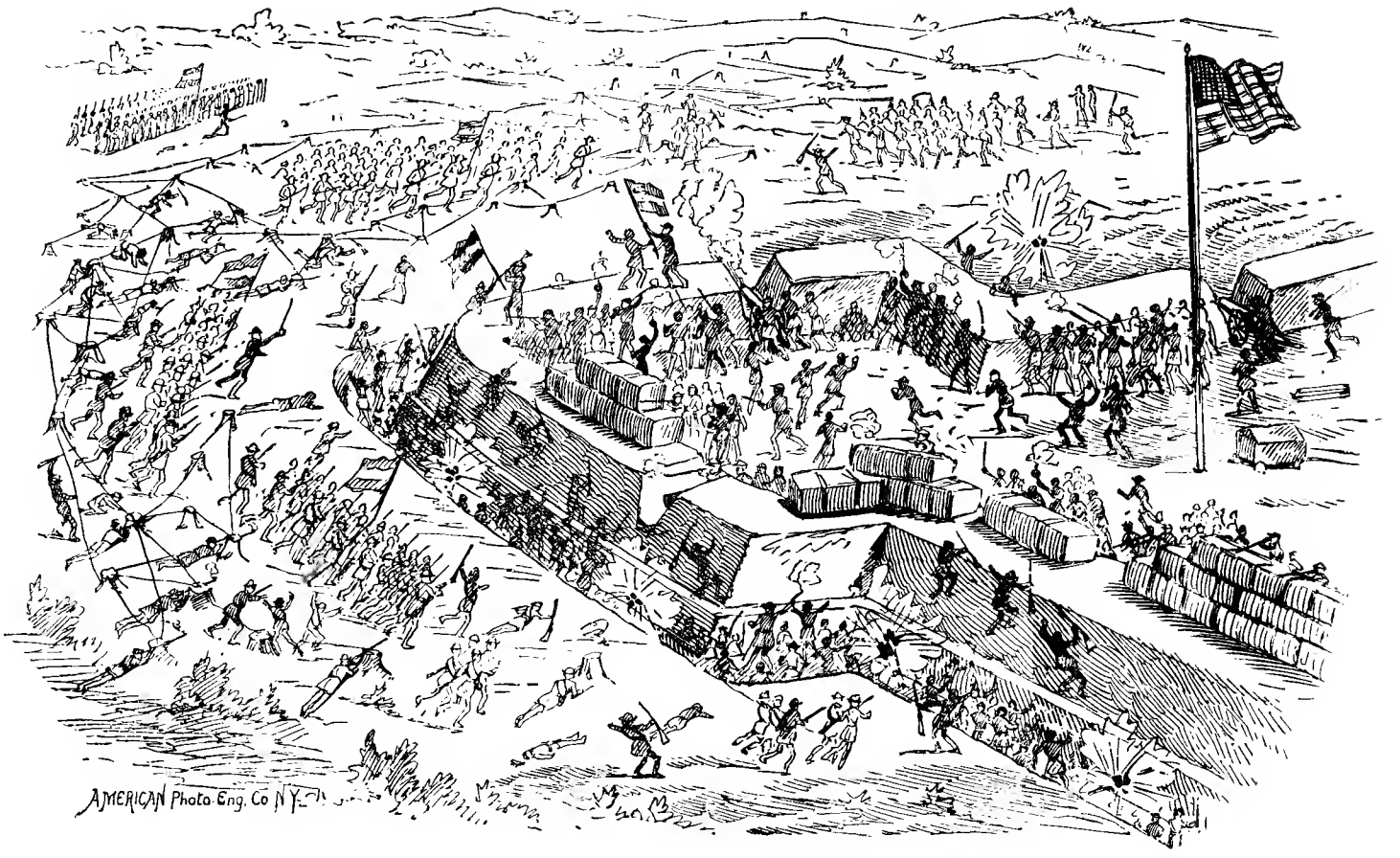

FORT SANDERS.—See Page 389.

THE

SEVENTY-NINTH HIGHLANDERS

NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS

IN THE

WAR OF REBELLION

1861–1865

BY

WILLIAM TODD
(of Company B)

ILLUSTRATED

ALBANY, N. Y.
PRESS OF BRANDOW, BARTON & CO.
1886

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WILLIAM TODD
1886

TO THE

Mothers and Wives, the Sisters and Sweethearts,

WHO SENT US OUT WITH THEIR PRAYERS AND BLESSINGS,

AND WELCOMED US HOME AGAIN — THOSE OF

US THAT RETURNED — WITH JOY AND

THANKSGIVING, THESE PAGES

ARE LOVINGLY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

THE MAID who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

PREFACE.

IT is said that when Dr. Johnson first heard of Boswell's intention to write his life, he said emphatically that if he thought Boswell really meant to write his life, he would prevent it by taking Boswell's! It is possible that some of my readers may wish that the author's name had been enrolled years ago among the list of killed in some one of the battles so imperfectly described in these pages.

It is over twenty years since the war closed, and the writer has waited, hoping that some one more capable would perform the task of recording the deeds of the New York "Highlanders."

Objection has frequently been made—and with a good deal of reason—that all regimental histories represent their organizations as doing most of the fighting and least of the running. Well, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" may be applied as properly to volunteer regiments that fought during the war, and whose existence ended with its close, as to individuals, and if we should speak no ill of the dead, neither, perhaps, should we say aught but good of our own regiments. The writer has not adhered strictly to this rule, however, as his pages will show

It may be thought that, in the accounts of battles, the parts taken by associate regiments are not sufficiently described; but it must be remembered that this is the history of but *one* regiment. Let it be understood, then, that while the writer has endeavored to be minute in showing what the *Highlanders* did, he does not wish to

pluck a single leaf from the wreaths of glory won by other regiments of his brigade, division, corps or army

The idea has ever prevailed in the minds of those unfamiliar with actual warfare that, as a rule, soldiers are "eager for the fray;" that the sound of battle acts upon their nerves as a red flag inflames the passions of a bull, and that every man becomes a hero at once. This error should be corrected. The disciplined soldier is always ready to obey orders, without hesitation, be they to advance against the enemy or to fall back before him, and this is really his highest praise. Without such subordination battles could not be fought. Instances where troops demand to be led against the enemy are the exception, and are as rare as hand-to-hand encounters in line of battle. It is only where some favorite "chum" regiment is being destroyed, before their eyes, that soldiers become impatient of restraint and ask to be allowed to share the danger, for the purpose of saving their comrades. The soldiers of the late war will bear me out in this—that it requires more nerve and real courage to stand inactive under fire, without flinching, than to leap into the deadly breach under the inspiration of a headlong charge.

Valuable aid has been rendered the author by comrades Morrison, Stevens, Baird, Kennedy, Armour, Lusk, and others, for which he returns his sincere thanks.

For the narrative of events the writer has depended mainly on his diary and letters, written on the field, all of which were carefully preserved by his family and returned to him at the close of the war. The task of preparing the manuscript, and of seeing the work through the press, has been purely a labor of love, and the writer will feel amply repaid if his comrades are pleased with his effort.

W. T.

ALBANY, N. Y., *May 1st, 1886.*

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" 16th.	Secessionville,	"
August 21st.	Kelly's Ford,	Virginia.
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" 17th.	Antietam,	"
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THE MAPS AND ENGRAVINGS.

The maps and engravings have been prepared expressly for the work, and the author desires here to acknowledge his indebtedness to Major-General John G. Parke, Chief-of-Engineers, U. S. A., for copies of official maps. From these, mainly, the maps have been compiled.

The fields of Secessionville and Spottsylvania were drawn from memory, and distances are only approximately correct. The battle scenes of Bull Run, the assault and defence of Fort Sanders, and the charge at Spottsylvania, were also drawn from memory sketches, while the other illustrations were copied from papers published during the war.

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SEVENTY-NINTH HIGHLANDERS,

NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

CHAPTER I.

FROM NEW YORK TO CAMP WEED.

THE HIGHLANDERS at Outbreak of Rebellion.—Services Tendered.—Enlistment of Recruits.—The Awkward Squad.—Leaving New York.—Trip to Washington.—Georgetown College.—A Night Alarm.—First Turn of Picket Duty.—Colonel Cameron.—Our First Camp (Lochiel).—Over the Border.—"The Campbells are Coming."—The Thirteenth (Rochester), N. Y. Vols.—Camp Weed.—Colonel Sherman's Brigade.—Ready for the War Path.

AT the outbreak of the rebellion in 1861, the Seventy-Ninth Highlanders, head-quarters in New York city consisted of about three hundred men, divided into six companies, and attached to General Ewen's brigade of the First Division N Y S. M. The regiment was composed principally of men of Scottish birth, but contained a good sprinkling of other nationalities. When on parade the Highland uniform, or kilts, was worn, while the undress, or fatigue, uniform consisted of caps, blue jackets and Cameron tartan trousers.

Immediately after the fall of Fort Sumter the services of the regiment were tendered to the government and recruiting begun in order to bring the ranks up to a war standard. Many of the original members, by reason of their age, were debarred from enlisting in the U S. service, but in a short time a sufficient number of recruits, without regard to nationality, had been obtained to fill

ten companies to the maximum. So anxious were many of the boys to enlist- and fearing they would not be accepted if under age—that they did not hesitate to hold up their hands and swear to being "twenty-one;" their fears proved groundless, however, for boys of eighteen, if in good physical condition, were readily accepted.

So anxious, too, were the various militia organizations to be accepted and sent to the defense of Washington, that the authorities were often at a loss to decide which first to order on, and it soon became a matter of intricate wire-pulling as to which regiments should have the preference.

Although the services of the Highlanders were among the first tendered under the call for 75,000 men for three months service, and authority had been given to prepare at once for the field, the membership was so small that stronger regiments were first sent out. We all remember the exciting days of April—the 17th, when the Sixth Massachusetts passed through the city; the 19th, when the Fifth and Eighth from the same State, and our own Seventh marched down Broadway; the 21st, when the Twelfth Regiment left, and the 23d of the month, which saw the Eighth and Thirteenth off. The Sixty-Ninth left on the 22d and the Twenty-Fifth Regiment from Albany passed through on the 29th. All this we witnessed and wished that our own ranks had been full enough, or that our officers possessed sufficient influence to move the Highlanders. Before the Government was ready to order us forward, the first call for troops had been more than filled, and when on the 13th of May the formal acceptance was made, it was under the second call of the President, of May 3d, for 500,000 men to serve for a period of three years unless sooner discharged. It is needless to say that the men were as willing to enlist for that time as for three months. Our term of enlistment was computed and pay began from this date. Elections had been

held in each company, the various grades of officers filled, and we awaited impatiently the further action of the Government to muster us in and call us to the field.

Drilling, meanwhile, was vigorously prosecuted, and many will remember the old Mexican soldier who acted as our drill master and whose sing-song "Left ! Left ! Now you have it, d—n you, keep it, Left ! Left !" amused us so much while under his manipulation. It bothered many to remember, when facing to the right in four ranks, whether number *one* or number *two* should take the "side step to the right," but after a while the lesson was learned well enough for all practical purposes. It will also be recalled how strange most of us felt when dressed for the first time in our new uniforms, the pants were too long—or too short, the coat or jacket collars so high and stiff that we could hardly turn our heads without scratching our necks or chins, while the tips of our fingers could scarcely be seen, so generous was the length of sleeve.

On the 27th, 28th and 29th, the ceremony of muster-in was performed with the following result :

Lieut. Colonel, Samuel M. Elliott, Commanding,	1
Major, David McClellan,	1
Adjutant, David Ireland,	1
Quartermaster, Patrick Home,	1
Commissary, Harry Pearson,	1
Surgeon, James Norval,	1
Chaplain, Geo. S. Doughty,	1
Band-Master, Wm. Robertson, and 17 musicians,	18
Color Bearer,	1
Right and left general guides,	2
Co. A., Captain, Wm. Manson ; Second Lieut., John A. McPherson, and 73 men,	75
Co. B., Captain, Jas. A. Farrish ; First Lieut., John Whyte ; Second Lieut., D. G. Falconer, and 77 men,	80

Co. C.,	Captain, Thomas Barclay ; First Lieut., Kenneth Mathison ; Second Lieut., W A. L. Ostrander, and 83 men, - -	86
Co. D.,	Captain, David Brown ; First Lieut., John More ; Second Lieut., John A. Falconer, and 83 men, - - - - - - -	86
Co. E.,	Captain, David Morrison ; First Lieut., Jas. B. Ayres ; Second Lieut., James B. Sinclair, and 84 men, - - - -	87
Co. F.,	Captain, James Christie ; First Lieut., Robt. McNie, and 82 men, - - - - -	84
Co. G.,	Captain, Joseph Laing ; First Lieut., James L. Dick ; Second Lieut., Walter B. Ives, and 66 men, - - - - - -	69
Co. H.,	Captain, James E. Coulter ; First Lieut., Robert Campbell ; Second Lieut., Wm. B. Drake, and 95 men, -	98
Co. I.,	Captain, Robert T. Shillinglaw ; First Lieut., Wm. St. George Elliot ; Second Lieut., Geo. W Pier, and 87 men,	90
Co. K.,	Captain, Henry A. Ellis ; Second Lieut., Samuel R. Elliot and 110 men, -	112
	Making a grand total of - - - -	895

Quarters were now assigned the regiment at Palace Gardens, on Fourteenth street near Sixth avenue, arms and accoutrements were issued, and the men ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march on twenty-four hours notice. Guard was mounted and the greenhorns looked with envy upon the few old "Breetish" soldiers whose handling of their muskets, or steady tramp while "on post" proclaimed their familiarity with such duties. On the afternoon of the 29th we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

Visitors filled our quarters from early morning till nightfall and all was bustle and excitement.

On the 30th the regiment paraded and marched to the residence of General Ewen, whose wife presented us with a beautiful silk National flag, the presentation address being made by Prosper M. Wetmore, Esq., president of the Union Relief Committee, and responded to on behalf of the regiment by Lieut. Colonel Elliot.

On June 1st we were ordered to appear at head-quarters on the following day, Sunday, armed and equipped, and with twenty-four hours cooked rations in our haversacks, ready to leave for Washington. At an early hour on Sunday morning the men, accompanied by relatives and friends, who came loaded with good things for our delectation, began to assemble.

At three o'clock in the afternoon line was formed for inspection and dress-parade, under the direction of General Ewen. All the officers and many of the men wore the kilts while the rest of the men were dressed in handsome State jackets with red facings, blue fatigue caps and Cameron tartan pants, these, with the kilted officers and men, made our appearance quite picturesque. After inspection and dress-parade the regiment was turned over to the Lieutenant-Colonel, wheeled into column by platoons, and, headed by Robertson's band, our journey to the seat of war began. Our route led us past the residence of Roderick W Cameron, Esq., who had been an officer in the regiment, but whose allegiance to the British Sovereign prevented his taking an active part in the war. His sympathies were with us, however, and his wife took the opportunity of presenting us with a handsome National flag, after which our march was resumed.

The day was exceedingly warm, and we felt very uncomfortable under the strange loads of well filled knapsacks strapped on shoulders unused to such burdens, but the excitement drove all tired feelings from our minds;

we marched down Broadway and to the Courtlandt street ferry with a firm step and a steady front.

Arriving at the railroad station in Jersey City, we found the train in waiting, and after some delay, owing to the great crowd of people who had collected, we were put on board the cars. The train was delayed in the station for several hours, during which time Jersey's fair daughters laid us under great obligations for the generous manner in which they ministered to our comfort. At eleven o'clock, amid the cheers and "God bless you's" of the assembled multitude, the train moved out. Those who had assembled at Newark early in the evening, despairing of our appearance that night had gone home, and only a few personal friends remained when, at midnight, that city was reached.

At New Brunswick all was quiet, and we gradually settled down to catch a few minutes sleep before changing cars at Camden. While crossing the river there, at seven o'clock on the morning of the 3d, ten rounds of buck and ball cartridges were served out to each man, and ten of each company ordered to load their muskets—not that we expected any trouble in the "City of Brotherly Love," but we were fast approaching the interesting city of Baltimore, and did not purpose being caught napping as was the Sixth Massachusetts, who had been assaulted while passing through on the 19th of April and some killed, while many more were wounded. On landing in Philadelphia we found the patriotism of that people at fever heat; a substantial breakfast awaited us, after eating which, the ladies distributed bouquets to all, while little girls went about presenting pocket pin-cushions, needle-cases and the like. Here, also, many of the regiment had personal friends who were ready to bid them a hearty welcome and an affectionate adieu, the customary "wee drop" not being forgotten. Those of our number dressed in the kilts received an extra share of attention. It was eleven o'clock

before our kind friends in Philadelphia were left behind. We did not lack for amusement during the journey ; few of us thought there would be any serious fighting with the rebels, and the prevailing sentiment respecting the negro question was pretty clearly expressed in the refrain of one of the songs sung during our trip :

"Let the North and South hold on a moment,
And let the poor darkey alone."

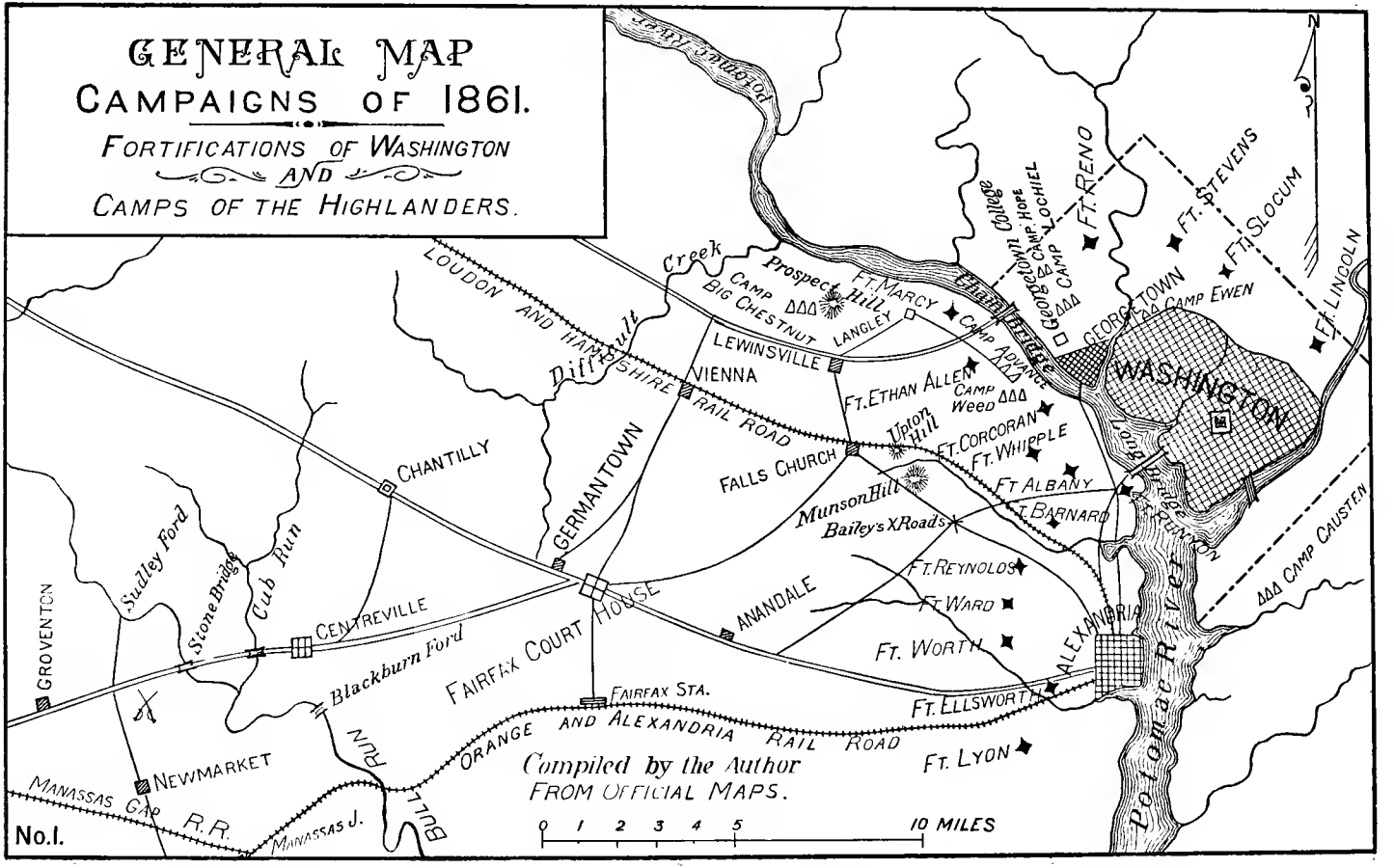
On approaching Baltimore, guards were placed on each platform of the cars, and the men ordered to hold themselves ready for any emergency On nearing the station a large crowd was observed, and as the train stopped, the "Plug-Uglies" began shouting and cheering for "Jeff Davis" and "Secession," while occasionally a faint response would be made for cheers for the "Highlanders" and the "Union." It looked as though there might be trouble, and as we left the cars to form line for the march to the Washington station, the men grasped their muskets more firmly and were on the alert for the first overt act on the part of the crowd. While line was being formed a violent thunder shower passed over us, and in a few minutes those who were in line received a thorough drenching ; the rain scattered the crowd, however, and when it ceased we began our march. The crowd soon collected again, following us all the way, shouting, hooting and yelling. We wished that the "thugs" had offered just a *little* violence, in order that we might have repaid, with interest, the assault on the Massachusetts regiment, but no overt act was committed, and when the Washington station was reached, we found the crowd assembled there to be of a very different character, for while they cheered loudly and frequently, it was for the "Union," "Stars and Stripes" and the "Highlanders." On entering the cars we took off our wet outer clothing and settled down for a nap. The train moved out a little before midnight and when most of us awoke again it was

in Washington, where we arrived at two o'clock on the morning of the 4th.

We had at last reached that far-famed city, about the safety of which the nation was at that time, and often thereafter, so much concerned. It was too dark, however, and the men too sleepy, for much notice to be taken of the surroundings. Line was speedily formed and the march begun for Georgetown, where quarters had been assigned us in the college buildings situated on the Heights. The march, although a short one, was very fatiguing to the men, who for the past forty-eight hours had had little or no sleep, and many dropped out of the ranks and sat down on door-steps and curb-stones to rest; some even fell asleep there and did not reach the quarters till long after daylight.

On arriving at the college, rooms were assigned to the various companies, and the men were soon testing the quality of the bare floors, in their endeavors to get a little sleep before breakfast time. Most of us were astir shortly after daylight, inspecting our quarters and the surroundings; we found that the college was an institution under the auspices of the Roman Catholic church, and up to the breaking out of the war had been attended principally by the sons of wealthy Southerners, but the schoolmaster's occupation was gone now, and while *we* "were at college" a few only of the professors remained. The Sixty-ninth Regiment had occupied the buildings before us and until they were sent over to Arlington Heights. From the rear windows we could see the Potomac, and Arlington Heights, beyond, covered with the white tents and rapidly growing forts and earthworks.

Our first summons to breakfast was announced by the cooks calling out, "fall in for your coffee!" The repast consisted of a quart of black coffee and two crackers, which at first thought seemed rather hard ("tack"), and some were inclined to grumble at the coarseness and


GENERAL MAP
CAMPAIGNS OF 1861.
FORTIFICATIONS OF WASHINGTON
AND
CAMPS OF THE HIGHLANDERS.
Potomac River
Creek
Prospect Hill
CAMP BIG CHESTNUT
FT. MARCY
LANGLEY
CAMP ADVANCE
Chain Bridge
Georgetown College
CAMP HOPE
CAMP LOCHIEL
FT. RENO
FT. STEVENS
FT. SLOCUM
FT. LINCOLN
GEORGETOWN
CAMP EWEN
WASHINGTON
LOUDON AND HAMPSHIRE RAIL ROAD
Difficult
LEWINSVILLE
VIENNA
FT. ETHAN ALLEN
CAMP WEED
Upton Hill
FT. CORCORAN
FT. WHIPPLE
FT. ALBANY
FT. BARNARD
FALLS CHURCH
Munson Hill
Bailey's X Roads
CHANTILLY
GERMANTOWN
FT. REYNOLDS
FT. WARD
FT. WORTH
ALEXANDRIA
ANANDALE
FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE
FAIRFAX STA.
FT. ELLSWORTH
FT. LYON
ORANGE AND ALEXANDRIA RAIL ROAD
Potomac River
CAMP CAUSTEN
Sudley Ford
Stone Bridge
Cub Run
CENTREVILLE
Blackburn Ford
GROVENTON
NEWMARKET
MANASSAS GAP R.R.
MANASSAS J.
BULL RUN
Compiled by the Author
FROM OFFICIAL MAPS.
0 1 2 3 4 5 10 MILES
No. I.
N

meagreness of the fare; the majority, however, ate the crackers and drank the coffee without a word of complaint. Our dinner was better, consisting of an old fashioned Irish stew In the afternoon a number of the men visited Arlington Heights. Fort Corcoran, on which the Sixty-Ninth were at work was inspected, and although the rain was falling at the time, the men of that regiment were hard at work, stripped to their undershirts. Our supper was a repetition of the breakfast bill-of-fare, and at dark we gathered in groups, compared notes and discussed the situation till bed time. Thus ended our first day at the seat of war.

The night of the 6th was long remembered by all who were present. The men had retired at the usual time—nine o'clock, and at midnight the sentries report was, "All quiet on the Potomac" But suddenly we were awakened by the discharge of musketry, the drums beating the long roll, the bugle sounding the assembly, and the officers of the guard shouting at the tops of their voices: "Fall in! Fall in! We are attacked!" Every man was up in an instant and seized the first articles of clothing that came to hand, putting them on, haphazard, in the dark, and grasping their muskets, rushed out to the parade ground. Some appeared with nothing on but their pants, hatless and shoeless; others clothed, but without their arms; some in their drawers and undershirts, who looked in the darkness like so many moving ghosts. Line was formed after a fashion, but scarcely a company was in its proper place. What was the cause of all this disturbance? No one appeared to know, no one was able to find out. After remaining in line for nearly an hour, part of the regiment was sent out on the picket line between the college buildings and the observatory, where they fired a volley into the darkness—or at an imaginary foe—the only result of which was to frighten those who remained in line, and to arouse the camps on

the opposite side of the river, for we could hear their drums beating and bugles sounding as though the whole rebel army was upon them.

It was finally reported that one of the sentrys, hearing a noise in the bushes, had fired his piece and then run back to the reserve, they in turn discharged their muskets and beat a hasty retreat to the college, and so the alarm was raised. As soon as this was reported the men were sent back to their quarters, but cautioned not to undress, and to keep their muskets close at hand; in other words, to "lie on their arms" for the remainder of the night.

It was not for a long time afterwards that the truth leaked out: a number of our officers had been enjoying themselves in Washington during the evening, and when they returned to quarters, just after midnight, were in good condition to perpetrate a serious joke without thinking much about the consequences. They thought it would be a fine thing to raise an alarm "just to see how quick the men could turn out." They did so—with the result as above mentioned. That no serious accidents followed such outrageous conduct was not their fault, and doubtless those who instigated the matter were afterwards heartily ashamed of their conduct.

Mention has been made of the observatory which was situated about a third of a mile from the college buildings; the road there led through the woods, and a line of pickets was maintained, more for the purpose of familiarizing the men with such duty than because of any need, for there was no armed enemy in the neighborhood. This line was considered the place of honor, and in the darkness no doubt many a brave man quaked and trembled during his first few turns of duty. In a letter written by one of our men at the time, he said "on this day I performed my first turn of picket duty, and when at dark I received the mysterious countersign, I really felt as though the safety of the nation depended upon the faith-

ful performance of my duty I am sure that not even the rustling of a leaf, the chirp of a cricket, or the monotonous song of a katydid escaped my attention for the first two hours I was on post."

On the 9th a grand parade of the troops camped in the vicinity was ordered, and the line reviewed by President Lincoln, General Scott and other officials, from a stand on Pennsylvania avenue. This was the first appearance of the regiment in the streets of Washington, and the kilts attracted a good deal of attention.

Shortly after this our officers while attending, in uniform, a reception given by the wife of the Secretary of State, met for the first time Mr. James Cameron, the brother of the Secretary of War. As the Colonel's position in the regiment was vacant, it was suggested by the Secretary that, if offered the position, his brother would accept; a meeting of the officers was soon held and the gentleman elected; he accepted, and on the 21st presented himself at head-quarters, and assumed command. On the 23d Colonel Cameron found that his position was not one of unalloyed pleasure; on that day the regiment marched to the Washington arsenal for the purpose, as announced, of exchanging the old altered flint-lock muskets, with which we had left New York, for rifles, but on the "new" arms being brought out we found they were no better, nor different, from those we had, and the men refused to take them. The Colonel was much chagrined at our behavior and endeavored, by argument, to convince us that we ought to accept the exchange. Finally, on his promising to obtain for us the first lot of rifles that came into Washington, we shouldered those offered, and marched back to our quarters.

During our stay at the college quarters, most of the men visited the places of interest in Washington and vicinity; the Capitol was thoroughly inspected, as were also the Patent Office, Treasury Building and Post Office.

Alexandria, too, came in for its share, and the Marshall House, the scene of Colonel Ellsworth's death, was visited, and in common with the host of relic hunters that had preceded us, we split off fragments of the wood-work to send home as souvenirs of the tragic event. The Fire Zouaves were called upon, whom we found at Fort Ellsworth, and other places of note received our attention.

On the afternoon of July 1st we received orders to prepare for removal to a camp ground on the following day The Quartermaster had already received a supply of tents and we had been anticipating the order for some time. On the morning of the 2d we were "graduated." We marched about a mile north of the college where ground had been selected, and which was named Camp Lochiel. Colonel Cameron, it was understood, claimed descent from the old Scottish Chieftain, and our first camp was named in honor of the ancient Highlander.

It was rather a difficult undertaking for a majority of us, this pitching tents—we could pitch ball better, and did so while waiting for some one of the old "Breetish" soldiers to come and show the greenhorns how to set up the ridge-pole and drive the pegs—but they were all up before dark, and when the regulation number of eight men were crowded into the six by eight feet wall tents, there was little room to swing the historical cat by the tail—or a mouse either. It was wonderful, though, how soon we accommodated ourselves to circumstances. When the weather was pleasant our time was spent "out of doors," and when compelled to remain within, we filled up the time with reading, writing, story telling and card playing.

On the fourth another review, but on a grander scale, was held in the city, the regiment as usual attracting a good deal of attention. One of our lieutenants, who commanded a platoon on that occasion, had been spending more of his time dealing out whiskey than in study-

ing tactics; a wagon occupied one side of the narrow street through which we were marching during the parade, and in order to pass the obstruction it was necessary for the platoons to oblique; as the platoons ahead passed in regular order the lieutenant was seen to bend his head forward as if trying to catch the proper word of command necessary for the execution of the, to him, difficult movement; this he failed to hear, however, and just as his line was about to become broken by the obstruction he hurriedly exclaimed—and indicating the direction by pointing his sword—"Go to one side till after you pass the wagon!"

While at the college we had been drilled frequently in the manual of arms by one or two West Point Cadets —or those just graduated from that institution. We followed Scott in this, and "carried" our muskets according to the heavy infantry practice; when engaged in skirmish drill, however, Hardee's system was adopted. Both officers and men generally seemed anxious to become proficient in their military duties, although they never attempted any of the fancy movements practiced by some of the other regiments.

On the 7th the Highlanders were ordered across the Potomac. General McDowell had been appointed to the command of the Union Army and was now organizing the regiments into brigades and divisions. While crossing the bridge which spans the Potomac, the band struck up a very appropriate air, "All the Blue Bonnets are Over the Border." Our route led us past Fort Corcoran and the camp of the Sixty-Ninth N. Y., on approaching which, the band played "The Campbells are Coming." Robertson was always equal to the occasion and enlivened our march by appropriate selections. The Sixty-Ninth turned out and welcomed us to the "sacred soil" of old Virginia. We encamped about a mile beyond that regiment and close to the Thirteenth New York, from Roches-

ter, who upon our arrival treated us to hot coffee, as the best they had to offer. Our wagons failed to put in an appearance that night and we were obliged to bivouac on the open ground. We made huge fires of fence rails, one for each company, and wrapping our blankets about us lay down and slept sound till morning. Our tents arrived early in the day, and when they were pitched, Camp Weed was established. Why that name was selected does not appear ; it may be, however, that the surroundings suggested it, for a most luxuriant crop was growing in the field where the tents were pitched.

It was about the 12th when the brigades and divisions were formally organized and we found ourselves with the Second Wisconsin, Thirteenth and Sixty-Ninth New York in the Third brigade of the First division, Colonel W T. Sherman being our Brigade Commander, while Brigadier General Daniel Tyler of Connecticut, was in command of the division. Sherman drilled us three times a week in brigade movements, that is, we had three drills the first week and would no doubt have had as many more the week following, had not the army started out on the war path.

CHAPTER II.

THE BULL RUN CAMPAIGN.

"On to Richmond!"—What We Saw at Vienna.—Incidents of the March.—Bees and Honey.—"Take off that Petticoat."—Laxity of Discipline.—Skirmish at Blackburn's Ford.—"General If" Drawing the Enemy's Fire.—Ducking; "Well, Boys, you *may* Dodge the Big Ones."—The Field Hospital—Alarm on the Picket Line.—Sunday Morning.—Behind Bull Run.—Opening of the Battle.

IT is well known that General Scott, the General-in-Chief of the army, was opposed to an aggressive campaign in Virginia, with three months' troops whose term of service had nearly expired. He wished to occupy the Summer in organizing an army of three years' men, now rapidly coming forward, and then begin active operations in the Fall. Butler's repulse at Great Bethel, and Schenck's at Vienna, however, although unimportant in themselves, had inflamed the people of the North and the newspapers voiced the popular sentiment, when with flaming head-lines they raised the cry: "On to Richmond!" Late in June the Administration bowed to the popular will; it was decided to begin active operations about the 9th of July and preparations were made accordingly

It was not, however, till the 16th that the "Army of North-Eastern Virginia" received its final orders to start. McDowell's "General Order No. 17," of that date, prescribed the route to be followed and general rules to be observed by the several divisions: "The brigades of the First division (Tyler's), will leave their camps in light marching order and go as far as Vienna, the Fourth brig-

ade (Richardson's), taking the road across the Chain Bridge and by way of Langley's, Louisville and Old Court House; the others by the Georgetown turnpike and Leesburg stone roads. * * * On the morning of the 17th * * * Brigadier General Tyler will direct his march so as to intercept the enemy's communications between Fairfax Court House and Centreville, moving to the right or left of Germantown, as he may find most practicable. * * * The enemy is represented to be in force at Centreville, Germantown, Fairfax Court House, and Fairfax station, and at intermediate places. * * * He has been obstructing, as far as possible, the roads * * * and is believed on several of these to have thrown up breast-works and planted cannon. * * * The three following things will not be pardonable in any commander: 1st. To come upon a battery or breast-work without a knowledge of its position. 2d. To be surprised. 3d. To fall back."

At two o'clock in the afternoon in "light marching order" the march began; our knapsacks containing our uniform jackets and tartan pants, as well as all other extras, having been packed and left at camp in charge of the "Invalid Corps." If any of our men wore other than the regulation dark blue blouses and light blue pants during the campaign, it was the exception, and they were few Orders previously issued had explained what "light marching order" meant, and all that we carried besides our arms and accoutrements, were our blankets, with a single change of underclothing rolled therein, the ends tied and slung over or shoulders. Vienna was reached, without anything worthy of note occurring, just before dark, and here we first witnessed any destruction caused by the enemy On June 16th General Schenck with the First Ohio, while approaching the station on a train of cars, and not suspecting any danger, was fired into by the enemy from a concealed battery, and a dozen of his com-

mand killed and wounded. His men were obliged to beat a hasty retreat, after which the rebels burned the cars. The remains lay scattered about the station and were very suggestive. Our afternoon's march had been a comparatively easy one. "Rests" had been frequent, owing to the obstructions placed in the roads by the retreating enemy, and which our pioneer corps were obliged to remove. We bivouacked on the high ground just west of the station, and those of us fortunate enough not to be summoned for guard or picket duty wrapped our blankets about us and were soon asleep.

At daylight of the 17th the march was resumed. As Germantown was approached about noon, an earth-work on a hill directly in our front was observed. A section of artillery was ordered to the front and a few shells fired into it without, however, eliciting a response; the skirmish line advanced, found the works deserted, and when the flag of the leading regiment was placed on the parapet the men cheered as though a great victory had been obtained. While resting for a few minutes in the village some of the Highlanders discovered a lot of bee-hives; to overturn these was the work of but a moment, and then began the scramble for the honey. But:

> "As Bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
> When plundering herds assail their byke,"

the air was soon "blue" with bees, curses and imprecations; men ran hither and thither trying to shake off their tormentors, while mounted officers put spurs to their horses and beat a hasty retreat. Just at this moment Colonel Cameron rode up to see what caused the excitement, and was heard to remark afterwards that he, "at least, got more stings than honey" Whether our brigade commander also got a "bee in his bonnet" at the same time did not appear, but he certainly had his opinion concerning the "New York rowdies," and it was not a flattering one either.

Our advance was made with extreme caution, rumors of masked batteries, such as General Schenck had run into at Vienna, were rife among the men; to our imagination every strip of woods contained a body of "secesh" infantry, and every hillock a concealed battery We passed numerous places where the enemy had lately been quartered, tents or signs of tents there were none, merely the remains of brush shelters which lined the road. As no enemy appeared the men began to grow careless. General McDowell says: "They stopped every moment to pick blackberries or get water, they would not keep in the ranks, order as much as you please; when they came where water was fresh they would pour the old water out of their canteens and fill them with fresh water; they were not used to denying themselves much; they were not used to journeys on foot." The Highlanders straggled as much as any regiment—more, our brigade commander thought, than any other; his aids were constantly galloping back and forth along the line with messages like these: "Colonel Sherman says you must keep in the ranks;" "you must close up;" you must not chase the pigs and chickens," etc., etc. The bearers of these orders were treated rather cavalierly: "Who are you, anyway?" "Tell Colonel Sherman we will get all the water, pigs and chickens we want." And as the abused aids rode away they were followed by the jeers, cat-calls, and taunts of the men.

This was all done in a playful spirit and without malice. One of our own officers, even, did not escape ridicule, which, however, he invited. Captain ——— had insisted on wearing the kilts when we started on the march. "The Highlanders," he said, "wear the kilts in India, and surely the gnats and mosquitoes of Virginia are not so troublesome as the venomous insects of the East." Being the only member thus arrayed he was a conspicuous figure. His love for fresh pork, and utter

disregard of orders, led him, with drawn sword, to give chase to a young pig. The chase was an exciting one; as the captain ran, his kilts flew up, and his long, gaunt legs were exposed. "Put on your drawers!" "Take off that petticoat!" "Put on your pants!" and, as the race continued: "Go it, piggy!" and "Catch him Captain," resounded from the ranks of interested spectators. The climax was reached when the porker, hard pressed, ran through a snake fence. As the pig squeezed under the lowest rail the captain threw himself over the top one, and in the act made such an exhibition of his attenuated anatomy as to call forth a roar of laughter from all who witnessed it, and the cries of "Take off that petticoat" and "Put on your pants!" were repeated. The captain appeared the next morning in ordinary uniform.

Referring to the march, General Sherman says in his Memoirs: "The march demonstrated little, save the general laxity of discipline, for with all my efforts I could not prevent the men from straggling for water or anything on the way they fancied."

We did not believe the enemy would seriously retard our progress, and the campaign was looked upon more in the nature of a pleasant excursion, with just that amount of danger which served to make it interesting, than a military advance against an enemy We were soon to be undeceived, however.

On the night of the 17th we bivouacked a short distance east from Centreville; during the night an alarm was raised by musket firing at the outposts near the town, but we were not called into line. At seven o'clock on the morning of the 18th, the route of march was again pursued, and on approaching the town it was found to be evacuated.

About the middle of the forenoon we were drawn up in line across the Warrenton turnpike, a short distance west of Centreville, and on the brow of the hill overlook-

ing the valleys of Cub and Bull Run. While resting here it may be well to look behind the scenes and note what the enemy had done, and were now doing, in their efforts to "welcome us with bloody hands to an hospitable grave."

Determined to act on the defensive, the authorities at Richmond had, early in the summer, assembled a force at Manassas Junction, thirty-five miles south-west from Washington. The region is hilly, and it is here that the railroads from the west and south-west join; it will thus be seen that the point was one of the greatest importance to the enemy, as the railroads enabled him to rapidly concentrate his troops and supplies. General R. E. Lee, who commanded the Virginia troops at this time, with head-quarters at Richmond, selected for the command of the "Army of the Potomac," as the rebel force at Manassas was then styled, General P G. T. Beauregard, who, less than six months before, was superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, and was now very popular in the South, by reason of his "brilliant" victory over the little garrison of Fort Sumter. The order assigning him to the command of the "Alexandria Line" is dated May 31st, and he assumed command at Manassas at once. On June 5th Beauregard issued "To the good people of the counties of Louden, Fairfax and Prince William," his silly "Beauty and Booty" proclamation. His force now consisted of about twenty thousand men, and twenty-nine guns. In the Shenandoah Valley, General Joseph E. Johnston had about nine thousand more, with twenty-two guns, ready to co-operate with Beauregard, and General Holmes about fifteen hundred men, with six guns, at Acquia Creek.

When McDowell began his march he expected to encounter only Beauregard's army at Manassas, and General Scott promised that if Johnston's force moved

to reinforce Beauregard, the Union General, Patterson, who was confronting Johnston, "would be on his (Johnston's) heels." Beauregard, by means of spies at Washington, was kept well informed of the plans of General Scott, and knew, the night before, that the army was to start on the 16th. He at once communicated the intelligence to Richmond, and the authorities there advised Johnston to co-operate with Beauregard, and also ordered the force at Acquia Creek to join the latter. Beauregard ordered his troops, who occupied the roads over which the union army advanced, to "retire before superior numbers," and fall back on the main body, now securely posted along the western bank of Bull Run, from the Stone Bridge on the north, to Union Mills on the south, a distance of about six miles. Between, and including these two points, there are seven places at which an army might cross; beginning with the enemy's left flank we have the Stone Bridge, Lewis' Ford, Ball's Ford, Mitchell's Ford, Blackburn's Ford, McLean's Ford, and lastly, the railroad bridge and ford at Union Mills. The stream runs in an irregular south-easterly direction, and the western or southern bank, especially, is high, and in many places precipitous. Longstreet's brigade guarded Blackburn's Ford.

To return to the Union army: McDowell's plan may be briefly stated as follows: To send a division to Centreville and menace that point, and then, with the bulk of his army, march on Manassas Junction, and crush Beauregard who was believed to have less than ten thousand men under his command. McDowell's plan was a good one, and *if* it could have been carried out would have been successful. But "if's" lost us Bull Run, as General Grant said "if's" lost the enemy the battle of Shiloh. "General If" proved to be an important factor on both sides in all the engagements fought during the war.

General Tyler had been instructed to "observe well the

roads but to bring on no engagement." Just before noon, however, he decided to make a reconnoissance, and for this purpose took Richardson's brigade, Ayer's battery, two twenty-pounder Parrots under Lieutenant S. N. Benjamin, and a squadron of cavalry, and proceeded towards Blackburn's Ford, some three miles down the stream. In a short time the sound of cannon was heard, soon after which Sherman's brigade was ordered to the support of Richardson's. We were double-quicked nearly all the way, and when, just as we emerged from the woods into a little clearing, we heard the sound of musketry added to the roar of cannon, we raised a cheer to notify our friends that we were coming; the enemy heard it too, and being familiar with the location of the road, their shot and shell were soon dropping about us. As this was the first time we had been under fire, the experience was somewhat novel—cheering, and even loud talking ceased; men began to look serious—what if one of those shells should hit us? But as shot after shot passed over our heads, or struck the ground on either side without doing any damage, our courage began to mount again. We were now ordered to deposit our blankets and haversacks in a pile by the road-side, after which we moved by the left flank into the woods, where line was formed, and we waited with mingled feelings of curiosity and fear for the next movement.

Just as the left of the line was turning into the woods, Robert B. Davis of Company K. was wounded by a piece of shell, the first casualty. We could see absolutely nothing of the enemy, the thick woods intervening between us and their position, but we could plainly hear the cheers on one side and the yells on the other, mingled with musketry fire and cannon shots. As the bullets flew singing over our heads, and the shot and shell crashed through the tree-tops, cutting down branches and limbs which fell about us, the men ducked and dodged, and he who

had a big, or even a little tree, behind which to shelter himself, was looked upon with envy by those who considered themselves more exposed. Colonel Sherman who rode slowly up and down the lines, noticing the men "ducking" every time a bullet or shell passed over, advised us to "keep cool," adding that there was no use of ducking, for when we *heard* the sound of the bullets all danger was past. Hardly had the words left his lips, when a big shot or shell came crashing through the trees and but a few feet above him; down went *his* head close to the pommel of the saddle, and when he raised it again it was to confront a line of grinning faces. "Well, boys," said he, a broad smile softening his rather hard features, "*you may dodge the big ones.*"

It was now the middle of the afternoon—between eighty and ninety of Richardson's brigade had been killed, wounded and captured—and General Tyler, recalling his instructions "not to bring on an engagement," ordered the troops to withdraw The loss was very heavy—far too heavy—for a mere reconnoissance, but the fact was developed that the fords of Bull Run were so well guarded, that McDowell's plan would need revision before the main attack was made. The Confederate reports of the engagement admitted a loss of between sixty and seventy, and that Longstreet's brigade was so completely shaken up, that Early's brigade was obliged to take its place before the battle ended. Another thing we discovered—the "Johnnies" *would fight!* and our dreams of a "walk over" were dispelled. When the advance brigade was withdrawn, our's remained to bring up the rear, and meanwhile several of us visited the field hospital close by The sight of the dead and dying made us feel rather sober. The poor wounded fellows lay all about on the ground, some appearing cheerful, others groaning or screaming with pain. Here lay the dead body of a boy, not more than eighteen years of age—"his mother's hope,

his father's joy " How soon his career was ended ! A young volunteer in the morning, a dead hero at night !

When ordered to return to Centreville, a number of our men found their blankets and haversacks missing, stolen doubtless by stragglers from the front, who had lost their's in the action ; when we went into bivouac that night, however, every man seemed to be supplied. Thus early in their career did the Highlanders learn to look out for number one.

The conversation around the camp fires that evening was mainly about the engagement, and there was not wanting the usual number of critics whose hindsight was better than their foresight. The old " Breetish " soldiers were the greatest experts. How knowingly they talked ! And with what contempt did they allude to our army ! Soldiers forsooth ! " Why, a regiment of ' Breetish ' soldiers would have gone across that ford and routed the whole ' Secesh ' army !" We greenhorns listened to such " rot " till we were tired, and then recalled several instances wherein the very flower of the " Breetish " army had fled before a mere handful of Yankees armed only with shot-guns and squirrel rifies. This silenced the croakers.

The Union army was now concentrated at Centreville, and that night McDowell informed his senior officers that he should endeavor to turn the left flank of the rebel army. Part of the regiment was sent out on picket on this evening, and considerable excitement was caused by our being fired on, through a mistake, by some of the Sixty-Ninth ; no one was hurt, however. The next two days were employed in examining the ground north of the Stone Bridge for a favorable crossing place, and the enemy were taking advantage of our delay. Beauregard says : " General McDowell, fortunately for my plans, spent the nineteenth and twentieth in reconnoissances ; and meanwhile General Johnston brought six thousand men from the Shenandoah Valley, with twenty

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TO SUDLEY SPRINGS
DOGAN HOUSE
WARRENTON PIKE
SHERMAN
MATTHEWS HOUSE
SHERMAN
STONE HOUSE
79TH HIGHLANDERS
HENRY HOUSE
ENEMY
ROBINSON HOUSE
ENEMY IN THE WOODS
CARTER HOUSE
Youngs Branch
HOUSE
Farm Ford
STONE BRIDGE
TO CENTREVILLE
SHERMAN
SCHENCK
Bull Run
THE HIGHLANDERS
AT
BULL RUN.
JULY. 21ST 1861.

guns, and General Holmes twelve hundred and sixty-five, rank and file, with six pieces of artillery, from Acquia Creek ; as these forces arrived (most of them in the afternoon of the nineteenth), I placed them chiefly so as to strengthen my left centre and left."

During this interval the Highlanders performed their share of guard and picket duty, but as no conflict with the enemy occurred, and we were not again fired on by our friends, the time passed quietly It was not until a late hour on Saturday that a favorable crossing-place was found; this proved to be at Sudley Ford, about three miles up the stream. In the evening McDowell called his officers together and announced to them his plans for battle on the following day

McDowell was not aware that Johnston had joined Beauregard, and in order to prevent this anticipated junction, Gainesville, on the Manassas Gap railroad, was to be occupied. To this end, Tyler's division was to make a demonstration in front of the Stone Bridge, while Hunter's and Heintzleman's were to make a detour to our right, cross the stream at Sudley Ford, and move down on the left flank of the enemy, uncover the Stone Bridge and allow Tyler's division to cross ; then the army was to move on to Gainesvile, or engage the enemy, as circumstances might warrant.

About two o'clock on Sunday morning the pickets were called in and the men ordered to pack up and be ready to move at a moment's notice ; in half an hour the march began and we advanced along the Warrenton turnpike, crossed the bridge over Cub Run, and halted about midway between there and the Stone Bridge, where we remained till near daylight ; we then proceeded to within half a mile of the bridge and filed off to the right into the woods for about a quarter of a mile, where we were drawn up in line. Schenck's brigade was on our left, and between us were placed the smooth-bore guns of Carlisle's

battery, while in our rear on the hill-side, there were two twenty and one thirty-pounder Parrots under Captain Ayers. As soon as we were in position these rifled guns opened as a signal that our position had been attained. (Beauregard says the second shot fired from the rifled guns went through the tent of one of his staff officers.)

Hunter and Heintzleman were now working their way around to Sudley Ford, but the road was of such a character that the ford was not reached for an hour or two after the appointed time.

Meanwhile, the enemy were making preparations to take the offensive. When Johnston came up on Saturday, and by virtue of his rank assumed command of the combined rebel forces, it was decided to cross the run at the lower fords, attack the Union Army at Centreville, and get between it and Washington—"gobble us up," as it were; but the Union Army had made the first move, and when daylight appeared the enemy found business enough on his left to attend to, and the contemplated movement by his right wing was abandoned.

It was near ten o'clock before Hunter and Heintzleman became actively engaged with the enemy; Sudley Ford had been crossed without opposition and our troops moved down the Sudley road towards the Warrenton pike, which it crosses at right angles about one and a quarter miles west of the Stone Bridge. The enemy could now be seen hurrying forward to repel the Union advance; several shots were fired by the smooth-bore guns of Carlisle's battery, but they fell short, and as our rifled pieces had been withdrawn to another point, we could only wait and watch. Clouds of dust rising above the tree tops along the line of the Sudley road, and the occasional gleam of bayonets as they reflected the morning sun, was all that we could see. Regarding the movements of the enemy at this time Beauregard says: "At half past eight o'clock Evans, who commanded the troops posted

to defend the passage of the Stone Bridge, seeing that the Federal attack did not increase in boldness and vigor, and observing a lengthening line of dust above the trees to the left of the Warrenton turnpike (Hunter's and Heintzleman s column), became satisfied that the attack in his front was but a feint, and that a column of the enemy was moving around through the woods to fall on his flank from the direction of Sudley Ford. Informing his immediate commander, Cocke, of the enemy's movement, and of his own disposition to meet it, he left four companies under cover at the Stone Bridge, and led the remainder of his force, six companies of Sloan's Fourth South Carolina and Wheat's battalion of Louisiana Tigers, with two six-pounder howitzers, across the valley of Youngs' Branch to the high ground beyond it." It will thus be seen that for an hour or more the bridge was defended by only four companies of infantry (with possibly a couple of small guns), while our two brigades lay within half a mile of the position. Why, it may be asked, did not McDowell attempt the passage? The reply is that the officers, as well as the men, were somewhat "green" at that time, and all were inclined to be cautious. Being in an enemy's country it was next to impossible to obtain information respecting his forces and positions, and it was reported that the bridge, besides being heavily defended by batteries, was also mined ready to be blown up as soon as an assault was made, and the safer policy was adopted, of flanking a position thought to be too strong to carry by assault.

While we remained in the woods, the men occupied themselves in a variety of ways; some were active and climbed the trees for a better view of the field where the fighting was going on; others sat and chatted in subdued tones, and wondered if we would be called into the fight; we were all very thirsty, and the vicinity was searched for water, but little of which was found, and that only in

puddles ; our patent filters were used to strain the roily water, and an amount of sucking was indulged in that would have put a babies' nursery to the blush. Never having been actively engaged in battle we knew little of the experience in store for us. On subsequent occasions this period of waiting—this uncertainty—produced in the minds of many a feeling of fear, which would not disappear till the actual clash of arms gave us something more important to think about. Unseen danger, when one is aware it exists, is far more demoralizing than the open conflict, where man can stand against man and decide the issue by superior strength or skill. But our time was fast approaching.

About noon, the enemy under Bee, Bartow and Evans had been driven from their position near the Mathews House, down the Sudley road, across Youngs' Branch, and McDowell supposed they would continue their retreat, for he now gave orders to "pursue" the enemy, and sent word for Sherman's and Keyes' brigades to cross the run for that purpose.

CHAPTER III.

THE BULL RUN CAMPAIGN.—[CONCLUDED.]

HIGHLANDERS Cross the Stream.—Major Wheat of the Louisiana "Tigers."—The First Dead Man.—An Incident.—General McDowell and Staff.—"Give us a chance, General, before they all run away!"—The Situation.—"Stonewall" Jackson.—Sherman's Brigade Ordered to Join in the "Pursuit."—Ricketts' and Griffin's Batteries.—Advance of the Second Wisconsin.—"Come on My Brave Highlanders!"—Assault on the Henry Hill.—Death of Col. Cameron and Captain Brown.—"Cease Firing! You're Shooting Your Own Men!" The Repulse.—Experience on the Field.—"I'll hae anither shot."—Young's Branch.—Account of Capt. Ellis.—Form, and Repel Cavalry.—"Bull Run" Russell.—Reason why the Enemy did not Follow up Their Advantage.—Our "Tiger."—A Cavalry Dash.—Blockade at Cub Run.—How Some of the Stragglers Reached Arlington Heights.—Fort Albany and the Twenty-Fifth N. Y.—Return to Camp Weed.—Numbers Engaged and Losses on Both Sides.—Jefferson Davis on the Field.—Gen. Jos. E. Johnston cited.

SHORTLY after noon, we moved by the right flank, and crossed the stream at Farm Ford, about a quarter of a mile north of the bridge. Early in the day, while reconnoitering, Colonel Sherman had noticed a horseman descend the opposite bank, ride to our side of the run and shake his sword as if defying us to cross; this officer proved to be Major Wheat of the Louisiana Tigers, who served our brigade a good turn by showing us the road. We marched slowly up the south bank till we came to the level ground near the Carter mansion, and the field from which the enemy had just been driven lay before us. From a letter written just after the battle the following is extracted:

"Just as we emerged from the fringe of woods which lined the stream, and entered the open ground, a sight

met my gaze which caused a cold shudder to run down my back-bone; it was the body of a soldier—whether in blue or in gray I do not remember—lying stark and stiff, just as he had fallen; the body lay partly on its side, the knees drawn up, hands clenched, and the already blackening face upturned to the fierce rays of the July sun. Opportunely, however, for my courage began to fail at the horrible sight, and in contemplation of what might be in store for me, a shell struck and exploded under the heels of an officer's horse, but a few feet distant, sending the fragments hurtling about us, and filling the air with dust and smoke; the horse reared and threw his rider. This incident dispelled for the moment the previous sight, and before I had time to think of the matter again, we had formed in front of the Carter house, on the brow of the hill overlooking the valley of Young's Branch. Just as we halted, McDowell and staff rode down the lines, waving their caps and shouting, "Victory! Victory! The day is ours!" Under the enthusiasm of the moment I remember stepping out of the ranks as McDowell approached, and shouting: "Give us a chance at them, General, before they all run away!" A comrade at my elbow, in a tremulous voice remarked: "Shut up your d—d head; you 'll get chances enough, maybe, before the day is over." I turned my head and saw it was one of our old "Breetish" soldiers, his face pale as death and his body quivering with fear. But his words were prophetic.

The situation at that moment was this: The troops of Evans, Bee and Bartow had been driven from the hill on which we stood, and had retreated in confusion to the opposite hill, south of Young's Branch and the Warrenton pike. On this hill, to the left, stood the Robinson house, and on the same ridge but further off on our right — as the crest of the hill trended to the southwest — was the Henry house. Jackson's brigade was hurrying for-

ward from the enemy's right wing to assist in defending the passage of the Stone Bridge, now uncovered by the repulse of their left, when he met the retreating troops; taking in the situation at a glance, he formed his brigade between, and a short distance back of, the Robinson and Henry houses, and the demoralized troops rallied behind him. As the enemy were driven further back their lines became more compact and soon occupied a strip of woods a short distance in the rear of these two houses. In front of their position the ground was level, and as our troops advanced they were met by a destructive fire as soon as they showed themselves above the crest of the hill. Still farther to our right, and west of the Sudley road, stood the Chinn house, behind which Early was posted.

But our advance line had effected a lodgment on the Henry hill, and two batteries, Ricketts' and Griffin's, were soon posted on the level ground immediately south of the Henry house, where they maintained for a while a sharp fire on the enemy. Keyes' brigade was now sent to attack the right flank of the enemy posted behind the Robinson house; he gained the level ground, but the enemy's fire was so destructive that he was soon compelled to withdraw. Nevertheless it was believed that the enemy was retreating, and Sherman's brigade was ordered to join in the "pursuit," and with this purpose in view we moved diagonally across the field to the southwest, crossed Young's Branch near the intersection of the Warrenton turnpike and Sudley road, and then marched by the flank down the latter. While this movement was being executed the enemy rallied, and, aided by heavy reinforcements which had just arrived, made a most determined effort to re-take the Henry hill. Nicolay in Vol. I., "Campaigns of the Civil War," says: "Hardly had Ricketts taken his post before his cannoniers and horses began to fall under the accurate fire of

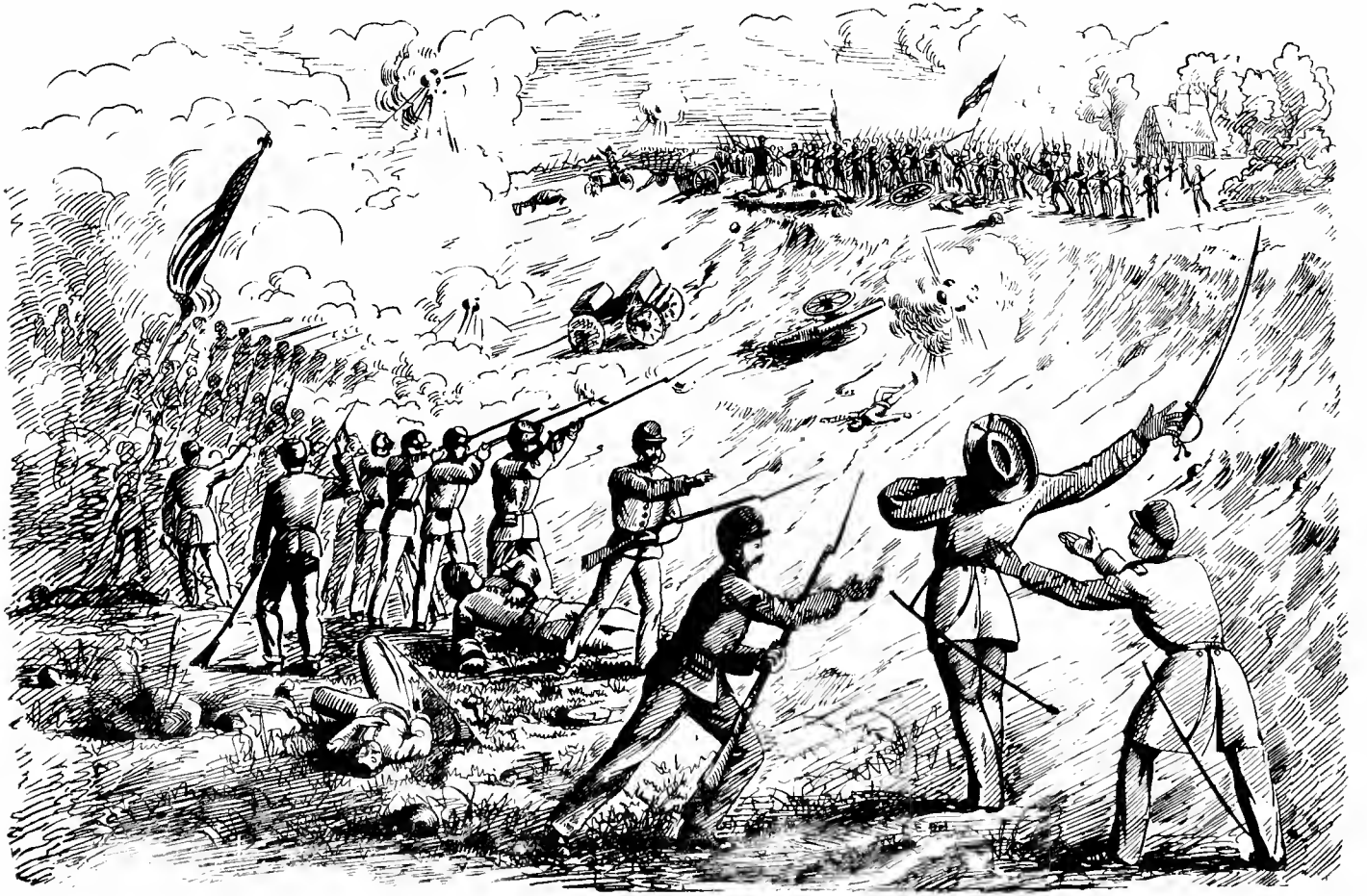
near and well concealed rebel sharpshooters. Death puffed from bushes, fences, buildings; and yet the jets of flame and wreaths of smoke were the only visible enemy to assail. Officers and cannoniers held on with a desperate courage; some moved to new positions to foil the rebel range. Griffin's battery came and took place alongside; eleven Union guns and thirteen Confederate guns were confronted at short range in a stubborn and exciting duel. But now the rebel regiments, seeing the dangerous exposure of the Union batteries, were tempted to swarm out of their cover. They pressed cautiously but tenaciously upon Ricketts. Griffin, absorbed in directing the fire of two of his guns against the rebel batteries, was suddenly startled at seeing a regiment advancing boldly on his right in open view. Their very audacity puzzled him. They could hardly be friends, he thought; yet was it possible that foes were so near and would take such a risk? Instinctively he ordered his guns to be charged with canister and trained upon them. Yet at the dreadful thought of pouring such a volley upon a Union regiment, he once more hesitated and held a brief colloquy with Major Barry, chief of artillery. 'Captain,' said Barry, 'they are your battery support.' 'They are Confederates,' replied Griffin, in intense excitement; 'as certain as the world they are Confederates.' 'No,' answered Barry, 'I know they are your battery support.' Griffin spurred forward and told his officer not to fire. The mistake proved fatal. During this interval of doubt, the Confederate regiment had approached to point-blank range, and leveled their muskets just as Griffin gave his orders to desist. Griffin's canister would have annihilated the regiment; but now the tables were turned, and in an instant the regiment's volley had annihilated Griffin's and Ricketts' batteries. Officers and men fell smitten with death and wounds, and horses and caissons went tearing in wild disorder

down the hill, breaking and scattering the ascending line of battle. Under this sudden catastrophe the supporting regiment stood a while spellbound with mingled astonishment and terror. They were urged forward to repel the advance on the guns; but the unexpected disaster overawed them; under the continued and still advancing volleys of the same rebel regiment they fired their muskets, turned and fled." Regiment after regiment was now sent forward to occupy the position and save the guns, but while temporary success attended their efforts, they were not able to retain the position.

From our place in the Sudley road we were unable to witness all that had just transpired; the depression of the roadway prevented our seeing, and also saved us from the musketry fire of the enemy, but the shells from their batteries in the rear of the Henry house dropped into the road, killing and wounding some and making us all feel nervous and excited. Sherman in his report says: "Before reaching the crest of the hill the roadway was worn deep enough to afford shelter, and I kept the several regiments in it as long as possible, but when the Second Wisconsin was abreast of the enemy it was ordered to leave the roadway by the left flank and attack the enemy This regiment ascended to the brow of the hill steadily, received the severe fire of the enemy, returned it with spirit, and advancing delivered its fire. It was repulsed, rallied, and repulsed again. By this time the Seventy-Ninth New York had closed up, and in like manner it was ordered to cross the brow of the hill and drive the enemy from cover." On receiving his orders from the brigade commander, Colonel Cameron placed himself on the right of the regiment, and shouting "Come on, my brave Highlanders!" led the way All feelings of fear or even of nervousness at once vanished; every man felt himself a hero, and our only thought was to get at the enemy and drive him from the field. When

half way up the hill, on the brow of which the enemy was posted, we received his first volley, and many of our comrades fell. This threw us into some confusion, but under the directions of our officers we reformed and pressed on, delivering our fire and receiving another murderous volley, in return, by which Colonel Cameron was killed; this, with the constant fire of shells from their batteries, somewhat staggered us, but reforming we again pressed forward. Dismounted guns and broken caissons littered the hillside, and behind these many of our men stopped to reload their pieces, when they would again move forward to the assault. Suddenly some one cried out, "Cease firing! you 're shooting your own men!" "No they ain't!" another replied; "do n't you see they are firing at us?" But a glance to our front and right rendered some of us uncertain; directly in front of the Henry house a body of men with what appeared to be a Union flag in their midst was slowly forming in line on the crest of the hill, less than two hundred yards away Contradictory orders again rang out—"Blaze away, boys! they 're only trying to deceive us!" "Cease firing, I tell you! they are our own men!" By this time the line on the hill-top had formed and all doubt as to their identity vanished. "Ready! aim! fire!" came from that column, and a shower of bullets crashed through our already torn and bleeding ranks! This caused us to waver again, and after receiving another volley, in which the gallant Captain Brown, of Company D, was killed, we turned and sought cover under the hill.

Sherman says further in his report: "The Seventy-Ninth, headed by its Colonel, charged across the hill, and for a short time the contest was severe. They rallied several times under fire, but finally broke and gained the cover of the hill." The Thirteenth New York had made their assault more to our left and nearer the Robinson house, but were also driven back;



HIGHLANDERS AT BULL RUN.—DEATH OF COLONEL CAMERON.

the Sixty-Ninth were sent in a little to our right when the Highlanders fell back, but after remaining under fire for about fifteen minutes they too were compelled to withdraw. One of our number thus relates his experience at this time: "On retiring from this deadly hillside, I became separated from the main body of the regiment, and on passing a clump of young pines heard my name called; looking into the brush, I found a member of my own company, severely wounded in the shoulder, but still trying to load his musket. 'Come, Black,' I exclaimed, 'this is no place for us! The regiment has fallen back and we will be captured if we stay here!' 'Well,' was the reply, 'just ram home this cartridge for me; ma *shouther's sair* and I canna draw the ramrod. I'll hae anither shot at the beggars anyway!' So the cartridge was rammed home, and, stepping out of the bush, my wounded comrade managed to raise his musket and fire a parting shot. That we were not observed was doubtless owing to an assault made by the extreme right of our line at that moment, and the enemy's attention was drawn in that direction. We took our way back towards the Sudley road, and had just reached Young's Branch when we met a party of our men carrying the body of Colonel Cameron. The stream was now muddy and bloody, horses and men were wading through it, dead and dying men and animals lay in and near it, their blood mingling with the stream; and yet men were dipping up and drinking the foul water! Necessity alone compelled us to do this."

Captain Ellis, in reply to a request from Lieutenant-Colonel Elliot, that he would give a brief account of what transpired under his own personal notice during the battle—the Lieutenant-Colonel not being present with the regiment during the engagement—wrote as follows:

"When near the top (of the Henry hill), we were met by most destructive volleys of cannon and small-arms.

But the regiment stood its ground. Compelled at length to seek the cover of the hillside to reform our decimated ranks, Colonel Cameron endeavored to obtain ammunition to work five guns of Ricketts' (?) battery, which were lying useless, as horses and gunners were slain. Not succeeding in this, he again rushed into the hottest fire, when I saw him throw up his arms and fall. Lieutenant S. R. Elliot and myself ran to his assistance, but life was extinct; he had been shot through the breast with a large rifle-ball. Captain Laing came up at the same instant. * * * I then called to some of our men, and lifting the body upon crossed muskets we bore it away * * * The bullets fell like hail around us. Three of our party were shot and myself wounded. When about half way to the hospital we met Captain Morrison. * * * He walked a short distance with us. * * * I gave the body in charge of Dr. Buckstone, of the Second Maine Regiment." (The body, left on the field, was afterwards recovered through a flag of truce.)

But we were urged to hurry to the crest of the hill north of the stream, on which we had formed when first we crossed Bull Run; here we found Colonels Sherman and Corcoran, with Captains Manson and Morrison and other officers of our own regiment, endeavoring to rally the men of the brigade.

"Get into the ranks here!" they called out; "if you straggle away the Cavalry will cut you down!" "Look out for the Black Horse Cavalry!"

By great exertions a large number of the brigade were got in line in time to form two sides of a square, the apex pointing towards the Sudley road, along which we could hear the thundering tramp of a body of horsemen. Some of our number, afraid of a cavalry charge, had left the ranks and sought shelter in the woods; enough remained, however, to deliver a rattling volley at the approaching squadron, who, without waiting for another,

turned and dashed off across the fields in pursuit of the fugitives.

The retreat has been described so often that it is hardly necessary to rehearse it here. Great injustice has been done the Union army by such writers as "Bull Run" Russell, who wrote his account of the battle for the London *Times*, mainly from reports received from stragglers. This "famous" correspondent did not cross Bull Run during the engagement, and his account was highly colored by what he did *not* see of the battle, and by the scraps of unreliable information extracted from the frightened and fugitive soldiers and teamsters. Russell himself made better "time" to Washington than most of the stragglers.

While it is true that our army was defeated in fair battle, it is *not* true that the army was panic stricken. Of the troops which crossed Bull Run, Burnside's brigade had not been engaged in the battle of the afternoon, and while it had suffered in the morning, was now in as good order as when it entered the field, and Keyes' brigade was intact. Schenck's brigade was in good order; Richardson's brigade had not crossed the Run; Miles' brigade and Blencker's were at Centreville, and other organizations were in such good condition that the enemy found it impossible to do more than pick up straggling parties and individuals. The troops generally left the field by the same route they had entered it, and when "Jeb" Stuart was ordered to pursue the column that had retired by way of Sudley Ford, he found the force so well prepared to resist his assault that he could only hang on its rear and pick up the wounded and stragglers. Col. Radford, who was sent after our brigade, had no better luck, and when he reached the vicinity of Centreville at nightfall, found the brigades of Blencker, Richardson and Davis ready to receive him. General Beauregard says (Century Magazine, November, 1884): "Major Sykes's regulars,

aided by Sherman's brigade, made a steady and handsome withdrawal, protecting the rear of the routed forces, and enabling many to escape." Take out of the account stragglers, teamsters, war correspondents and Congressmen, and there was no panic, although we were all more or less demoralized by the defeat.

Considerable astonishment as well as amusement was caused by the presence in our retreating ranks of a solitary prisoner, who plodded along with us and entertained us by his quaint remarks. His uniform attracted our attention ; a Zouave cap of red, and jacket of blue, with baggy trousers made of blue and white striped material, and white leggings, gave him a rather rakish appearance ; he announced himself as a member of the Louisiana Tiger battalion, Major Wheat commanding. This particular "Tiger" seemed to be of a very mild disposition, and took his captivity in good part ; he was "glad the Yankees were whipped," and was sure our defeat and his side's victory "would result in the establishment of the independence of the Southern Confederacy" In the confusion of crossing Cub Run, however, our prisoner disappeared ; he no doubt rejoined his friends and regaled them with his experience while a prisoner in the hands of the Yankees. Our brigade re-crossed Bull Run at Farm Ford, and it was not until we gained the turnpike that any signs of a panic were visible. Along this road teamsters were lashing their horses and mules, and when, a few minutes after we entered the road, a body of rebel cavalry dashed down on our rear from the direction of the Stone Bridge, they caused a scattering of the men, who jumped over the fences and ran into the woods. A well directed volley or two, however, from a regiment that appeared to be in good order, drove the enemy back, and those who had fled to the cover of the woods returned to the road.

But the enemy soon brought their artillery to bear on

the road, and as the shells began to drop about us or burst over our heads the excitement increased. At the bridge over Cub Run a blockade existed. A wagon had broken down right in the centre of the roadway on the bridge, and there not being sufficient room for others to pass on either side, the teamsters as they approached jumped off their mules or horses, cut the harness and galloped off on the backs of the animals, leaving their wagons to still further block the road. A number of guns which had been brought off the field in safety, were here abandoned after being effectually spiked.

A comrade in crossing the run—which we were obliged to wade breast deep—became separated from the regiment, and did not rejoin it till the next afternoon at Arlington Heights. A leaf or two from his diary will give a fair sample of how the stragglers reached a place of safety: "In the confusion of crossing Cub Run, the enemy's shells bursting over the bridge and scattering their fragments all about us, I became separated from the column, and feeling rather tired sat down at the foot of a tree to rest; while sitting there a member of my own company came along, and we agreed to travel together and stand by each other till out of danger. Two other soldiers, strangers to us, hearing our conversation asked to be counted in the party, and we consented. After dividing our ammunition, which gave us about ten rounds each, we looked carefully to the condition of our muskets, and went on our way paying little attention to the frequent cries of 'Cavalry in the rear,' raised by the stragglers who continued to stream past us. As we were out of range of the rebel shells we felt quite secure. When about midway betweed the Run and Centreville the cry was again raised—'Look out! Cavalry in the rear.' Even then we did not turn round, till we heard the tramp of horses and the command—'Halt! you d——d Yankees, or we'll shoot!' Then we looked back and realized that the road-

way was no place for us. The stragglers had all disappeared, and, galloping towards us, and less than three hundred yards distant, was a party of half a dozen horsemen. We had arranged a 'plan of battle' to meet just such an emergency; we were over the fence on the north side of the road in an instant, and running for dear life across the field to a parallel fence about one hundred yards distant. We deployed as we ran and zig-zagged as much as possible to disconcert the aim of our pursuers, who as soon as they saw us leave the road began firing their carbines. We felt sure of being able to get over the second, which was a stone one, before the horsemen could clear the road fence, which was also of stone with rail riders on top. As we glanced hurriedly back we could see that one of the troopers had dismounted to take off the rail in order that the horses might jump over the stone wall, this was our salvation, for although the enemy kept up a lively fire none of us were hit, and we were safe behind the wall just as the last rider had entered the field. Kneeling behind our protection we took deliberate aim, fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing two of our pursuers tumble from their horses, while a third dropped his carbine and would have fallen had he not been held on by a companion. Without waiting for us to reload for another volley, they turned and galloped back to the road.

Not thinking it prudent to remain in our present position, as we could see other horsemen galloping along the road, we struck for the woods and kept in their cover till Centreville was reached. It was just nightfall as we entered the village which we found filled with soldiers, who like ourselves had lost their regiments. Several brigades were in position across the turnpike, ready to repel any advance of the enemy, and as I was very tired I proposed lying down for an hour or two's sleep. To this my companions would not consent—'No, we might be captured, we don't want to rest till we get to Arling-

ton Heights.' So they left me and I lay down on the porch of the hotel wrapped snugly in my blanket, with my trusty musket lying at my side, and was soon fast asleep.

About midnight I was awakened by some one rudely pulling at my blanket and shouting 'Turn out! Get up! the 'rebs' are coming and you must fall in!' I was still very sleepy but managed to roll up my blanket, shoulder my musket and step into the road which was filled with men in regular military order. The night was very dark, no one knew his neighbor, and as our progress was very slow I frequently fell asleep while walking, and was only awakened by bumping against the man in front of me as the column came to a sudden halt. To add to our discomfort rain began to fall about daylight, and many of the men left the ranks to seek short cuts to the various camps they had left when starting on the campaign. Staff officers were stationed at the various cross roads, who directed the men where to find their brigade and division headquarters. The rain soon wet us to the skin and a more bedraggled, demoralized and woe-begone looking lot of men I never saw before nor since, than we who plodded along through mud and slush towards our haven of rest.

About noon, and just as I had gained the top of a slight elevation in the road, and had begun to wonder whether I should ever reach camp—I was so tired—my eye caught sight of an object that sent the blood tingling through my whole body! It was only our flag floating above one of the outlying forts, but I realized more than ever before what that emblem meant to me! 'Safe at last!' I shouted to those behind me, and started on with renewed vigor. I soon found myself at the sally-port of Fort Albany, garrisoned by the Twenty-Fifth regiment, N. Y. S. M. I was at once conducted to a tent, and regaled with a bowl of good vegetable soup—I remember

yet how good it tasted—and my hosts considerately refrained from plying me with too many questions until I had obtained the much needed rest. I was told to 'lie down and make yourself comfortable and you won't be disturbed.' I needed no second invitation, and it was four o'clock in the afternoon before I opened my eyes again. After relating a little of my experience to my kind hosts, I thanked them heartily for their kindness, bade them adieu, and set out to find the regiment. On arriving at Camp Weed, I found a few men assembled, but the tents were all down, and what baggage was left lay scattered about soaking in the rain. Those who had remained behind to guard the camp, had been frightened by the reports brought in by those who had arrived earliest, and, selecting their own knapsacks had fled over to Washington—some even did not stop retreating till they got to New York. A party of us now tried to cross the river, but found guards at the various bridges who allowed no one to cross without passes from army headquarters, so we returned to our deserted camp, and without supper or shelter and in our wet clothing lay down for the night."

According to the authority of the adjutants general of the two armies, the forces engaged in the battle were: Union troops, 18,572: Confederate, 18,053.

Colonel Sherman reported the losses in the brigade in killed, wounded and prisoners, as follows:

Battery E, 2nd U. S. Artillery,	6
" E, 3rd U. S. "	15
2nd Wisconsin, Infantry,	112
13th New York, "	58
69th " "	192
79th " "	198
Total,	581

The loss in the First brigade was only 223 and in the

Second 58. It will thus be seen that the Highlanders lost more than any other regiment in the division, and, comparing the reports of the other divisions of the army, more, with two exceptions, than any regiment that took part in the battle. The total Union loss, killed, wounded and prisoners, was 2,952, and the Confederates reported a loss of 1,969.

Jefferson Davis, who reached the battlefield at the close of the action, says, with grim humor: "* * * * the signs of an utter rout of the enemy were unmistakable, and justified the conclusion that the watchword of 'On to Richmond" had been changed to 'Off for Washington!'"

It has been charged by Confederate officers that Davis prevented the pursuit of the Union army, but in his work, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," (from which the above comment is taken) he quotes from a letter written by General Johnston, in reply to the accusation, wherein that officer attributes the failure to pursue us to the true cause, already described. Johnston's words are: "The pursuit was obstructed by the enemy's troops at Centreville as I have stated in my official report."

CHAPTER IV

AFTER BULL RUN.—THE MUTINY.

Loss in Officers.—Captain Laing's "Obituary."—Innes' Narrative.—Captain Farrish's Diary.—A Comrade's Experience on the Field.—"I Want to Go Home."—Colonel Sherman Again.—Getting over the Blues.—Visit of President Lincoln.—Getting "even" with Sherman.—Removal to Washington.—Camp Ewen.—The Sick, Lame and Lazy.—The Army of the Potomac.—Causes which Led to the Mutiny.—Colonel Isaac I. Stevens.—Resignation of Officers.—The Men Refuse to Obey Orders.—Resignation of Lieutenant Colonel Elliot.—The Provost Guard.—McClellan's "Order No. 27."—Colonel Stevens' Address.—The so-called "Ring-leaders."—Cross the Eastern Branch.

OF the one hundred and ninety-eight reported killed, wounded and missing, in the late battle, eleven were commissioned officers. Besides Colonel Cameron and Captain Brown, who were killed, Captains Ellis, Laing, Farrish and Shillinglaw were wounded, the two latter being left in the hands of the enemy Captain Manson and Lieutenants White and Ives were also captured, while both Surgeons, Doctors Norval and McLetchie, who had courageously remained behind to care for the wounded, were detained as prisoners. Captain Laing, who had been severely wounded, had the pleasure, while in the hospital at Washington, of reading his obituary in one of the New York papers.

A very interesting narrative of the imprisonment and attempts to escape, of four men, two of whom were members of the regiment, James B. Haig of Company B, and John W Innes of Company E, was written and published by the latter in 1863.

As to the disposition of some of the captured officers, Captain Farrish writes: "We were taken to Richmond and placed in the tobacco factory on Main street, kept there two months, then sent to Charleston, where we were put into the common jail and confined for six weeks; then transferred to Castle Pinckney for two months; sent back to Charleston jail for six weeks; thence to Columbia for two months, and finally to Richmond again, where two months were spent in the famous Libby Prison. We were the first lot of prisoners confined in that hole."

First experience on the battle field is well illustrated by the following reply made by a comrade to the question "How did you feel during the assault on the Henry hill?"

"I can hardly tell. The experience was so novel that I didn't seem to realize anything definitely As I try now to recall the scene, all seems shrouded as by a mist. I remember, however, that I felt dreadfully afraid, while we were marching down the Sudley road, that I might be killed, or, what seemed worse even, badly wounded, and left on the field to be trampled to death by horses, or crushed by battery caissons or gun carriages. As I saw one after another fall, and heard their cries and groans, I wished I was somewhere else, and if it hadn't been for fear of being called a coward, I think I would have run away; but when we were ordered into line, and had begun the advance up the hill, cheering each other and firing at the enemy, all feelings of fear vanished; I seemed to forget myself entirely and had no fear whatever about my personal safety. When I saw men in front of me fall, and those on either side wounded or killed, and heard the cries of those behind me as they were brought down, I fully expected to be hit myself, but that conviction did not unnerve me. As we pressed on up the hill-side, and men were still falling all about us, I remember wondering why I wasn't hit. I seemed to have a

dual being—as though my soul and body were two distinct persons. 'Why are you not hit?' occurred to me frequently, and as I heard the bullets whizzing past my head with that peculiar sound which I shall never forget, and heard the sickening 'thud' as some of them entered the bodies of comrades, while shells were bursting overhead and their fragments were being scattered about us, and still found myself unharmed, I seemed to realize that I was not to be a victim that day, and the conviction made me feel perfectly calm.

"On the retreat down the hill, I remember hearing a regular volley fired after us, and on looking across Young's Branch I saw little puffs of dust raised on the opposite hill as the bullets struck the ground; most of the men were hurrying in that direction; I realized that those bullets were all passing over my head, and that if I proceeded in that direction I would soon be in range, so I paused a few moments till the firing ceased, and then kept on my way I was all alone part of the time, and until I gained the hill where our men were being rallied, I did not fully come to myself."

On Tuesday morning a cold, drizzling rain was still falling. Several more of our officers appeared, who set about looking up the men of their companies; but when we asked for tents and rations, they seemed at as great a loss as the men themselves what to do or where to go. We had no food, except what was obtained by begging from the garrisons of the forts in the vicinity During the forenoon a few of us had gathered in a barn near by, where we sat, nursing our woes; "I want to go home," was pictured on every countenance. Colonel Sherman, accompanied by two or three members of his staff, came in while we were talking, and in what appeared to us a gruff and unsympathetic tone, wanted to know what we were doing there. "Keeping out of the rain," was the reply; "we have no tents, and few of us have blankets,

and we have nothing to eat." "Well, you had better go down into the woods and build bush huts; I want to put my horses in here." We were in no condition to remonstrate—audibly—but had our opinion of an officer who would turn men out of shelter for the purpose of giving it to dumb brutes. Colonel Sherman's object was no doubt a good one: he knew that brooding over our troubles would do us more harm than good, and that if we busied ourselves in making our condition better we would more speedily get over our fit of the "blues." True, the Colonel might have advised us in a more kindly manner—it would have cost him nothing—but the milk of human kindness was rather deficient at that time in the future General-in-Chief of the army. We left the barn and soon after formed a temporary camp, a few tents having been procured as well as some rations.

On the 23d we moved to a more eligible situation, and in the afternoon were honored by a visit from the President; as his carriage drove up we noticed Colonel Sherman occupying a seat by his side. There was no formal reception given the President; he merely drove through the camp, and as he stopped before each regiment the men gathered round his carriage and listened to a few words of sympathy and encouragement. "Now boys, keep up a good heart, and all will yet be well," was his concluding sentence, and as he motioned the driver to go on, one of our men, who thought it would be a good opportunity to "get even" with Colonel Sherman, said: "Mr. President, we don't think Colonel Sherman has treated us very well," and then continued with the incident that occurred in the barn. Lincoln listened patiently till the story was ended, and then, half turning towards Sherman, who sat like a statue during the recital, said, as he turned to us again: "Well, boys, I have a great deal of respect for Colonel Sherman, and if he turned you out of the barn I have no doubt it was for some good

purpose; I presume he thought you would feel better if you went to work and tried to forget your troubles;" and with a bow and wave of the hand he told the driver to go on to the next camp. It was wonderful how much good that thoughtful visit of the President worked in the minds of the men; in the grave, serious, yet kindly face of Lincoln we each saw a sympathizing friend, and our burdens became lighter as we reflected on the terrible load the Chief Magistrate was carrying in his own heart.

By morning of the 24th many more stragglers had reached camp, and when in the afternoon we were ordered to Washington, about five hundred men were in line.

We marched over the canal bridge, through Georgetown and into Washington, where quarters had been assigned us in some dwelling houses on Massachusetts avenue near Seventh street. The neighbors were very kind, treating us to many little delicacies that were duly appreciated. Our stay here was brief, for on the 26th we moved to a camp ground on the east end of the range called Meridian Hill, at the head of Tenth street, which was named Camp Ewen, in honor of General Ewen of New York.

It was curious to note how many cases of chronic disease were now developed among the men. Many who had been perfectly healthy when the recruiting fever was at its height, and in fact up to the very day of battle, were now troubled with rheumatism, chronic diarrhœa, varicose veins, piles, asthma, palpitation of the heart, near-sightedness, loss of front teeth, etc., etc. Some had "large families of small children" at home who needed the support of the head of the family Many of the officers, too, found their private business so pressing as to need their immediate and personal attention. They were not tired of the war, nor afraid of another battle; Oh, no! For hadn't they urged the men to enlist, assuring them that they would always look well after their comfort in the field? and hadn't they declared, before leaving New York,

that they would stick by the regiment as long as it remained in the field? They merely wished to go home for a while to straighten out their business, and would soon return. But, instead of applying for furloughs, quite a number handed in their resignations, which for the good of the service were promptly accepted, and the valiant heroes of (much less than) "a hundred battles" went home.

A few of the enlisted men received "honorable" discharges. One instance is recalled of a corporal who had applied for his discharge, on the ground that he was afflicted with chronic piles. While waiting, day after day, for the expected release, he would spend hours at a time sitting on the damp ground, hardly able to move, apparently, and when he did attempt to walk, hobbling along as though in perfect agony His case really excited our pity, but when, one day, his long-looked-for discharge arrived, what a transformation took place! No one would have believed that an official document could have worked such an instantaneous and radical cure! The man leaped and danced about as he gathered his things together, and when he started to walk to the depot it would have taken a pretty healthy man to keep pace with him. When it was found that no more discharges would be granted, the disappointed applicants made a virtue of necessity, and the regiment soon settled down to the regular camp duties of drill, dress parades and guard mount.

On the 27th, when Major-General George B. McClellan was placed in command of the army in the field, the number of troops in and about the city was less than 52,000 men of all arms and with them about thirty field guns. McClellan says: "In no quarter were the dispositions for defence such as to offer a vigorous resistance to a respectable body of the enemy, either in the position and numbers of the troops or the number and character of the defensive works."

But new regiments were constantly arriving, and on the 15th of October we find that at Washington and vicinity, including Baltimore, there were "present for duty" 133,201. The sick, those in confinement and "absent, with leave," brought the grand aggregate up to 152,051.

We now approach a very unpleasant part of the history of the regiment, a part the inside history of which still remains a mystery to the survivors. As near as can be ascertained from documentary evidence and the recollections of those now living, the facts are as follows: Owing to the heavy loss sustained by the regiment at the battle of Bull Run, and the resignation of a number of our officers and the discharge of men after that event, it seemed to many who remained in the field that while the army was being reorganized for another campaign, the Highlanders might be allowed to go to New York, for the purpose of more rapidly filling up its depleted ranks, electing new officers to fill the vacancies, and thus be enabled to take the field again, when the time should arrive, with full ranks.

It was thought that inasmuch as our late Colonel was a brother of the Secretary of War, it would not be difficult to obtain this permission, the Secretary having, at various times, both before and after the battle, expressed himself in very friendly terms towards the regiment, and promised to do anything for us that lay in his power. Actuated by a desire to do what was for the best good of the regiment, the Lieutenant-Colonel and Major, with the remaining line officers, seventeen in all, united in a petition to the Secretary of War, representing the above facts, and requesting that the regiment be allowed to proceed to New York for the purpose named. This was also signed by a long list of non-commissioned officers. It appears that the petition was forwarded first to Major-General Sanford, commanding the division of New York

State Militia, of which the Seventy-Ninth had formed a part, and who was in Washington at the time; it was endorsed by him and also by the engineer department of the army with the suggestion of several forts, either one of which might be used as quarters for the regiment. In due course the petition reached the Secretary, who *endorsed* on the back of it the following:

"The Secretary of War believes that, in consideration of the gallant services of the Seventy-Ninth Regiment of New York Volunteers, and of their losses in battle, and afterwards by wounds received in two (*sic*) hard fought battles, they are entitled to the special consideration of their country; and he also orders that the regiment be sent to some one of the forts in the Bay of New York, to fill up the regiment by recruits, as soon as Colonel Stevens returns to the command.

(Signed) SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War."

It will be observed that the above endorsement bears no date, nor is any date given for the removal, the Secretary evidently leaving the details to be carried out by the proper military authorities, or by "Colonel Stevens." Next in order we have the following:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, August 1st, 1861.

"Lieutenant Colonel Elliot, of the Seventy-Ninth Regiment, is directed to repair to New York, under the direction of Colonel Stevens, and to fill up by recruits the loss of the regiment by death and wounds, and also to procure the necessary clothing and equipments for the men, under the direction of the Quartermaster-General.

(Signed) SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War."

The execution of both the above "orders," it will be noticed, is made contingent on the return of Colonel Stevens to the command. Neither of them was ever read to the regiment, for we never heard of "Colonel

Stevens" till several days afterwards, and the second order would seem to supersede the first, and in it no mention is made of the return of the *regiment* at all: it is Lieutenant-Colonel Elliot, alone, who is to go to New York.

Whether or not Lieutenant-Colonel Elliot ever issued an order and had it read before the regiment, directing them to prepare for going to New York, is a mooted question; quite recently the writer has heard some comrades say that they distinctly remember that he did, while others said he did not; the writer is in doubt. This much is certain, however, that whether by regimental orders or verbal instructions from company commanders, we were notified to prepare ourselves for the trip. It is possible that Elliot issued his instructions just after he learned of the "*endorsement*" of the petition by the Secretary, and *before* he received the order of Aug. 1st. It is also possible that he may have misconstrued the order, and thought that it included the regiment as well as himself; but the exact truth will probably never be known. The men were certainly kept in ignorance of everything except that they were ordered to prepare for the journey

Next in sequence we have the following :

"HEADQUARTERS, FIRST DIVISION, N. Y S. M.
Washington, Aug. 7th, 1861.

"SPECIAL ORDER :

"A vacancy having occurred in the command of the Seventy-Ninth Regiment, N. Y S. M., by the death of the late lamented Colonel Cameron, who was killed while gallantly leading his regiment at the battle of Bull Run, Lieutenant Colonel Elliot, of said regiment is directed to convene the commissioned officers thereof by a notice of five days, to attend a meeting for the purpose of electing a Colonel and to fill any other vacancies in the field of

said regiment. Colonel Morrill, Division Inspector, will preside at said meeting and make due return thereof.

By order of

Major General CHARLES W SANDFORD."

This order was communicated to the officers of the regiment, accompanied by the following:

"Washington, August 7th, 1861.

"SIR—Pursuant to the foregoing division order you are hereby notified to attend a meeting of the commissioned officers of the Seventy-Ninth Regiment, N. Y S. M. at the headquarters of the regiment at Camp Ewen, Washington, on the 13th day of August, at four o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Colonel of said regiment and to fill any vacancies in the field thereof.

Yours, &c.,

SAMUEL M. ELLIOT,

Lieut. Col. Commanding."

When the men became aware of these last orders, they began to wonder what it all meant; from day to day, in answer to questions, they were told by their officers—who, however, appeared as much in the dark as the men—that orders were expected any hour to proceed to New York; we had been told several days before to advise our friends at home not to write any more letters, but it began to look as though we were to be kept in the field. All remained quiet, however, till the 10th, when Colonel Stevens arrived, and at dress parade on that evening the order given below was read:

"CAMP EWEN, August 10th, 1861.

"The undersigned, in pursuance of orders from the War Department, hereby assumes command of the 79th Regiment, N Y S. M. He will devote himself earnestly, and trusts that its high reputation gained by honorable service in the face of the enemy, will not suffer at his hands. He doubts not that zeal, fidelity, and soldierly

bearing, will continue to characterize every member of the regiment. ISAAC I. STEVENS, Colonel."

On receipt of this order, the Major, senior captain and four lieutenants resigned, leaving only about ten officers with the regiment.

How we are to account for the calling of a meeting of the officers to elect a Colonel on the 13th, when the Secretary of War in his order of the 1st alluded to one as having been already appointed, and that officer appearing on the 10th, and assuming command, is past finding out. Perhaps the "slate" had been prepared by the higher powers, and the officers were expected to go through the farce of an election; if so the *denouement* was precipitated.

Not to be outdone in the condemnation of what was considered a piece of high-handed interference on the part of the government, and to uphold the rights of the "Militia" system of filling vacancies, many of the non-commissioned officers and privates pledged themselves that they would accept of no office whatever unless elected thereto by the votes of their comrades. The men were very "fresh" in those days, and had not yet realized that troops in the field must necessarilly be governed by more arbitrary rules than when "playing" soldiers at home. This decision of the men kept many of our best soldiers in the ranks and in subordinate positions for over a year, and allowed those who refused to sign the compact to be placed over their heads.

During the height of this excitement, Robertson's Band gave a fine instrumental concert in the Washington Theatre, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who fell at Bull Run; the house was packed on the night of the 7th, when the concert took place, and a handsome amount was raised for the worthy object.

The excitement grew from day to day, Colonel Stevens

seemingly unaware of the true condition of affairs. The climax was reached however on the 13th, when the following order was read at dress parade:

"HEADQUARTERS 79TH REGIMENT, N Y S. M.
"Camp Ewen, August 13th, 1861.

"ORDER NO. 2:

"The regiment will move camp to-morrow morning. Roll will be called at four o'clock, tents struck and baggage arranged for wagons immediately afterward. Wagons will be loaded at five o'clock, and the regiment will be in motion at six. Chiefs of departments and captains of companies will have everything in readiness for the execution of this order; one day's rations will be cooked to-day for use to-morrow and special attention will be given that the same be placed in the haversacks and not be wasted by the men.

By Order of

COLONEL STEVENS."

The men now believed that somebody had been playing fast and loose with them; the order to move showed plainly that they were not to go to New York. That evening many of the men went into the city, some of whom returned late at night in a drunken condition; whiskey was also smuggled into camp and before morning those in the habit of imbibing were in a fit condition to get all into trouble.

The eventful morning of the 14th at length arrived, and after an early breakfast the men were ordered by the company officers to strike tents; only two companies however, I and K, obeyed the order, the others flatly refusing. Colonel Stevens then visited the refractory companies in turn, and stood facing the men, while the orderly sergeants passed along the line and put the question to each individual—"Will you obey orders and strike tents?" And the reply was the same from each—"No sir!" They were determined to know why, after having

received orders to prepare for going to New York, they still remained at Washington. It was understood that we were ordered to join General Sickles brigade and when that officer appeared in camp in the forenoon, he was received by jeers and hisses from the men. His domestic relations had recently been made a matter of notoriety, and the men were much opposed to serving under him ; this added to the trouble.

On the refusal of the men to strike tents, the officers attempted to do so, but were prevented by the men, and one or two of them rather roughly handled. Colonel Stevens now enquired of the men why they refused to obey his orders, and their version of the trouble was given him. As the story goes—for it was never known to any but the two officers, just what occurred at the interview —Elliot attempted to explain his action, but the explanation did not satisfy the Colonel, and the junior officer was given just half an hour in which to hand in his resignation or stand a court martial. Elliot resigned. Stevens now communicated the state of affairs to his immediate superior, General Sickels, who in turn informed General McClellan, the result of which was the issuance of the following order :

"HEADQUARTERS, DIVISION OF THE POTOMAC.
"Washington, August 14th, 1861.

"SPECIAL ORDER NO. 27 :

"The commanding General of the Division learns with much pain that decided insubordination, if not open mutiny, has been displayed by a large portion of the 79th Highlanders, New York Volunteers. The General commanding does not desire at this time to enter into any statement of the alleged grievances of this regiment, further than to say that they are frivolous and unfounded. This conduct is disgraceful in the extreme, both as soldiers and citizens, to all concerned in it. Those who have participated in this shameful affair have utterly disgraced

themselves; they are unworthy the sympathy of their fellow-soldiers, and in acting such a part at a moment when the services of every true man are required by the nation, they have rendered themselves liable to suspicion that motives of the basest cowardice have controlled their conduct.

This regiment has chosen to make the issue, and the commanding General is prepared to meet it. The regiment is ordered to return at once to its duty All members of the regiment, whether officers or privates, who do not forthwith on this order being read to them return to their duty, will be required to lay down their arms and will be placed under arrest; and refusing to do so they will be fired upon. Of those who obey the order and return to their duty the mutinous ringleaders alone will be punished.

The regiment will be deprived of its colors, which will not be returned to it until its members have shown by their conduct in camp, that they have learned the first duty of soldiers —obedience —and have proven on the field of battle that they are not wanting in courage.

A copy of this order, with the names of all officers and men implicated, will be sent to the Governor of New York to be filed among the state archives.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major General Commanding.

[OFFICIAL.]

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant General."

From McClellan's standpoint the severity of his language was no doubt fully justified, and yet the word, "cowardice," and the assumption that they lacked courage, could hardly apply to a regiment that had lost fully twenty-five per cent. of the men in its ranks at the battle of Bull Run. But as disturbances had occurred in other organizations, the General wished to "make an example,"

and the order was no doubt read at the head of every regiment in the army At the same time the following order was sent to the Provost Marshal :

"BRIGADIER GENERAL ANDREW PORTER,
Provost Marshal, &c.,
Washington, D. C.

"GENERAL.—The brigade commander of the Seventy-Ninth Regiment, New York Volunteers, having reported that the regiment is in a state of open mutiny, Major General McClellan directs that you proceed with a battery, the two companies of the Second Cavalry, at the Park Hotel, and as many companies of regular infantry as you may deem proper, to the encampment of that regiment. On your arrival there, you will order such as are willing to move to march out of the camp, leaving the disaffected portion of the regiment by themselves. You will then order the latter portion to lay down their arms, and will put them under a strong guard. The ringleaders you will put in double irons.

You are authorized, if necessary, to use force to accomplish the object.

Report the result as soon as possible.

I am, sir, very respectfully your obedient servant,
A. V COLBURN,
Assistant Adjutant General."

By noon it became noised about the neighborhood that there was trouble in the camp of the Seventy-Ninth, and citizens flocked about the outskirts of the ground, most of whom sympathized with the men. Intoxicated men also came up from Washington. For a few hours it seemed as though an outbreak would occur; and had it not been for those who kept sober and did all in their power to subdue their noisy comrades, no doubt bloodshed would have occurred.

About an hour before dark, General Porter appeared,

followed by infantry, artillery and cavalry, and in a few minutes the camp was completely surrounded. The infantry were ordered to load, the cavalry to draw sabres, while the artillery, posted on the hill above us, placed their pieces in battery and loaded them with canister. Visitors were ordered to leave, and those men found noisy or intoxicated promptly arrested, while the guard received orders to shoot down any soldier attempting to pass through the lines.

The men were now ordered to fall in, and, when most of them were in line, Colonel Stevens addressed us in substance as follows: "I know you have been deceived. You have been told that you were to go to your homes, when no such order had been given. You are soldiers, and your duty is to obey. I am your Colonel, and your obedience is due to me. You do not know me, but I know you. I am a soldier of the Regular Army of the United States, and am used to danger. I have spent many years on the frontiers fighting the Indians. I have been surrounded by the enemy and cut off from all communication with the troops to which I was attached, while those red devils were fighting for my scalp. I have been a soldier in the war with Mexico, and bear honorable wounds received in battle, and have been in far greater danger than that surrounding me now. Soldiers of the Seventy-Ninth! I am your Colonel! And again I say you must obey me! Fall into the ranks!" The Colonel's voice, as he uttered this last command, sounded like a trumpet, and those who had held back stepped into line at once. With the guns frowning upon them the men realized that further resistance would be useless. Our muskets had been taken from the stacks and loaded on wagons, for transportation to the new camp, and the regiment, guarded on both flanks by the regulars, was now marched into Fourteenth street, and when drawn up in line McClellan's order No. 27 was read; then the Provost Marshal repeated the orders

requiring us to obey the commands of our superior officers or suffer the consequences. The color bearers were ordered to step to the front, and there deliver the flags to the guard. Not till then did many of the men realize to what an extent their insubordination had led them. But the end was not yet.

An officer of the guard drew a paper from his pocket, and ordered all those whose names were called to step two paces to the front; those who answered to their names were then ordered to close in on the centre, and were informed that as *ringleaders* in the disgraceful scenes of the day, they would be "placed under a strong guard and sent to prison, there to remain until tried by a court-martial for mutinous conduct!" Some of us thought that the officer of our regiment who furnished that list had been actuated somewhat by a personal grudge against many of the men, for some were called out who had done more to maintain order than to incite mutiny

As the poor fellows were marched off to prison, in the dusk of the evening, the regiment was ordered to "right face," and the march was begun for the Eastern Branch. A short distance beyond the stream we bivouacked for the night near the Maryland Insane Asylum—not a very strange coincidence.

Of the thirty-five so-called ringleaders it may be here stated that after lying in the central guard house for some days they were taken to the Navy Yard and placed on board a man-of-war. Adjutant Ireland visited them there and secured the release of fourteen, while the rest were sent to Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas, where they arrived early in September. There they were kept at fatigue duty, always under guard, till the 16th of the following February, when they were released and sent to join the regiment, then at Beaufort, South Carolina. Such is the story of the "mutiny," according to the documents at hand and the recollections of those who

were present with the regiment at the time. Where the blame should lie—for, as Colonel Stevens said, our being deceived—the reader can judge as well as the writer. For the action of the men, in flatly refusing to obey orders, no excuse is offered. Before our term of service expired we had learned to look back on that episode as the most unfortunate one in our history, and the wonder was often expressed that we had not been more severely dealt with.

CHAPTER V

FROM CAMP CAUSTEN TO ANNAPOLIS.

CAMP CAUSTEN.—Furloughs and Promotions.—Colonel Stevens Appreciated.—Scouting for Fun.—Camp Hope.—Camp-fire Stories.—How Corporal Gallagher "Rallied his Min."—Filters and Havelocks.—Into Virginia Again.—Camp Advance.—Forts Marcy and Ethan Allen.—How the Woodman did n't Spare the Trees.—Spades and Muskets.—Visit of the President.—"Little Mac."—Expedition on the Night of the 10th.—Skirmish at Lewinsville on the 11th.—Extracts from Reports.—Our Colors Restored.—Adjutant Hazard Stevens.—Death of Capt. Baker, of the California Regiment.—"Old Scots Awa." Second Lewinsville.—Colonel Stevens Promoted.—"Lie Still, the Water 'll Soon Get Warm."—Camp of the Big Chestnut.—The Forty-Ninth N. Y.—Hurrying to the Front Again.—General Stevens Ordered to Annapolis.—"Tak us wi ye!"—Good-bye to Virginia.—Arrival at Annapolis.—Request of the "Roundheads" (100th Pa. Vols.)

SHORTLY after daylight on the morning of the 15th we reached our camp ground; tents were soon pitched and the regiment resumed its usual round of duty Camp Causten was so named in honor of a resident of Washington who had been kind to the men just after we returned from the Bull Run campaign.

After the excitement had subsided, Colonel Stevens announced that a limited number of furloughs would be granted, those men having families being given the preference; under this rule about forty had an opportunity of visiting their homes, returning at the end of fifteen days. On the 18th of the month five hundred and fifty-five rank and file were in camp, and the regiment numbered seven hundred and forty on the rolls. Several sergeants were appointed second lieutenants, in order to

properly officer the companies, and we began to appreciate the services of our new Colonel.

On the 20th Captain Morrison was sent out in command of a detachment, ostensibly on a scouting expedition, but as there was no enemy in our neighborhood the movement was devised more for the purpose of giving the men something to do than because of any military necessity On the following day companies B and D made a tour about ten miles from camp, while one of our number, a civil engineer by profession, made sketches and measurements for a topographical map. These little expeditions were much enjoyed, as they afforded an opportunity of seeing the country, and the men generally returned with their haversacks full of fresh biscuits, eggs, chickens and vegetables, purchased from the inhabitants. Sometimes, if money was scarce, a cornfield would be visited without the owner's knowledge, or the men would stoop down in a melon patch—to tie their shoe-strings !

On the 26th we packed up, marched through Washington, and went into camp on Kalorama hill, beyond Georgetown and within a mile of the Chain Bridge. We were attached to Brigadier-General Rufus King's brigade and found a large number of troops located in our vicinity On the 27th Gen. McClellan reviewed the lines, and it looked as though another forward movement would soon be inaugurated. Camp Hope was the name given to our new location, and in an address to the regiment our Colonel said he hoped "a bright and glorious career was before us, which would efface the stain cast upon our previous good name by the unhappy event of the mutiny " Drilling was now vigorously prosecuted, the army had confidence in McClellan, and we believed that our next campaign would result in victory for the Union arms.

What stories were told around the camp-fires during

those pleasant evenings of late August and early September! Our experience at Bull Run was a never failing source from which to draw, and no doubt more lies were swapped over that affair than were told about our whole subsequent period of service. The story of how Corporal Gallagher "covered the retreat" was always in order, and whenever the men felt like having a good laugh, or wished to show a stranger the sights, Corporal Gallagher was led out. "Let 's see, Corporal, how was it that you covered the retreat from Bull Run?" might be asked of him a dozen times in a day, and answered always in the same unvaried style: "Well, ye see, it was this way: Jist after the last charge—whin the min was all broke up—Gin'ral MacDow'l, he kim ridin' up on his harse, and he says, says he—lookin' 'round—'Where's Corp'ral Galligher?' 'I 'm here, sir,' says I—spakin' right up. 'Corp'ral Gallagher,' says he, 'ye must save the day! Where's all your min?' 'They're all dead, sir,' says I, 'barrin' these two or three here beside me.' 'Thin rally your min, Corp'ral Gallagher!' says Gin'ral MacDow'l; *and I rallied thim!*" The last sentence being pronounced in a deep bass voice, the Corporal drawing himself up to his full height, and assuming an air of quiet dignity as he turned on his heel—to repeat the same story, in less than five minutes, perhaps, to another crowd of the boys. Constant dropping, even of water, they say, will wear away a stone, and Corporal Gallagher had told this story so often that there is no doubt but that he believed every word of it.

As we became more accustomed to field service, many of the "conveniences" brought from home were discarded. The alleged "Perfect water-filters," so highly recommended by the manufacturers, and which we had been urged to take with us when leaving New York, proved to be perfect frauds. Many were the warnings we received against drinking impure water, and the

patent devices were warranted to make pure the most foul and unwholesome. Memory recalls the sight of men stooping over a puddle of water by the roadside, sucking at a rubber tube, to the other end of which was fixed a ball of some porous substance; we would suck, and suck, till our eyes almost started from their sockets, and then to note that the water we sometimes ejected from our mouths was fully as yellow as that in the puddle! Bah! Well, the Bull Run campaign broke a great many idols.

The havelocks, too, were tried in the balance and found wanting. "O, you must have two or three nice havelocks!" exclaimed our mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts; "the sun is so hot down South, that unless you wear them whenever you are out of doors, you will be sun-struck!" And so the dear ones bought baby flannel and made their boys the havelocks, trimming them with whatever color their taste or fancy suggested. Well, we wore them *to* Bull Run, but after that they were never seen on the heads of any of the Highlanders; they went to join the filters—but not all of them, for we found they made excellent gun wipers. "To what base uses," etc., etc. But we didn't tell the folks at home; when they wrote, asking if we wanted any more, we simply forgot to answer the question.

On the evening of the 3d of September, the Army of the Potomac began the advance from the intrenchments in the vicinity of Alexandria and Arlington Heights, and joined their right with that part which crossed from the northern side of the river by way of the Chain Bridge. About midnight, when the regiment was drawn up in line, Colonel Stevens addressed us in substance as follows: "Soldiers of the Seventy-Ninth! You have been censured, and I have been censured with you; you are now going to fight the battles of your country without your colors! I pray God you may soon have an opportunity of meeting the enemy, that you may return victorious with

your colors gloriously won!" As cheering was prohibited at that late hour, the men listened in silence, but with a determination to do all in their power to recover our lost honors. We marched to the bridge and bivouacked for the night, crossing early on the morning of the 4th. Several movements were made during the forenoon, for the purpose of drawing out the enemy, who were reported in force within a mile or so of our skirmish line; but they kept quiet, retiring slowly before our advance. By dusk our entire line, from the Chain Bridge on the right to Alexandria on the left, was established, and pickets posted with but slight loss. We had no tents with us, and at night lay down, snugly rolled in our blankets. Camp Advance was the name given to our new location.

Early the next morning we began to build bush huts, but were soon detailed to work on rifle pits and fortifications for the protection of our new line. We were now attached to the First brigade (commanded by Colonel Stevens) of General W F., or, as he was more familiarly called, "Baldy" Smith's division, and the new fort on which we were at work was named in his honor; subsequently the name was changed to Fort Marcy; it commanded the approaches to the Chain Bridge. About half a mile to our left, Colonel Baker's California Regiment were at work on Fort Baker, afterwards named Fort Ethan Allen. The men of the Maine and Wisconsin Regiments did most of the tree felling—work with which they proved themselves perfectly familiar. It was an interesting sight to witness the simultaneous falling of a whole hill-side of timber; the choppers would begin at the foot of the hill, the line extending for perhaps half a mile, and cut only part way through the tree, and in this way work up to the crest, leaving the top row so that a single blow would bring down the tree—then, when all was ready, the bugle would sound as a signal, and the last stroke of the axe be given, which brought down the

top row; these falling on those below would bring them down, and, like the billow on the surface of the ocean, the forest would fall with a crash like mighty thunder.

Shortly before crossing the Potomac into Virginia, Colonel Stevens discontinued camp guards, which were then customarily posted to prevent the men from straggling, and invoked the sense of honor and discipline of the Highlanders to refrain from wandering from camp, and from annoying, or pilfering from, the country people. The regiment responded nobly to this appeal. They made it a point of pride to obey scrupulously these orders. The inhabitants, as more than one remarked, felt safe when they saw the uniforms of the Highlanders.

For several days our time was fully occupied with the hardest kind of manual labor; spades were trumps, and every man held a full hand. The Highlanders were about the only regiment in Smith s division that had seen any previous service in the field, and we were frequently called out of the trenches and sent to the front, in order to support the pickets when a dash was made by the enemy; this, with our own regular turns of outpost duty, gave us much more than our proper share of hard work, and at last the officers requested that we be assigned to permanent outpost duty; the request was granted, and the uncongenial labor in the trenches exchanged for the more soldierly duty

On the 10th the regiment was visited by the President, accompanied by the Secretary of War and General McClellan. The Secretary, and General, addressed the regiment, the latter being pleased to say, that since our arrival in Virginia our conduct, especially on skirmish and outpost duty, had been such that he was determined at an early day to restore our colors. We cheered him heartily, feeling that "Little Mac" was, after all, our friend.

On the evening of this day, Adjutant Ireland, who had

been raised to the rank of Captain in the regular army, and was awaiting his transfer, set out with one hundred and sixty officers and men, to co-operate with a detachment of the Fifth Wisconsin, of Hancock's brigade of our division, which had been ordered to advance to Lewinsville, for the purpose of capturing or driving off a small force of the enemy at that place. One of those who participated in the midnight expedition writes:

"We understood that we were to be posted in a position to prevent or intercept re-enforcements from reaching Lewinsville, in case the enemy raised an alarm. We started about midnight, and were conducted by our guide, who took us through the woods and fields, in order to get inside the enemy's lines without encountering their pickets. It seemed as though we traveled in a circle, for I am sure we went over the same ground more than once; it looked as though we were trying to kill time. We kept this up till near daylight, when two of the four companies were posted in a field along a fence, while the other two were a short distance off on our right, at an angle in the road, and quite near a house which we afterwards learned was owned by a man named Stuart, an officer in the rebel army

"We of the left wing had been in position but a short time when a body of cavalry was seen approaching from our left, on a road running parallel with, and a short distance in front of, the fence along which we were posted. By looking obliquely to the left the horsemen were distinctly seen, and without any command each man's musket was raised to cover the approaching enemy The cavalry appeared to be unconscious of our presence until their attention was attracted by the actions of a small dog belonging to their party, and who was running a short distance in advance of the troop. The little "Argus" was vigilant, and gave unmistakable signs that strangers were near; the leader of the party raised his

hand and the riders moved more cautiously; soon we were discovered, and the troop began at once, quietly, to countermarch. As soon as we observed that movement, and, as I believe, without any word of command, our muskets were discharged at the enemy, who galloped off.

"About the same time we heard firing from our right wing, and when, a moment or two later, the forces were joined, we learned that they had fired into a wagon drawn by two mules and driven by a darkey; our boys thought at first that a piece of artillery was approaching, and being somewhat excited, blazed away; the mules dropped in their tracks, being killed instantly, while the driver jumped from the seat and fled to the woods on the opposite side of the road. In the confusion of firing, John Downie of Company H was shot by some one of the rear rank—a most unfortunate circumstance, and one deeply deplored. The wagon was found to contain a rebel Major, wounded, whom we brought in a prisoner.

"The next moment the long roll was beaten—apparently in our immediate front—cavalry bugles not far to our right were heard, and as the retreating enemy had gone to the left, we seemed to be surrounded. No one, except the guide or scout who had conducted us, knew in what direction we ought to move, in order to get out of the enemy s line; but our man proved true, and by taking us through woods and cornfields, we were soon inside our own lines again and breathed freer."

Captain Ireland says in his report: "The command was divided into two wings, to guard the approach of the enemy Soon after the men had been posted, firing was heard in the direction of Lewinsville, and a body of cavalry came from the direction of Falls Church, and while endeavoring to pass where we were posted, our men were ordered to fire, which they did, causing the enemy to retreat. Previous to their retreating, which was caused by a well-directed fire from the left wing, under command

of Lieutenant John Falconer, the enemy (?) fired on us, killing one private, John Downie of Company H. At the same time the right wing captured a prisoner who was wounded, and who had on, when captured, a Major's shoulder straps. * * * Lieutenant Alexander Graham of Company H was conspicuous for his coolness and bravery during the engagement. Mr. Hazard Stevens (volunteer) distinguished himself by his usefulness and bravery." Downie died a few minutes after our lines were reached.

When the detachment returned to camp on the morning of the 11th, they were given quite an ovation; but we had little time for indulging in mutual admiration, for the regiment was under orders to join a larger expedition, a reconnoissance in force, in the same direction as that taken by our men the night before.

It was McClellan's intention to advance his lines beyond Lewinsville at an early day, and these movements were intended, doubtless, to prevent the enemy from fortifying their position, as well as to examine more closely the ground over which the contemplated movement was to be made. Our force consisted of about eighteen hundred men, divided between infantry, cavalry and artillery, and was under the command of Colonel Stevens. The Highlanders, Captain Ireland commanding, with four companies of the First U S. Chasseurs, were placed under Lieutenant Colonel Shaler of the latter regiment.

Lewinsville was occupied without opposition on the part of the enemy, and while the main body of the troops remained there, Company F, Lieutenant McNie, and Company K, Lieutenant S. R. Elliot, of the Highlanders, were deployed as skirmishers; this position being maintained while Lieutenant O. M. Poe of the Topographical Engineers was prosecuting his part of the work. When this was accomplished, and just as the skirmish line and videttes were being called in, the enemy—who up to this

moment had kept perfectly quiet, but who had worked unperceived around to our left—without a moment's warning, opened on our flank with shrapnel from a gun less than five hundred yards distant, wounding one man each in Companies A, B and F The regiment was lying in the road at the time, the left of which, and towards the enemy's fire, was lined by a stone wall; we sprang at once to the cover of the wall, and although the enemy fired several more shots, no other casualties occurred. Mott s battery was soon in position, and after delivering two or three shots compelled the enemy to retire. Captain Ireland, in his report, says: "The conduct of the officers and men on this occasion was all that could be desired. They were cool and collected, behaving as well as if on parade, and more like veteran troops than volunteers."

Lieutenant Elliot says of his command: "Just as the bugle was sounding (the recall), an officer rode up and ordered me to move the picket parallel with the column, at the same distance out, and preserving the same intervals, so as to protect the flank from surprise. I immediately started for the guide to aid me in carrying out the order, but before I could find him another order came to recall the picket as soon as possible. Lieutenant Lusk started to call in the picket, and in his over-eagerness attempted to call in both platoons, which caused him to be late with his own wing. As soon as the men stationed on the Falls Church road began to come in, I observed a number of men without uniforms emerge from the wood at the side of that road and creep on their hands and knees along the fence to the gate where the cavalry had been stationed; they then trailed into the wood on the right of Gilbert's house. Forming the men as quickly as I could, I made a signal for the left wing, under Lieutenant Lusk, to retreat through the cornfield, as they were cutting us off, and started with what

remained of my command down the lane to rejoin our regiment, our pace being somewhat accelerated by the sight of some men unlimbering, as I thought, a gun in a small spot of rising ground behind the cornfield and somewhat to the rear of the house. We had not moved fifty paces from the house when a volley of musketry was directed obliquely at us from the left, and at almost the same instant the gun opened fire on our right. Looking back, I saw Lieutenant Lusk, who had not understood my signal, returning with the last of his men into the very yard where the enemy's skirmishers were. By this time nothing could have been easier than to have taken them prisoners, instead of which the skirmishers, apparently thinking themselves surprised, in turn fired at them and retreated by the side of the house. Lieutenant Lusk, with considerable adroitness, leaped the fence, followed by his two sergeants, and retreated under cover of the cornfield in safety to his regiment. The men throughout behaved admirably; even after it became certain that those crouching forms were the enemy's advance they showed less trepidation than perhaps I might have wished for the sake of celerity."

Lieutenant-Colonel Shaler in his report says: "The conduct of the officers and men of the Seventy-Ninth while under my command was in the highest degree praiseworthy They gave undoubted evidence of their bravery and resoluteness." Colonel B. N Hyde, of the Third Vermont, was kind enough to say: "I beg leave to speak of the good behavior of the Seventy-Ninth Regiment, New York Highlanders, immediately preceding my own."

Colonel Stevens also paid a high compliment to the Highlanders; he says: "The skirmishers, however, thrown out from the regiment of Highlanders towards Falls Church were not recalled till time enough had elapsed to collect and bring in the skirmishers covering

the approach on the other roads. They were considered by me to occupy the critical point of the position, and I had given great attention to impress vigilance upon the skirmishers in that direction. * * * * On Mott's change of position to the hill on the other side of the road, I stationed the Highlanders in the road, and remained there till it was withdrawn, when the Highlanders became the rear guard of the column. I was then directed by you (General Smith, who had arrived on the field) to cross into the fields to the right and make for a cross-road which led from Falls Church to Langley, and in which it was feared the enemy might advance to annoy our flank. This duty was executed by the Highlanders in most excellent spirit and most of the time on the double-quick."

As indicated by the above extract, the enemy followed us for a short distance on our return to camp, but the solid front displayed by the regiment kept them at a respectful distance. The object of the expedition had been fully accomplished before the enemy made their appearance, and yet because of their following us a short distance on our return they claimed a great victory. Their troops engaged were the brigades of General Longstreet and Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, and the gun used belonged to the Washington, La., Artillery, Captain Rossel

On our return to camp, at half-past five in the afternoon, General McClellan met and highly complimented the regiment for the "coolness and bravery" displayed on the occasion. Our conduct was no doubt satisfactory, for on the 14th he sent the following communication to our division commander:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
Washington, September 14, 1861.

"GENERAL WILLIAM F SMITH, Chain Bridge:

"The colors of the New York Seventy-Ninth will be

sent to you to-morrow. Please return them to the regiment, with the remark that they have shown by their conduct in the reconnoissance of the 11th instant, that they are worthy to carry their banners into action, and the Commanding General is confident they will always in future sustain and confirm him in the favorable opinion he has formed of them.

(Signed) GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding."

On the 16th a grand review of the army took place, at the close of which the regiment was visited by General McClellan, who in a congratulatory address restored our flags in person. He said in substance that he considered we had richly deserved the restoration of our colors, because, since our return to Virginia, and especially during the affair of the 11th, we had acquitted ourselves as true soldiers. He further said that we would have an opportunity, ere long, of defending the flags, and hoped we would do that as gallantly as we had won them. "Little Mac" was cheered to the echo, and a happy lot of men marched back to camp that afternoon; we were heartily cheered by the regiments whose camps we passed on the way to our own, and in the evening the event was celebrated in a manner becoming the importance of the occasion.

On the 18th Captain Ireland left us to join his regiment, and Hazard Stevens, who had been acting in that capacity for some time, was appointed adjutant in his place. Captain Ireland was much thought of by the Highlanders, not alone on account of his ability as an officer, but for his personal and social qualities as well; he left with the best wishes of all his old associates. Our new adjutant was a mere boy, apparently, but a "chip of the old block" clear through. He had accompanied the expedition on the night of the 10th armed with a

musket, and on the 11th acted as aid on his father's (Col. Stevens') staff. When the rebel gun first opened on us Hazard was just a little bit excited, seeing which the Colonel, in a voice like a Stentor, exclaimed, "Hazard Stevens!" and that was enough to bring the young man back to himself; he afterwards rode along the lines while the shells were bursting about us, as cool and collected as the Colonel himself. He was a veteran from that moment.

Although performing outpost duty most of the time, we were obliged occasionally to shoulder the pick and shovel. On the afternoon of the 21st, just as we had begun work at Fort Baker, to which point we had been moved on the 15th, the sound of musketry was heard in the direction of the picket line, and in a few minutes the bugle sounded the Assembly; we were soon under arms and off to the front on the double quick. Rain was falling heavily at the time and the roads were deep with mud, but we pushed on till the outpost was reached; there we learned that Captain Baker, of the California Regiment, who had been in command of the post, had started out with a few men to "capture" a small scouting party of the enemy, observed near by, and had been fired on by another body of the enemy who lay in ambush. Captain Baker fell at the first fire, and his men, after discharging their pieces at the enemy, beat a hasty retreat back to their post. We marched to the spot where the affair occurred and found the captain's body, which was borne back to camp by his men. Before leaving, the rebels had taken his sword, watch and money, and would no doubt have stripped the body of its clothing had they tarried long enough. We remained in the vicinity for an hour or more, standing in the pelting rain, while scouts were sent out to examine the neighborhood; on their reporting the enemy gone, we returned to camp at about half-past six o'clock, thoroughly drenched.

When Colonel Cameron was elected to the command of the regiment, the Rev Peter Rizer was installed as chaplain; little was seen of him, however, till about the time of our return to Virginia. The men paid him no great regard, and although he probably tried to do his duty as far as lay in his power, it was up-hill work. Not that the men were indifferent to religious teachings—quite the contrary—for prayer meetings were frequently held which were well attended by both officers and men. Chaplain Rizer conducted divine service on Sunday afternoons, which was held immediately after dress parade; Robertson's band played very beautifully the Scotch national song, "Scots Wha Hae," on such occasions, and when in the course of the exercises the time came for the music, the chaplain, with an inclination of the head towards the leader, would say: "The band will now play '*Scots Away!*'" It was more than all of the men could do to keep a straight face when the request was made. The Scottish dialect was all Greek to the chaplain, and as he had picked up the name of the tune by ear, "Scots Away" was "Scots Wha Hae" to him, and during his stay with us he received no other designation than "Old Scots Away"

On the 25th the regiment took an active part in another expedition to Lewinsville. The region was well stocked with grain and forage, and about one hundred wagons accompanied us for the purpose of bringing back the spoils. General Smith was in command of about five thousand troops, while the advance was under the direction of Colonel Stevens. As General Smith says in his report: "Six companies of the Seventy-Ninth New York, half a mile in advance as skirmishers, supported by the remaining companies of the regiment, and the Second Vermont," advanced to and beyond the town. When ordered to, halt we remained in our places till about three o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy appear-

ing in our front but not attempting any demonstration. At the above hour the wagons had been filled and started on their return to camp; just as the skirmish line was ordered to fall back we captured a prisoner, who said he was acting as aid to Colonel Stuart, who was then about a mile away, but advancing rapidly to drive us back. Shortly after, the enemy were seen advancing by the Falls Church road, and a moment or two later they opened fire on our left with one of their guns, which, however, did not reach our position; then they brought two more pieces in play on our right within easy range, but when Griffin's battery had fired about thirty shots the rebels limbered up, and the dust raised by their retreating column could be plainly seen as they fell back towards Falls Church. The regiment returned to camp shortly after six o'clock.

Thursday, the 26th, was a fast day appointed by the President, and we had a good rest; the enemy, too, seemed to observe the occasion for we were not called out: but there were few days on which we were not called upon for some special service. Just after sundown on the 28th, the whole brigade was turned out, and the men began to think that "this sort of work is getting rather monotonous." We generally took care of our front when on outpost duty, and it was rarely that the others were called out; but the new regiments were more easily excited, and would raise an alarm on the slightest provocation. Colonel Stevens declared that he never got a good night's rest except when his Highlanders were on picket duty.

On Sunday, the 29th, Secretary Cameron again visited the regiment and made a short address, assuring us of the deep interest he took in our welfare. In orders read at dress parade that evening, it was announced that Colonel Stevens had been appointed a Brigadier-General, and while we all rejoiced in his well-merited promotion,

we felt sorry at the thought of losing him from the regiment. He had endeared himself to us as no other officer ever had, and every man felt that he had in Colonel Stevens a true friend; he would never order a man to go where he dared not lead, and, this being known, his orders were always cheerfully obeyed.

The night of the 29th proved a very stormy one; the rain fell in torrents, and our bush huts afforded scant shelter. We were obliged to get up, after finding the water running under and over our blankets, and "stand round" as best we could till daylight. One of our number, an old sailor, slept soundly through it all, till his bedfellow, who had been up some time, shook him by the shoulder and said: "Jack! get up! you're lying in a pool of water three inches deep!" With a grunt the old salt merely turned over and said: "No, I'll lie still; the water 'll get warm soon!" and lie still he did.

On the 30th the regiment moved out a short distance on the Munson's Hill road and bivouacked. Indications all pointed to an early advance of the army, and the Highlanders, as usual, were in the lead. We carried three days' rations in our haversacks, and expected to resume the advance in the morning; instead of which we returned to camp, and nothing of importance occurred for several days.

On the 11th of October our division made an advance movement to and beyond Lewinsville; the Highlanders were on the skirmish line, ready to meet the enemy, and prove again their ability to defend the colors now carried proudly in our ranks. When Prospect Hill, about five miles west of Camp Advance, was reached, the line was ordered to halt. The enemy had not seriously disputed our progress, but retired slowly before our determined advance. After headquarters had been established, our location was named "Camp of the Big Chestnut," in honor of a huge tree of that variety which stood on the

ground. On the following day, in order to establish our lines a safe distance from camp, we drove the enemy's pickets back a mile or two further. Our tents arrived the same day, and we now enjoyed a better protection from the weather than we had known since leaving Camp Hope.

On the 14th the Forty-Ninth New York, while out scouting, encountered a superior force of the enemy, and for an hour or more a lively interchange of musketry fire was kept up; both sides were plucky, and neither would give ground; help was needed and the Highlanders were called on to respond. We were just forming in line for dress-parade when the Macedonian cry reached us, and we started at once. The sound of the firing could be plainly heard, and for a time it seemed as though we might have some warm work before us. The enemy, however, became aware of the approach of re-enforcements, for when the skirmish line was reached they had retired. It was dark when we began our return march, and camp was reached in time for a late supper.

Reveille at half past four on the morning of the 15th woke us up, and after partaking of hot coffee, which the cooks had ready for us, we started on a scouting expedition, but we did not see anything of the enemy, nothing of importance occurred, and we returned to camp in the afternoon.

Even after being made a Brigadier-General, our old Colonel retained immediate command of the regiment, but when the great combined Land and Naval Expedition was being fitted out at Annapolis, under the direction of General T. W Sherman, General Stevens was ordered to report to him for duty At dress-parade on the 16th the following order was read:

"HEADQUARTERS SEVENTY-NINTH HIGHLANDERS,
Camp of the Big Chestnut, Oct. 16, 1861.

"SPECIAL ORDER:

"Called suddenly away by order of the War Department,

Brigadier-General Stevens relinquishes command of the Seventy-Ninth Regiment, Highlanders, a command which he has held under such peculiar and trying circumstances, and as he humbly trusts not without advantage to the regiment and to the public service. In parting with the regiment he congratulates it upon its soldierly character and its well-earned reputation. He shall always look back upon his connection with the regiment with extreme pleasure. To the new theatre to which he is called he will carry with him the warmest regards for the regiment, and shall ever take the deepest interest in its welfare.

By order of BRIGADIER-GENERAL STEVENS.
HAZARD STEVENS, Adjutant."

On learning of this order, Captain Morrison, on whom the command of the regiment now devolved, had asked General Stevens to address the men before leaving, and after the reading of the order he presented himself for that purpose. As he spoke to us, and recalled the events of the past two months, his voice faltered, and it was quite evident that he regretted the parting as much as we did. Just as he turned to ride off, one of our number, stepping a pace or two in front of the line, shouted: "For God's sake, General, *tak' us wi' ye!*" This touched a responsive chord in every breast, and the cry was at once taken up by the whole line: "Take us with you!" The General stopped his horse, turned towards the line and looked a moment at us, as with outstretched arms we repeated the request. This appeal was more than the General expected. Recovering himself after a moment, he found voice to say: "I will if I can;" and then, putting spurs to his horse, galloped off.

As the sequel showed, he went direct to the War Department and made the request, for the next day the Assistant Secretary, Colonel Thomas A. Scott, telegraphed to General Sherman at Annapolis, asking him if he

wanted the Seventy-Ninth Highlanders; the reply came back: "I want the Highlanders; send them immediately." Scott then telegraphed McClellan: "If Generals Sherman and Stevens want the Seventy-Ninth to go with expedition, can you spare them?" To which McClellan replied, in substance, that he had already given Sherman more troops than could be spared, and that he would not consent to let any more disciplined regiments go from the army of the Potomac. Then Sherman applied to President Lincoln, who on the 18th telegraphed the former that he had shown McClellan his dispatch and that he had promised not to break McClellan's army without his consent. Meanwhile, between hopes that he would, and fears that he couldn't, take us with him, we waited anxiously for word from General Stevens.

On the afternoon of the 18th our hopes were rewarded, by receiving orders to proceed at once to Annapolis; President Lincoln no doubt persuaded McClellan to let us go. An order to go to New York would hardly have met with a more cheerful response. "I told you the General would fix it!" "He thinks too much of us to leave us behind!" "He could n't get along without us!" and such like expressions, were heard on all sides, as we busied ourselves in packing up. So loth was our brigade commander to lose the regiment that when he received orders to send us away, he tried to have the order countermanded, saying that he would rather part with all the other regiments of his brigade first; he also refused us transportation for baggage; but, failing to accomplish his purpose, he finally furnished a few wagons and allowed us to depart.

At nine o'clock in the evening the order to "fall in" was given, and we were soon on the road towards the Chain Bridge. What a chatter the men kept up, during that evening's march! The newspapers had informed us of the rendezvous of troops at Annapolis, for some import-

ant expedition, and there was latitude enough for our wise heads to guess at its destination. The feeling seemed to be general that Charleston was the objective point, and we revelled in anticipation of the glory we should achieve in capturing "the Cradle of Secession."

While we were crossing the Chain Bridge the band, which had been silent for a while, began playing "O, carry me back to Old Virginny." Cries of "Stop that!" "Dry up!" "Cheese it!" and "Give us a rest!" soon silenced that tune, and it was changed to "We 'll gang na mair to your town." It was only a joke on the part of the leader, for Robertson was as glad to get out of the Old Dominion as any of us. For fear the band should break loose again, we began singing, and the still night air soon resounded with the inspiring strains of "John Brown's Body," "Rally round the Flag, boys," and such like patriotic airs. It was not till our exuberant spirits had been somewhat quieted by an hour's marching that we settled down into a quiet, steady tramp. The Washington railroad station was soon reached; we boarded the cars, and in due time arrived at Annapolis, where we found General Stevens, and his son, Captain Hazard, ready to welcome us. It would be difficult to say which were the more pleased.

When we found time to look about us, and saw the large fleet of transports lying in the harbor, the magnitude of the expedition began to dawn upon us. As soon as it was known that we were to form part of the expedition, the Pennsylvania Roundhead regiment, also attached to the expedition, sent a request to headquarters, asking that the Highlanders might be placed in the same brigade with them. The request was granted; and, during the long time we were associated with this body of brave men—many of whom were the descendants of Cromwell's soldiers—our relations were of the most friendly character.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM ANNAPOLIS TO ST. HELENA ISLAND.

On Board the Vanderbilt.—The Eighth Michigan.—The Expeditionary Force.—Soldiers' Stories.—Turning the Tables.—The Storm off Hatteras.—Arrival at Port Royal, S. C.—The Bombardment and Capture.—The Highlanders at Bay Point.—What we found there.—Quartermaster Lilly's Whiskey.—The Negroes.—St. Helena Island.—Dr. Jenkins' Plantation.—How we Quenched our Thirst.—The Slaves' Stories.—"Golly, did n't dem Rotten Shot Skeer us."—"Massa Linkum."—The Slaves' Rations.—Plantation Melodies.—The Lash.

ON the afternoon of the 19th we embarked on board the side-wheel steamship Vanderbilt, by far the largest in the fleet. This noble vessel had been presented to the government by "Commodore" Cornelius Vanderbilt of New York, as a free gift, and as a part of his contribution towards suppressing the Rebellion.

We found the Eighth Michigan on board, besides five companies of the Fiftieth Pennsylvania. The Michigan men, with whom we were destined to form a very close friendship, were just fresh from home; the majority of them, in fact, had never seen tide water till they arrived at Annapolis. If the Highlanders were "green" at the beginning of the Bull Run campaign, the Michiganders—and this might be said of nine-tenths of the troops which formed the expedition—were "emerald green;" for they had not even the experience of camp life at the front. A close intimacy sprang up between the two organizations, which did not terminate till we bade each other good bye on the field, when our term of service expired.

The huge vessel was completely filled; yes, crowded.

One of our companies, numbering seventy-six men, was allotted forty-eight bunks; consequently twenty-eight men were obliged to "lie round" as best they could; and this was the case with nearly all the companies. Men were quartered in the hold, and on the decks; even the small boats, that hung about the vessel or were stowed away behind the rail, were filled; men everywhere; and away down below, guns and gun carriages, wagons, camp and garrison equipage, cannon and muskets, and provisions for men, filled the great vessel completely

Thirty-five steam vessels in all composed the transport fleet. The total force, amounting to about fifteen thousand men, was distributed in three brigades, under command respectively of Brigadier-Generals Egbert L. Viele, Isaac I. Stevens, and Horatio G. Wright. Our brigade was composed of the Eighth Michigan, Fiftieth, and One Hundredth Pennsylvania, and Seventy-Ninth New York.

On the afternoon of the 20th we sailed, our destination being Fort Monroe, where the naval vessels of the expedition were to join us. When within twenty miles of the fort, darkness overtook us, and we were obliged to cast anchor; the lights along the Virginia shore had been removed by the enemy, and it was deemed unsafe to proceed. At about noon on the 21st we arrived at the fort. Here we found a large fleet of war vessels, from the little tug-boat armed with a boat howitzer, up to the majestic Wabash, the flagship of the squadron. A large number of sailing vessels, too, were ready, loaded with coal and stores of various kinds, the huge four-masted ship, Great Republic, looking like a leviathan as she rode at anchor, surrounded by the small coasting sloops and schooners, each one of which had a more or less important part to play in the great enterprise.

It will be remembered that this was the second of the combined land and naval expeditions the government had fitted out, and the success of the first, which resulted

in the capture of Hatteras Inlet, led the authorities to enter upon the present one with an assurance of perfect success.

The largest and best harbor on the south Atlantic coast was that of Port Royal, South Carolina; and when the choice was left to Flag Officer Dupont and Assistant Secretary of the Navy Fox, they decided that that should be the objective point. From there, as a base of operations, expeditions could be sent to Charleston or Savannah, as might be desired.

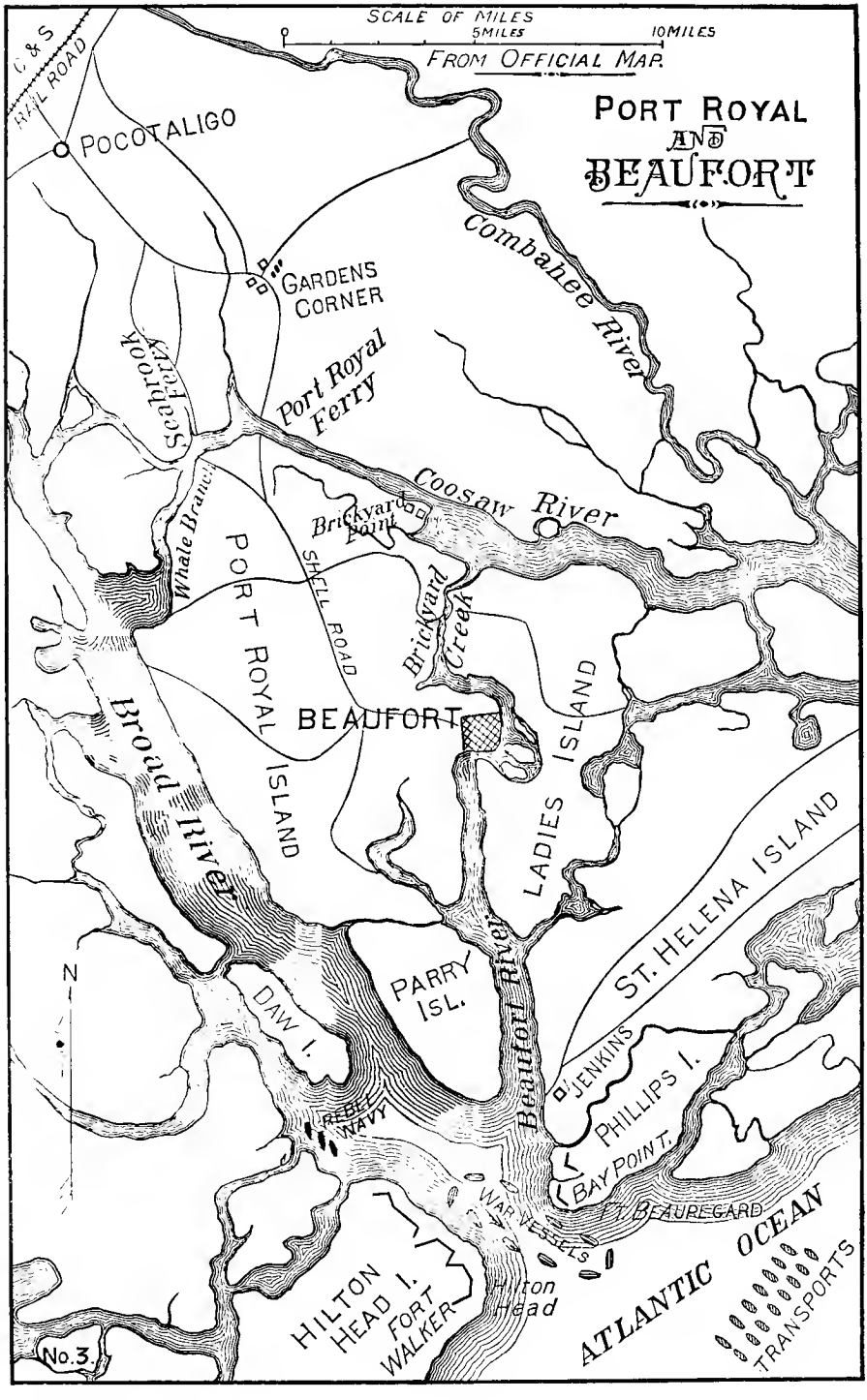
It is needless to say that we were ignorant at this time of our destination; the enemy was always better informed of the intentions of our leaders than ourselves—thanks to the secret service maintained by them to the very close of the war. We lay at Fort Monroe till the 29th, when the whole fleet set sail, under sealed orders, not to be opened till a certain point on our ocean voyage had been reached.

During pleasant weather the time passed quite agreeably It was a common sight to see an "old vet" of our regiment seated on a coil of rope, surrounded by a dozen or more of the Eighth Michigan, and entertaining them with the most improbable yarns. They were never tired of listening to the stories we had to tell of our experience in the field; and the tougher the yarn the more readily was it believed. They were particularly interested in our accounts of skirmishes, and thought that, as they were "all pretty good marksmen, and accustomed to the woods and fields," they would prefer that part of the battle, while the Highlanders could follow up and do the "hefty" fighting. For the sake of talk we agreed to this. The utmost good feeling was established between us, which, however, did not prevent the Highlanders from playing practical jokes upon the unsophisticated Michiganders. Many a time during the voyage, when a poor fellow was leaning over the vessel's side paying

tribute to Neptune—"one moment hoping he would die, and the next afraid he wouldn't"—some wag, with a piece of fat pork on the end of a string tied to a ramrod, would steal quietly behind the poor sufferer and dangle it gently under his nose! But when they got well they almost turned our stomachs! To see them take fat pork, cut it into little chunks, smear molasses over it, and eat the disgusting mess with apparent relish—ugh! But there's no accounting for tastes, especially on shipboard.

Off Hatteras we encountered a violent storm, which lasted three days. The fleet was dispersed, and two of the smaller vessels foundered and went to the bottom; all the men on board were saved, however, except seven marines. The Great Republic, until then in tow of the Vanderbilt, was sent adrift to shift for herself, and, although deeply laden with horses and cattle, came through safely under sail. To most of us a storm at sea was a novelty Two of our number had taken up their quarters in one of the boats on the port side of the vessel, just forward of the paddle box; during the early part of the storm they were driven out by the water which dashed over the side. Many others had been drowned out of similar quarters, so that quite a number were without a place to lay their heads. Two or three of the more daring spirits determined, however, to spend the night in the boats, and, after putting up blankets to keep off the spray, took possession. They had hardly settled themselves comfortably before a heavy sea washed over the side, tore away the blankets and filled the boats, nearly drowning the occupants. After scrambling out, they decided to abandon such damp quarters, at least till the storm was over. At the end of the third day the storm abated, vessels began to heave in sight, and we were soon sailing on our course again.

The 4th of November saw us at anchor off Port Royal.


SCALE OF MILES
5 MILES
10 MILES
FROM OFFICIAL MAP
PORT ROYAL AND BEAUFORT
C. & S. RAIL ROAD
POCOTALIGO
GARDENS CORNER
Combahee River
Seabrook Ferry
Port Royal Ferry
Coosaw River
Whale Branch
Brickyard Point
SHELL ROAD
Brickyard Creek
PORT ROYAL ISLAND
BEAUFORT
LADIES ISLAND
Broad River
ST. HELENA ISLAND
N
PARRY ISL.
DAW I.
Beaufort River
JENKINS
PHILLIPS I.
REBEL NAVY
BAY POINT
FT. BEAUREGARD
WAR VESSELS
HILTON HEAD I.
FORT WALKER
Hilton Head
ATLANTIC OCEAN
TRANSPORTS
No. 3.

Looking west from where we lay, Hilton Head was on our left, where the strongest of the enemy's works were situated; on our right was Bay Point, also strongly fortified. The transports lay at a safe distance, while the naval vessels occupied positions nearer, but yet out of range of the guns on shore. Columns of black smoke were seen up the harbor, and soon a fleet of small steam vessels appeared, but kept at a respectful distance, watching our movements. One of our light-draft gun-boats ventured near and threw a shell or two at the "mosquito" fleet, which soon beat a hasty retreat without returning the fire. The buoys had been removed from the channel, lanterns taken from the light-houses, and before active operations could begin the channel must be surveyed and marked. For this purpose ships' launches, protected by the gun-boats, were used, and before evening the naval vessels were anchored inside the bar, and Commodore Tatnalls' fleet chased under cover of the shore batteries. On the 5th a reconnoissance was made by the Ottawa, Seneca, Curlew and Isaac Smith, which drew the enemy's fire and showed where the heaviest batteries were located. All was now ready for the attack, but a storm on the 6th delayed the movement till the 7th, when it began about half-past nine.

It was expected by us that the troops would take an active part in the assault, and just before the action began the following order was read to the regiment:

"HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, EXPEDITIONARY CORPS, S. S. Vanderbilt, Nov 7th, 1861.

"GENERAL ORDERS NO. 5.

"The Brigadier-General commanding the Second Brigade trustfully appeals to each man of his command this day to strike a signal blow for his country

"She has been stabbed by traitorous hands, and by her

most favored sons. Show by your acts that the hero age has not passed away, and that patriotism still lives. Better to fall nobly in the forlorn hope in vindication of home and nationality, than live witnesses of the triumph of a sacreligious cause. The Lord God of Battles will direct us; to Him let us humbly appeal this day to vouchsafe to us His crowning mercy, and may those of us who survive when the evening sun goes down ascribe to Him, and not to ourselves, the glorious victory

By order of BRIGADIER-GENERAL STEVENS."

The war vessels had "taken off their jackets," top-gallant masts had been sent down, yards braced, nettings hung, and the sides of many protected by chains. Commodore Dupont led the assault, in the Wabash, at the head of the First division, and was followed by the Susquehanna, Mohican, Pawnee, Unadilla, Seminole, and several others. This division passed up the centre of the channel delivering their fire at the rebel works on each side of the harbor, then turned and passed within short range of the batteries on Hilton Head, firing slowly but effectively The Second division, composed of five smaller vessels, the Beinville, Augusta, Seneca, Curlew and Penguin, now passed up close to Bay Point, pouring their broadsides into Fort Beauregard, and then took their stations in such positions as to cut off Tatnall's fleet from any participation in the battle, and at the same time maintain a heavy fire on the left flank of the rebel intrenchments on Hilton Head.

The First division on its second circuit, sailed in the form of an ellipse, getting closer to Bay Point, and on the third round was joined by other vessels, until twelve of them were pouring in shot and shell as long as they remained within range. At times the roar of the big guns was terrific. The forts were not idle and at first their guns were well served, as shot after shot in the

hulls and spars of the vessels testified ; the shot would often strike the water short of the vessels and ricochet over the surface, sending up clouds of water at every bound, until they found a berth in a wooden hull or their force was spent and they sank into the water. Frequently the scene was obscured for a time by the dense smoke, and we clambered up the rigging in order to get a better view ; the most intense interest prevailed among the troops. All the available ships boats lay at the vessels' sides, ready to be manned at a moment's notice—the men were under arms, knapsacks were packed, and everything in readiness for a sudden move.

The difficulty of landing on the beach from small boats, and in the face of such a deadly fire, was thought to be too much of a risk, however, unless other means failed. This was the first engagement where war vessels took part that we had ever witnessed, and we watched every movement with the greatest interest. When a particularly heavy discharge was heard—as the Wabash or some other large vessel sent in a broadside—we would watch anxiously to see if the forts were not silenced, and when they in turn poured forth their iron hail we would look to see the splinters fly on board the ships.

About four o clock, just after the third circuit had been sailed, we noticed that the firing from the forts had almost ceased. Soon the word was passed that the forts were silenced ; then a small boat was seen to approach the land at Hilton Head, and shortly after the joyful news was proclaimed that the stars and stripes were floating from the flag staff, where so lately had hung the stars and bars! Such a cheer as went up from our throats, when we knew the place was ours ! The band played "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle ;" and how we cheered the jolly Jack Tars, the Wabash, and other vessels, and an hour later, when one of the

gun boats passed close to our vessel, and the crew displayed the captured rebel flag, our enthusiasm knew no bounds! The enemy had fled, leaving behind his sick and wounded.

We remained on board ship all night, and on the morning of the 8th the light-draft steamer Winfield Scott came alongside and took us from the Vanderbilt to within half a mile of the shore at Bay Point, where we entered small boats and were rowed towards the shore till the keels struck bottom, when we jumped out and waded to dry land. The beach inclines so gently here that the boats could not get nearer than fifty yards. The various companies were soon distributed about the Point, some in buildings, others in tents, of which there was a large number of the A pattern. We found the fort and batteries very little damaged by the bombardment, and the enemy had evidently been more frightened than hurt; a few of the guns had been spiked, but so ineffectually that we soon had them in condition for service again.

The day was spent in looking about us, arranging our quarters and congratulating ourselves on being on mother earth once more. We found an abundance of provisions and light summer clothing, some fire arms, and any quantity of murderous-looking, home-made Bowie knives, hammered out of large flat files, pieces of scythes, and such like. Terrible weapons they were, and in the hands of determined men would no doubt have done fearful execution on us Yankees, if their owners had only waited for us to come on shore. Evidences of a hasty retreat were seen on all sides; arms, accoutrements and clothing lay scattered about; the tents were filled with provisions and many of the delicacies of the cuisine; coffee and biscuit were found on the yet warm fire-places, and we partook of the refreshments, without fear of either arsenic or strychnine.

Fort Beauregard, which we re-named Fort Seward, the

principal work on the Point, mounted nineteen guns, all of heavy caliber; but not more than half of these had been used in the engagement, the others having been placed to defend points out of range of the fleet; the garrison had consisted of six companies of the Twelfth South Carolina Volunteers and several other independent companies, in all about six hundred and fifty men, under command of Colonel R. G. M. Dunovant, of the Twelfth.

The 9th was spent in still further securing our comfort, washing clothes, and bathing in the salt water—something unusual with us at this time of the year—for the days were yet very warm; the nights, however, being cool enough for overcoats and blankets. To those who had been spending all their lives north of the forty-first parallel, the change to the thirty-third was something wonderful. The luxuriance of the vegetation, even at this late season, astonished us; we were now indeed in the "Sunny South," and our heavy uniform jackets and woolen pantaloons were laid aside, for the lighter clothing so considerately left behind by the enemy We missed the clear, sparkling streams of Virginia, however, and were obliged to content ourselves with the brackish water obtained by sinking a barrel three or four feet below the surface of the ground; into this receptacle the water would settle to the depth of three or four inches; but even this supply was at times quite limited, and we often wished for a drink of good clear, sparkling water.

Among the "military" stores found here were two casks of whiskey, and, by an oversight, of which the Highlanders were not often guilty, the fact became known to Post Quartermaster Lilly, whose headquarters were at Hilton Head, and who, as soon as he heard of the important capture, sent a detail of men to transport the "commissary" to his own side of the harbor. It was known, an hour or two beforehand, that the transfer had been ordered; the casks were duly delivered and conveyed

to Hilton Head, but when Quartermaster Lilly tapped the barrels to sample the fluid he found nothing but salt water! Of course no one knew by what means the chemical change had been effected, and the matter became a standing joke. Whenever the Quartermaster appeared among us, some one was sure to start the query "Who stole the whiskey?" "Quartermaster Lilly," would be the response from many an unseen speaker. Lilly did not forget us, and often afterwards enjoyed the joke when telling it to others.

On the 10th a party was sent out to survey the island and gather such information as might be of service in future operations. We found the island to be covered with swamps and tangled underbrush, except a narrow strip along the coast side where the earth works and camps were located, and even this was clear sand, entirely barren save for the few clumps of beach grass scattered about. We found a number of negroes hid in the swamps who, when they found we were their friends, instead of the deadly enemies their masters had portrayed us, came into our lines and gave valuable information respecting the surrounding country. Their replies to our questions about the retreat of the rebels were amusing: "De hoss sojers dey got a goin fust, den de foot sojers, dey got a goin, den Massa got a goin, and he's goin yit!"

With some of the negroes to pilot us, our investigations were soon extended to the neighboring islands, and especially to St. Helena, the largest and most fertile of all the group of Sea Islands; there we found a number of plantations with good substantial dwelling houses, the mansions of the planters, with the usual accompaniment of negro cabins or "quarters," as they were called. The plantation of Dr. Jenkins, lying as it did on the direct route of retreat of the enemy to Beaufort, was the most important point on the island and a detachment was sent to permanently occupy the place. A scarcity of boats

prevented us from sending out large parties, and those who did go, went armed to the teeth, as we knew not what traps might be laid for us by the enemy

Captain More, who seemed to be the engineer of the regiment, attempted to build a road from the camp on Bay Point directly across the island to a point opposite Dr. Jenkins' plantation, but after working a whole day the project was abandoned as impracticable; at least a dozen bridges within a length of two miles would be necessary, and he thought it would n't pay ; so the longest way round by the beach was found to be the shorter and better road. When out scouting we found our greatest trouble to be the lack of drinking water, that carried in our canteens from camp soon becoming luke-warm and unfit to drink ; as we were never very far from the salt water however, we adopted the expedient of stripping off our clothes and plunging into that whenever we were thirsty ; after remaining a few minutes our thirst would be appeased ; this might be repeated a dozen times a day, and while the operation occupied a good deal of time it was the only means at our command to satisfy our necessities.

Pursuing our investigations on St. Helena Island we found large numbers of negroes, cattle, pigs and poultry, with corn and sweet potatoes in abundance The owners had left in such a hurry that we found the tables set as if for the family repast ; nothing appeared to be disturbed, the darkies being under strict dicipline not having entered their masters houses. Articles of clothing lay scattered about, as though the owners had made a hasty selection of what they wanted to put on, leaving all else behind. We gathered the negroes about us and questioned them regarding their masters : "Massa done gone run away !" "Massa run away so fast he leaf his pants behine !" "When massa see dem big *house boats* dey git skeered !" "Golly ! Did n't dem big rotten shot

skeer us!" (The negroes called the large vessels "House boats," and the big shells "Rotten shot" from the fact of their bursting in the air or on the ground.) Not a white person was to be found, all having gone towards Beaufort and from there inland to be out of reach of the feared and hated Yankees. The negroes had heard of "Massa Linkum," and we were all designated as "Massa Linkum's Sojers." They wanted to know when "Massa Linkum" was coming; they seemed to think he was near by, and were anxious to see the man they had been taught to fear, but whom they now discovered to be their friend.

We conversed freely with the overseers whom we found to be more intelligent than the average, and asked a great many questions about the "peculiar institution" of slavery We found that their allowance of food was a peck of unground corn per week for each one over seventeen years of age, and a proportionate amount for the younger ones; this was enough, they said, and was sometimes supplemented with a little rice and molasses; they were allowed to raise a pig and some few garden vegetables but no poultry. (This fact may explain why a hen-roost always has such a peculiar fascination for the average darkey.) The cabins were substantial and built "double," and between each pair of tenements was placed the rude hand-mill for grinding the corn. In the evening when the day's work in the field was over, the women would grind the corn, accompanying their work with a low monotonous chant; on a quiet night, when a dozen or more of these mills were in operation, the effect was peculiar; it reminded us of the stories we had read of Voodo charms and incantations; occasionally one voice would rise higher that the others, and begin a different tune—the others joining in the refrain—to us however the "tunes" were all alike, and seemed very melancholy

We were shown the "lash" or whip used by master or overseer to correct delinquents and enforce obedience, and one of these, a formidable looking weapon, was secured as a souvenir.

CHAPTER VII.

ST. HELENA ISLAND.—PORT ROYAL FERRY.

ORANGES, Bitter and Sweet.—A Little Logic.—Letters from Home.—Celebration of St. Andrew's Day.—A Weak Brother.—Lieut.-Col. Nobles.—The Highlanders Acclimated.—Mortality in Other Regiments.—Occupation of Beaufort.—Allen, the Last White Man, a Massachusetts Yankee.—Port Royal Ferry.—The Line of the Coosaw.—An Ugly Visitor.—Charleston Highlanders.—Preparing for a Visit to the Mainland.—The Expedition.—A New Year's Call.—The Engagement.—"Sandy" Graham.—The "Gallant Eighth."—The Enemy Driven Back.—Capture of the Earth-work.—Extracts from Reports.—"Fa' in for your Whuskey."—Earth-works and Buildings Destroyed.—Return to Beaufort.

ON one of our excursions we discovered an orange tree heavily laden. We could not stop then to examine the unusual sight, or taste what appeared to be the luscious fruit, but shortly after we came to a grove where many of the trees hung thick, and, without stopping to taste, soon had the ground littered with the golden globes. Then some one took a bite. Ugh! what bitter oranges! Sure enough, we had attacked a seedling tree; the fruit was bitter—nauseous. With mouths stretched from ear to ear, the darkies stood grinning at us, enjoying the joke; but they soon led us to some "sweet" trees, where we filled our bellies and haversacks, too.

Geese, turkeys, pigs and chickens were killed and eaten whenever we wanted them. At first we paid the darkies for these, but, on thinking the matter over—when our cash began to run short—we came to the conclusion that that would never do: these things did not belong to the negroes

but to their masters; their masters were the enemies of the government, and had run away, leaving their property behind; by all the rules of war the abandoned property belonged to the victors—to us; so, whenever we wanted anything after that, the darkies would be ordered to kill and cook, and we paid them for their labor, as long as our money lasted. Five cents became the standard amount paid for such service; and it seemed as though the darkies knew no other sum, for when they brought in oranges or oysters they were sold in "five cents'" worth; a dozen oranges or a quart of "solid meats" were cheap at that price. For the few weeks that we remained in this neighborhood, we fared better than soldiers ever did before or since; we were literally "in clover," and many of us no doubt made pigs of ourselves.

On the 14th the first mail, since leaving Annapolis, arrived, and we were all rejoiced at hearing from our dear ones at home. While not given to letter-writing as much as some other regiments, still, our mail bag was generally well filled when it left camp, and several of our number were heavy contributors to the unpublished history of the war.

On the 30th the officers celebrated St. Andrew's day, and invited the officers of H. B. M. sloop of war *Immortalite*, then lying in the harbor, to help them do honor to the memory of their patron saint. When the "cloth" was removed—or should have been, had the mess-table been graced by such an unusual luxury—the bottle began its rounds, and by midnight hosts and guests were in a very mellow frame of mind. A rather weak-headed officer had forgotten to retire "with the ladies," and when the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal" arrived, he was in a decidedly maudlin condition. As nature began to assert her rights the poor fellow staggered to his feet and attempted to walk out. The rest of the story is told by the sentry who happened to be posted at the mess-room door:

"I heard some one fumbling about the door, as if trying to open it; so I turned the knob, and as the door swung open —— almost fell into my arms. I saw at a glance that he not only had a 'wee drap in his e'e,' but that he was 'fou',' so full, in fact, that it was running down his trowsers and trickling in a little stream across the porch; I called for help, and poor old —— was escorted to his quarters."

A few days afterwards he resigned, and while awaiting transportation home, news of rebel cruisers capturing our merchantmen and rendering the passage north exceedingly dangerous, was received in camp, and his brother officers did not fail to make the unfortunate one acquainted with all the details—and more too. They warned him of the dangers of such a voyage, and tried to make it pleasant for him. The poor fellow was a great coward, and this fresh danger appalled him. He dared not remain and feared to go, and between these conflicting emotions his life for a few days was a burden to him. Shunned and despised by both officers and men, his lot was a sad one, and he finally decided to run the risk of the cruisers, as being the lesser evil. As he walked down to the boat that was to convey him to the steamer, some waggish musicians struck up the "Rogues' March." It was rather rough on the poor fellow, but he was so completely upset with his disgrace that he probably did not notice the compliment. He returned home a sadder, and it is to be hoped a wiser, man.

While on the voyage down the coast, Mr. Wm. Nobles, a friend of General Stevens, had been appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. He was not a military man, however, and finding that the duties of the office were not congenial, he resigned on the 6th. As he had never been in actual command of the regiment, his loss was not felt.

The health of the regiment during the early days of

December was excellent; we had been "down South" about a month and were fast becoming acclimated. While the men of other regiments on Hilton Head were filling the hospitals with cases of fever and dysentery, but *one* patient was in our regimental hospital, and he was sick before leaving Virginia. The health of our men was attributed to the fact that they took excellent care of their persons, bathing frequently in the salt water, and abstaining from the use of the canned goods sold by the sutlers. It was a common remark that a Highlander could always be picked out of a crowd at the sutler's store; for, while others were calling for the delicacies which made them sick, the men of the Seventy-Ninth were satisfied with a plug of tobacco. The mortality among the troops on Hilton Head was so great that funerals were discontinued and the dead buried quietly at night. Not a death occurred among us while we were at Bay Point.

On the 11th the brigade, with a part of our regiment, occupied Beaufort. We had heard of Allen, the solitary white man left in the place, and no little curiosity was manifested to see the "last man;" we found him to be a northerner by birth—a Massachusetts Yankee—and a store-keeper. What little stock he had left, sold at a high figure after our arrival, and no doubt the thrifty merchant made a good deal more money by remaining than by following the fortunes of his friends and neighbors. When communication with the North was established, Allen bought goods and continued his business. We got our tents up about three o'clock in the afternoon but had little time to look about us before dark; we retired early, but about eleven o'clock were turned out and ordered to fall in, in light marching order. We were soon on the road, but the night was so dark we could not tell the direction of the march. About three o'clock the next morning we reached a point near Port

Royal Ferry, which connects Beaufort Island with the main land. This was the place where the rebel troops and citizens had crossed during their retreat, the Charleston and Savannah Railroad being only a few miles beyond. The ferry was just ten miles from the town of Beaufort. On arriving at our destination we lay down for two or three hours' rest, but were up and looking about us as soon as daylight appeared. The darkies soon arrived, bringing in oysters which they gathered only at low tide; their method of opening the bivalves detracted somewhat from their flavor for *raw* oysters; the negroes could not be induced to use the knife, claiming it hurt their hands! Their method was to heat water in a cauldron and then plunge the oysters in that, the result being a sort of par-boiling, but we were not very fastidious.

On the 15th that portion of the regiment which had been left behind on St. Helena Island joined us; we picketed the Coosaw river for a distance of about five miles, from the Brickyard on the right to Seabrook plantation on the left, Port Royal Ferry being about the center of the line.

We could observe the enemy actively employed on the main-land, erecting batteries and mounting guns, but our artillery had not arrived and the rebels were too far off to be reached by our muskets; they were allowed to work uninterruptedly till the 18th, when one of our small gunboats made its appearance, and fired a few large shells, just by way of a reminder. Whew! How the rebs scattered! A few, however, stuck to their fort, and just as the gunboat was opposite the Causeway, and within point blank range, they fired two or three shots, one of which, a thirty-two pounder, flew clear over the vessel, struck the causeway and came bounding along into the road where we lay; the visitor was given a wide berth till all danger from an explosion was over, and

then the shell was picked up and finally brought to Beaufort as a trophy

Our duty at the ferry was comparatively light, and when the Highlanders were on post there was very little picket firing. We learned that there was a battalion of Charleston Highlanders on the main-land, and a sort of armed neutrality was observed when we were on outpost duty Some of the other regiments were not so fortunate, and a good deal of sharp shooting occurred at times. On the 25th the regiment skirmished through a large part of the island bordering on Coosaw river ; the woods were very thick and some of the men were lost and did not return to camp till the next day

Near the end of the month our camp was agitated by rumors of an early advance to the main-land ; we had become tired of inaction, and as the island did not supply our commissariat as well as St. Helena had done, we were glad of any movement that would serve to contribute to our larder or bring relief to the monotony of camp life. It had been determined between Generals Sherman and Stevens to destroy the enemy's works, the movement to be executed on New Year's day In accordance with this decision, General Sherman, on the 30th, wrote Stevens, giving him general instructions regarding the movement, and in closing his letter said : "It must be understood, however, General, that the object of this dash is simply the destruction of the enemy's batteries, and no advance must be made beyond what is necessary to effect that object."

General Stevens' plan was to land his forces at three different points, under cover of the gunboats sent up from Hilton Head, which were to approach the enemy's position from opposite directions ; the right wing, consisting of seven companies of the Highlanders, the Eighth Michigan, Fiftieth Pennsylvania and the Forty-Seventh and Forty-Eighth New York—the two last-named regi-

ments having been sent up from Hilton Head for that occasion—were to start from a point near the Brickyard, on flat boats, cross over to the main-land, and then march down the bank of the river and assail the left flank of the enemy; this was the most important part of the expedition, and was to be under the personal command of General Stevens. The center, under Colonel Leasure, of the Roundheads, consisted of four companies of his own, besides Company K of the Highlanders, under Lieutenant Marshall; their station was at the ferry, where they were to watch the movements of the enemy and act as circumstances might warrant. The left wing consisted of Companies F and I of the Seventy-Ninth and B and C of the Roundheads, the whole under command of Captain Elliot, of the Highlanders; their station was at Seabrook Ferry They were to land and destroy the enemy's works in their front.

In the afternoon of the 31st our men were relieved from picket duty, and companies A, B, C, D, E, G, and H, in light marching order and with sixty rounds of ammunition per man, marched to the appointed rendezvous, and there remained till an hour or so before daylight on the morning of the New Year, when we embarked on the flat boats, a large number of which had been provided for the purpose. As soon as it was light enough to see our way the flotilla started.

We expected to make a landing on the main-land in the face of a heavy fire from the enemy, and we knew not how many of us would answer the next roll-call. The belief—how it came to be established is not known—that we were acting in concert with our armies in other parts of the country made us feel that we *must* succeed. If there were any of our number fearful of the result of our enterprise they did not show it. As the boats rounded the Brick-yard Point and moved into the broad waters of the river, we noticed a gun-boat anchored in

the stream ; our progress was very slow, the boats were heavy unwieldy affairs, and propelled by only two oars each ; as we gained sight of the opposite shore we looked eagerly to see the expected enemy but none were in sight.

General Stevens, accompanied by his son, sat in the bow of the leading boat, with one of our regimental colors in his hands, and with them was Captain John More and ten picked men, ready to spring on shore as soon as the boat touched the land. General Stevens was the first to set foot on the shore and plant our colors on the mainland of South Carolina, he was immediately followed by Captain More and his men, and they had hardly formed in line when a volley of musketry was fired at them by a picket guard of the enemy, who were concealed among the bushes. Captain More ordered a charge by his little band and the rebels took to their heels ; meanwhile the balance of the regiment had landed, line was formed, and companies D and E under command of Captain More deployed on the skirmish line. A boat-howitzer manned by a crew from the gun-boat attended us, and the advance began towards the fort opposite the ferry

We had proceeded about a quarter of a mile when our skirmish line began to speak ; the right of the advance had neared a strip of woods in which the rebels were concealed, and we were soon treated to a dose of Shrapnel. A number of shells were also fired at the main line in our rear, the pieces of iron striking uncomfortably near us ; one fragment just grazed the shoulder of Lieutenant Graham. "That came near finishing you, Sandy," said a brother officer. "Aye mon, it did come gie near me, but they'll hae to shoot better nor that, afore they kill Sandy Graham," was the cool reply We found that our boat-howitzer was useless, its range being too short to reach the woods, but the gun-boat threw shells in front of our skirmish line, and as they burst near

where the enemy were stationed, we imagined that they did terrible execution.

Finding the enemy was in strong force on our right the skirmish line was recalled, and General Stevens ordered the Eighth Michigan, supported by the Forty-Eighth New York and a detatchment from the Fiftieth Pennsylvania, to dislodge them. As this was the first time the Eighth had ever been under fire, we watched anxiously to see how they would behave. Deploying a skirmish line, the Michiganders, with a ringing cheer, charged into the woods and drove the enemy out; their action proved that we had nothing to fear on their account. They were veterans already, and our hearty cheers showed them that their conduct was all that could be desired.

The troops were now recalled from their successfully accomplished mission and took their place in line; companies D and H of the Highlanders were sent out to form a new skirmish line and the advance was continued. Beginning with this point Major Morrison says in his report: "I continued to advance, and took up a position within half a mile of the fort and rested for some time until I received orders to advance and occupy the fort, which had already been taken possession of by my skirmishers, who exchanged a few shots with the retreating enemy, who left behind them one cannon spiked. * * In closing my report I deem it my duty to bring before your notice the exemplary and soldierly conduct of the Highlanders, every one acting as if on parade, and confident that their General would lead them to victory."

As soon as we had rested a little we began the work of leveling the fort. The gun left by the enemy was a twelve pounder, which we managed to get across the river and took to Beaufort. By dark our work was nearly completed and we rested from our labors. The cooks soon arrived with coffee which refreshed us wonderfully; an hour or two was spent in talking ever the events of

the day, and many regrets were expressed that the occasion should pass without a "wee drop" to hansel the New Year. Rolling our blankets about us we curled ourselves up for a nights rest, having spent a New Year's such as none of us dreamed of twelve months before.

To recur for a moment to the other divisions of our force.—From Colonel Leasure's report we learn that his command performed the duty assigned them in a very creditable manner. The approach of our column on the enemy's flank caused him to abandon the fort without firing a gun, and Leasure sent over a force to take possession of the work and pursue the retreating enemy, about the same time that our skirmish line reached the fort. In his report he says: "I am happy in being able to report favorably of my command, and also to recommend to your favor Lieutenant Marshall, in command of company K of the Seventy-Ninth New York Regiment, for the time being attached to my command. His intimate knowledge of the locality and ready co-operation deserves, as they have received, my warmest thanks."

Regarding the operations on the left, Captain Elliot says in part: "I led the way in a small boat. The tide fortunately was very high, and I could thus take the flats directly across two hundred yards of marsh that intervened between the river and the enemy's works. The companies landed in regular succession except company C Roundhead regiment which I did not think it necessary to land. We found the work, as we expected, abandoned, with evidence of a hasty retreat of but a small party of men. The works were nearly completed, and were intended for one large sea-coast gun and a field battery."

It will thus be seen that the Highlanders were actively engaged at all three points on the line. The reason for this was doubtless owing to the fact that our men, and especially the officers, had made themselves thoroughly

familiar with the locality; Captain Elliot especially had studied the ground about Seabrook, and was just the person to lead the left column.

Near midnight we were awakened by the word being passed: "Fa' in for your whuskey" General Stevens had sent us the "wee drop" as a New Year's gift. Quartermaster Lilly, who attended to the distribution of the fluid, was heard to remark, *sotto-voce*, that the Highlanders deserved to be served with the same kind that they had sent to him at Hilton Head. After partaking of our ration we lay down again and were not disturbed till daylight.

After getting our breakfast we finished the task of leveling the earth-work, and then the troops began crossing the ferry The Quartermaster had replaced the rope by which the boat was guided, and in a short time the whole force was over. The gun-boats meanwhile kept up a steady discharge of eleven and fifteen inch shells into the woods beyond us, so as to prevent any dash by the enemy We could feel the wind of the shells as they passed over our heads, so close did they come to us while speeding on their destructive, and preservative, mission. If the stories of the darkies were to be believed, some of these "rotten shot" burst fully three miles inland.

Just before the regiment began to cross, Lieutenant Graham was sent out with a party to destroy the buildings in the vicinity Most of these were mere cabins, but there were two fine mansions, filled with handsome and costly furniture; it seemed a pity that they could not be spared, but they had to share the fate of their more unpretentious neighbors; the match was applied, and soon mansions and cabins were reduced to a pile of smouldering ruins. After seeing these orders fully carried out we crossed the ferry, and all were safe on Beaufort Island by noon. We halted a short time at our old camp (Stevens) for dinner, and then began our march to Beaufort, which we reached by easy stages late in the afternoon.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAMP LIFE AT BEAUFORT.

BRIGADE DRILL.—"Soldiers of the Coosaw."—Arrival of Colonel Farnsworth and Major Hagadorn.—How we kept Comfortable.—Missionaries for the Darkies.—Captain "Sandy's" speech.—Colonel Farnsworth in Bad Odor.—Return of Bull Run Prisoners.—Ladies in Camp.—Our New Chaplain.—An April Joke.—Negro Refugees.—Eighth Michigan at Wilmington Island.—Concert for Their Benefit.—The Program.—Crabbing and Fishing.—An Incident.—How the Darkies Dressed.—Camp Pets.—Robert Smalls and Rebel Steamer "Planter."—Expedition to Pocataligo.—Orders to Move.—Leave Beaufort and Reach Hilton Head.

FROM the time of our return to Beaufort until we left it for James Island, on the first of June, the regiment enjoyed a season of almost uninterrupted repose. This period of rest from active service, however, was utilized to improve the troops in drill and discipline. Besides company and battalion drills, the whole command was exercised in Brigade drill on an extensive cotton field, just below the town, three times a week, under the direction of General Stevens and his Assistant Adjutant-General. Besides the regular movements laid down in the tactics, the three arms were exercised to act in concert, and in crossing streams, passing through woods, and attacking works. When General Sherman reviewed the command, he declared that he never saw regular troops who equalled the Highlanders in soldierly bearing and appearance.

The field duty was light and not at all dangerous; about every third week, on the average, we took our turn

of picket duty at Port Royal Ferry, but this was only a pic-nic, for we had such a good understanding with the enemy that it was rare a hostile shot was fired during our sojourn.

On the 6th General Stevens issued his congratulatory order to the "Soldiers of the Coosaw," wherein he thanked them for the courage they had displayed on the 1st instant. The General delighted in high-sounding phrases, in Napoleonic encomiums; but were we not as worthy of eulogy as the soldiers of Napoleon? We thought so, at any rate, and these orders of *our* "Little Corporal" were received by us with unbounded enthusiasm.

On the 17th Colonel Addison Farnsworth, of Albany, N Y., arrived and assumed command of the regiment. Up to this time General Stevens had been Colonel *de facto;* Farnsworth was now Colonel *de jure.* This officer had a good military record—a veteran of the Mexican war, and during the Bull Run campaign commanded, as Lieutenant-Colonel, the Thirty-Eighth New York Volunteers. On receiving his commission the Governor informed him that he knew little of the Seventy-Ninth, as the regiment had never sent any reports to State headquarters; he supposed, however, and naturally, that the regiment was in very poor condition, both as to numbers and discipline. When the Colonel arrived we happened to be marching through the streets of the town, and he expressed some astonishment at our numbers, as well as at the neat and soldierly appearance of what he had supposed to be a very demoralized regiment. He at once made a report to the Governor, and from that time forth the State authorities were regularly informed of our condition.

Major Morrison was also commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel at this time, and to supply his place the Governor had commissioned Francis L. Hagadorn, of New York

city The new Major, on presenting himself, remarked, facetiously, that he had "brought a pair of Lieutenant-Colonel's shoulder straps for the new appointee, but if he declined the honor and preferred to retain the Majority, he thought he could get the Governor to change their commissions." Our new Major did not remain long, however; and we learned, soon after his departure, that he had been made a Brigadier-General in the Army of Venezuela, South America—a position which he no doubt filled with ability and credit.

During the first few weeks after our return to Beaufort the men occupied themselves in exploring the place. When on guard-duty in town we occupied one of the houses as headquarters, and as there happened to be a piano in the parlor, and several of the men were able to play on it, we enjoyed the impromptu concerts as only soldiers could. As the weather grew colder in February and fires were needed at night, we began with the material from the outbuildings; as they disappeared, the movables about the house were consumed, till finally, one cold night, the top of the piano kept us comfortable for a while, and the instrument itself was only spared because of the difficulty of breaking it up.

We found a large amount of reading matter, which was utilized by those whose tastes led them in that direction, and many of us selected volumes which we hoped to send home to our friends as souvenirs of the war; some of our officers even went so far as to box up pianos which were found in the houses, expecting to send them home, but an order from General Stevens, prohibiting the sending away of even the smallest articles, put a veto on all such arrangements. The Provost Marshal made a raid on the officers' quarters and confiscated whatever he found "contraband" in their possession. Those of us who had nothing to lose enjoyed the confusion of those whose cupidity was thus nipped in the bud.

On the 2d of February the Rev Dr. French, from New York, preached in one of the churches in town, and most of the regiment went to hear him. It appears that some Religious-Benevolent Society had taken measures to care for and educate the negroes, and Dr. F was one of the officials sent down to investigate and report as to the advisability, and practicability, of dispensing a little mental, moral and religious pabulum to the darkies in this vicinity They certainly needed some fostering care ; their morals were in a worse state even than their mental and religious condition, and it appeared like an herculean task to attempt to reform them in either direction. Many of them learned their A, B, C's much faster than they did any respect for the seventh commandment. Our men were no better—nor worse either—than other soldiers in their treatment of the colored people, and it is unnecessary to offer any excuses, or make any apologies, for those who suffered by reason of their indiscretions.

The Highlanders prided themselves considerably on being a "militia" organization, as though that fact raised the regiment above the level of the volunteers. One evening, while enjoying a banquet, the officers indulged in no little "gush" over this fact. The "Volunteers" and "Regulars" were also toasted, and the merits of the various classes of soldiers duly set forth by the respondents. During a lull in the speech-making, Captain "Sandy," who had apparently been paying more attention to the bottle than to the speeches, rose to his feet, and in his peculiarly emphatic manner remarked: "To h—l with the regulars ! to h—l with the volunteers ! to h—l with the *meleetia ! It 's the fechtin* (fighting) *men we want !*" The point was so well taken, and the truth of his pungent remarks so apparent, that they "brought down the house." Whenever after that any one was heard to claim for either branch any par-

ticular virtue over another, Captain Sandy's aphorism was recalled, and it generally settled the matter.

We soon found Colonel Farnsworth to be a very strict disciplinarian and competent drill-master, but that was all. He did not gain the confidence or even the respect of the men, as had our late commander, and the contrast between the two was often the subject of remark among us. On behalf of the Colonel, however, it may be said that he was a great sufferer, physically; he had been wounded in Mexico, and was frequently in such a condition from pain as to be unfit for duty. This, no doubt, irritated him, and, coming among us an entire stranger, he lacked the sympathy we would gladly have bestowed on one better known to us. On several occasions he found it necessary to assert his dignity in such a manner that the men were much incensed against him, and on one occasion, while passing through one of the company streets, he was hissed; on another—a dark night—he was even stoned. On appealing to General Stevens he received very little sympathy, and was advised to treat the men more leniently. "They are not accustomed to such strict military discipline as you seem to think it necessary to impose, and if you would treat them better there would be no trouble." Such was the report that reached us of his interview with the General.

Base-ball and cricket served to occupy some of our leisure moments; two matches of the latter game were played with the Roundheads, in both of which the Highlanders were victorious.

On the 4th of March a number of our men who had been captured at Bull Run rejoined the regiment; it was after dark when their arrival was announced, so we turned out with torches, and escorted them to camp, the band playing "Auld lang Syne." The men were accompanied by Captain Laing who had barely recovered from the severe wounds received at the same battle.

On the 6th all the troops in Beaufort were reviewed by General Sherman, Commander of the department. The time began to hang rather heavily on our hands now, and we longed for something to turn up that would vary the monotony of our dull camp life.

On the 19th a perfect deluge of rain fell, flooding us completely out of our camp grounds; thanks to the very sandy nature of the soil however, the water did not remain long on the surface. The storm was accompanied by great darkness so that the event was afterwards alluded to as "the dark day"

On the 27th Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison was ordered to New York for the purpose of bringing back the remainder of the Bull Run prisoners, but on reaching Albany found that they had been discharged, the government thinking the war was so near the end they would not be needed!

Towards the end of the month several ladies from the north, missionaries, to the negroes, made their appearance in town. It was a welcome sight to us, and when occasionally, they visited our camp, we felt highly honored and exerted ourselves in showing them about. They happened to be from New York and were acquainted with some of our number.

On Sunday the 30th our new Chaplain, the Rev Jas. Wyatt, who had arrived on the 23rd, preached his first sermon to the regiment. We were very much pleased with him, he was young, good-looking and apparently very much in earnest in his work; he was a very different man from "Old Scots *Auxy*," and soon won the respect and confidence of the entire regiment.

On April 1st (!), four companies of the regiment were sent to Port Royal Ferry, to act as a reserve while the Fiftieth Pennsylvania went over the river, on what proved to be a wild-goose chase. It had been reported that the enemy were re-building batteries and mount-

ing guns, but neither battery, guns nor enemy were found, and we put the affair down as merely a seasonable joke.

On the 5th the brigade was paraded to witness the drumming out of one of the Highlanders, the first instance of the kind that had occurred.

On the 8th the regiment went to the ferry again and one morning during our sojourn there, a number of negro refugees—longing for the freedom which they knew awaited them within the lines of "Massa Linkum's Sojers"—presented themselves at the end of the causeway on the opposite side of the river, and by signs indicated their desire to be brought over. In the half light of the morning the negroes were not at first recognized, and as a number of persons were seen moving about, our boys crept cautiously to the extreme end of the causeway prepared to fire a volley in case of necessity As soon as the contrabands were recognized the boys determined to rescue them.

Contrary to their usual custom and fortunately for the darkies, the enemy had not picketed their end of the causeway during the night, so the refugees reached that point without being observed by those who, on seeing them, would instantly have executed the fugitive slave law Two or three of the boys jumped into the "Highlander," a boat captured only a few days before from the enemy's side of the river, and rowed across the three hundred feet of rapid current that separated the heads of the causeway, while the rest of the picket-guard stood with their rifles ready to cover the operation. On reaching the opposite side, thirteen negroes were found, men, women and children ; the poor creatures had traveled a long distance from the interior of the state, making their way as so many of our men did who escaped from Southern prisons, walking by night and lying hid in the swamps and woods during the day.

It was the intention to take over the women and children first, and they were placed in the boat, but just as it was about to push off the enemy discovered what was going on, an alarm was raised, and several of the guard were seen running down the causeway towards the refugees and their rescuers. If the negro men were left behind they would doubtless be captured before the boat could return. The boat was not large enough, it was thought, to hold the whole party, yet by standing up all were got on board save one who was directed to push the boat off and then hang on by the stern and swim over. Fortunately the enemy only came half way down the causeway, for the sight of our men standing with pieces at a "ready" warned them that their presence was not wanted—nor would it have been tolerated just then.

When the poor negroes were safe on free soil, the manner in which they expressed their gratitude made the boys feel amply rewarded for the risk they had run. The poor creatures knelt down and kissed the feet and hands of their deliverers, at the same time weeping and shouting for joy: "We 's free now!" "We 's free now!" "God bress Massa Linkum's sojers!"

We remained at the ferry till the 21st, when we were relieved by the Roundheads. During our absence the band, which remained at Beaufort, gave a fine instrumental concert in town; Scottish and operatic airs formed the program, which was enjoyed by a large audience, including the General and all the ladies in the place.

Shortly before this, the Eighth Michigan had been sent down to the vicinity of Savannah, to assist in the bombardment of Fort Pulaski; they witnessed that affair from a safe distance, and helped do some loud cheering when the fort fell into Union hands. The news was received by us on the 13th. On the 17th a detachment of two hundred and fifty of the Eighth, under command of their Colonel, was sent to Wilmington Island on a

scouting expedition; they had hardly landed when they were attacked by a greatly superior force of the enemy—ambushed, in fact; the first intimation the poor fellows had of the presence of the rebels being a volley poured into their ranks from the unseen foe. Many of the brave Michiganders fell, but those who remained unhurt at once sought cover, "Indian fashion," as one of them expressed it, when relating the circumstances, "every man to his tree."

They were in a tight place; they could not retreat to their boats without exposing themselves to a destructive fire; they must fight and whip the enemy, or else surrender. After eleven of the Michiganders, including their Adjutant, had been killed, and thirty-three wounded, the boys became desperate; an assault was determined upon, and the little band rushed on the enemy with a ringing cheer. The foe ingloriously fled, and were pursued a mile or more, which gave time for the removal of the dead and wounded to the boats, and the others returned in safety The regiment returned to Beaufort on the 20th. On the afternoon following the return of the Highlanders from the Ferry, we turned out and marched to the camp of the Eighth, in order to congratulate them on their brilliant achievement, and also to sympathize with them in the loss they had sustained.

Later on, our sympathy for our brave comrades took a more practical turn, for on the 7th of May, our band, assisted by some vocalists from the regiment, gave a concert for the benefit of the families of those who had been killed, and a handsome sum was realized for that worthy object.

The printed program of the entertainment has been preserved by Major Judge, by whose courtesy the following *verbatim* copy is given:

GRAND CONCERT

OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,

IN THE OPEN AIR,

For the Benefit of the WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

of the gallant soldiers of the 8th Regiment, Michigan Volunteers, who fell in the late action with the rebels at Wilmington Island, Georgia, on the 23rd day of April, 1862.

A Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert will be given on the Parade ground of the 8th Regiment, Michigan Volunteers, on Wednesday evening, the 7th inst., at 6½ o'clock, by the band of the 79th Regiment, Highlanders, N. Y Volunteers, who, with several gentlemen of musical ability, have kindly volunteered their services; the object being to aid a fund for the relief of the widows of the brave soldiers who fell in the late action on Wilmington Island, Georgia.

Boxes will be placed at different stations on the ground, in which the fellow soldiers of the late fallen men can deposit their contributions to this worthy object.

PROGRAMME.

MARCH,	79th Regimental Band
OVERTURE (from Nabucca),	" "
BANJO OBLIGATO.—"Happy Land of Canaan," Napoleon,	79th Regiment
CLOGG HORNPIPE, George Williams,	"
SONG.—"Lord Lovell," Maxwell,	"
BANJO SOLO, Trimble,	100th Reg't P. V
SONG.—"Minute Gun at Sea," M. Sinclair,	79th Reg't
ATTAKAPAS JIG, M. Millan,	"
accompanied by 'Napoleon' with Silver string banjo.	
BANJO SOLO, Trimble,	100th Reg't P. V
SONG.—"Scotch Comic" (Tam Gibb an' th' Sou), Lieut. Montgomery,	79th Reg't
NEDDY QUICKSTEP.—"Good-by at the Door,"	"
CHARACTERISTIC CREMONA MELANG, 'Napoleon,'	"
SONG.—"Soldier's Tear," Maxwell,	"
STUMP SPEECH, M. Millan,	"
GENERAL BURNSIDE'S GRAND MARCH,	79th Reg't Band
POMPEY'S MUSIC LESSON, Millan and 'Napoleon,'	79th Reg't
SONG.—"Hurrah for the Highlands," Capt. Shillinglaw,	"
BANJO SOLO, Trimble,	100 P. V
SONG.—"Bonnie Charlie's now Awa," M. Sinclair,	79th Reg't
CAVITINA (from Somnambula),	79th Reg't Band
GRAND BANJO EXERCISE (by the Emperor), 'Napoleon,'	79th Reg't
SONG.—"Jeanie's Black e'e," Lieut. Montgomery,	"
COTTON POD JUBILEE, "Napoleon, &c.,"	"
BANJO SOLO, Trimble,	100 P V
GRAND FINALE, National Airs,	79th Reg't Band

The whole to be under the management of Capt. Lusk and Lieut. Montgomery.

CAMP KETTLE PRINT.

About May 1st, Colonel Farnsworth went home on sick leave and did not rejoin the regiment till the end of June, while we were on James Island. Lieutenant Colonel Morrison returned from New York on the 9th, and assumed command of the regiment.

The weather was now quite warm and the flowers in full bloom ; we had scarcely known what winter was ; ice had never formed more than a quarter of an inch in thickness, and if a little snow was seen early in the morning, the sun soon caused that to disappear. No wonder that people in warm climates are indolent, we were fast becoming so, and it soon became a task even to stroll through the gardens and pick bouquets of flowers with which to decorate our tents.

Bathing in the salt water was resumed, crabbing and fishing, too, became favorite pastimes ; basket after basket full of the crustacea was carried to camp and boiled in the mess kettles, and the salt pork and mess beef of the commissary were at a discount.

While a party of us were engaged, one day, in the peaceful occupation of fishing and crabbing, we heard a great commotion in camp ; on looking up we saw two or three men running towards the water, half dressed apparently, and who seemed to be covered from head to feet with some substance, which when they came near enough, caused us to hold our noses and cry, whew ! The leaders were followed by nearly the whole camp, yelling and shouting and laughing like men demented. On reaching the water the advance guard plunged boldly in, clothes and all, and our fishing for the time being was spoiled. It seemed that the poor unfortunates had been occupying the sink when the rail broke and let them down, heels over head, into the unsavory mass below ; their cries brought relief, but it was extended only at rail's length, no one being brave enough to grasp the unfortunates by the hand, who were in an awful plight,

of course, and were advised to "go and bury" themselves. They compromised by pitching into the water, where they partially cleaned their garments, and waited while their tent-mates brought them dry clothing.

As the weather grew warmer we were obliged to arrange our tents on the summer-house plan ; we raised the tents a foot or more from the ground and procured some window blinds, which we placed along the sides and ends ; this allowed a free circulation of air, and rendered our quarters quite comfortable. We also laid out flower beds in front of the tents, to which we transferred plants from the gardens in town, and in a short time our camp presented a very neat and tasteful appearance.

Blackberries were very plenty at this time, the old cotton fields being completely covered with the vines, and one could scarcely put down his foot without treading on the large and luscious fruit. When we felt too lazy to gather them ourselves, the darkies were ready to sell them to us for the usual "five cents" a quart.

An enterprising photographer had established himself in town, and scarcely a soldier, or darkey either, but had his or her picture "took," fifty cents being the price. Quite a number of stores had also been opened, generally by regimental sutlers, who did a thriving business with the colored people as well as with the soldiers. How the darkies did deck themselves with cheap finery ! The women seemed to have a passion for "store" shoes and bonnets ; they would squeeze their feet into light shoes, a size or two smaller than they could comfortably wear, and go limping and mincing about the streets "jes like de wite ladies." They wore the biggest and "loudest" bonnets, however, and in this, probably, made some compensation for the punishment inflicted on their feet.

A history of the regiment would be incomplete without a notice of some of the "pets." "Tip" was known throughout the whole brigade ; he was a dog, born at

Beaufort, and served out the three years' term of the regiment, returning with us to New York in 1864. His name was suggested by a peculiarity in his caudal appendage. Of course he belonged to the drum corps, and his special owner, Samo, "loved him like a verra brither." "Tip" was familiar with the members of the regiment, all of whom made friends with him, but he could never be induced to extend his friendship to the Michiganders—he drew the line at the Highlanders. Quite frequently, during our subsequent campaigns in Virginia, Kentucky, Mississippi and Tennessee, Tip did good service in the foraging line, and many a pig, sheep and chicken was brought to the mess kettles through his agency. During dress-parade he would accompany the band and drum corps, as they marched down the line, walking as demurely as the oldest veteran, and on the return, when the corps played a quick-step, his own gait denoted that he was as well versed in the cadence step as any of the musicians.

"Major" was another member of the canine race, also attached to the drum corps, and whose cognomen frequently led to amusing and laughable results. One day "Major" was sunning himself in front of Major Morrison's quarters, when that officer, accompanied by the new Major, Hagadorn, stepped from the tent; the story goes that at that moment some one of the corps from a tent called out "Major!" when both officers, as well as the dog looked earnestly in the direction of the voice, each thinking for a moment that he was the party addressed. In order to officially seal "Major" as one of the corps and to establish his identity in case he went astray, the picture of a drum covered one of his sides, and "D. C. 79" was painted on the other.

Young alligators were also domesticated by some of the men; a family of owls occupied a cage near one of our tents, and were it not for the fact that the woods and

fields were full of mocking birds who almost satiated us with their music, they too would doubtless have been numbered among our captive pets.

Before daylight of the 15th, considerable excitement was occasioned among the guards on duty in town, by the noise of a steamboat making its way to the dock, muskets were fired and a general alarm raised; when the boat reached the wharf it proved to be the "Planter," mounting two large guns, and in charge of Robert Smalls, a colored pilot, who with his crew of three or four colored men, had run the boat away from Charleston Harbor, while the white officers were temporarily on shore. It was considered a great feat and Pilot Smalls was the hero of the hour. At daylight a party of us went on board and heard the story from his own lips. Smalls was a bright intelligent fellow, about thirty years of age, and told us how he had been planning the movement for a long time, ever since our forces had taken Port Royal in fact, and how he had waited and watched, patiently all these months, until at last he was successful. The boat had been used in Charleston Harbor for the purpose of carrying supplies from the city to the various military posts in the vicinity, and Smalls was the pilot; his own family, besides those of the other members of the crew were brought safely off.

The subsequent career of Smalls is somewhat noted. He began to study books as soon as he entered our lines, was employed by the government as a pilot at a good salary, and when the war was over settled in Beaufort and became a leader among the colored people, by whose votes he was elected to the State Legislature and afterwards to Congress. He was a member of the 48th Congress and re-elected to the 49th from the 7th district of South Carolina. A letter received from him by the writer, in December, 1884, in answer to certain inquiries concerning his career, fully establishes the identity of

Pilot Smalls and "General" Robert Smalls, M. C. from South Carolina. He well remembers the Highlanders, and recalled several incidents which occurred during our occupancy of Beaufort, in 1862.

Between the 15th and 28th of the month considerable excitement was manifested in camp. Several officers who had been summoned to appear before a board of examiners, failed to pass and were allowed to resign. On the 19th the day was spent in ponton drill; this we thought was indicative of an early movement and camp bulletins were thick as blackberries. On the 20th we turned out in heavy marching order and proceeded a short distance on the ferry road, but returned to camp before night. On the 21st we repeated the operation, striking our tents, too, but they were pitched again in the afternoon.

On the 28th forty-eight hours' rations were issued, and we were directed to prepare for a move on the following morning. When the appointed hour arrived, twenty-five volunteers from each company were called for, for the purpose of destroying the bridge on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad near Pocataligo, distant about ten miles from Port Royal Ferry This just suited the majority of us, and far more volunteered than were needed. Our party started about six o'clock in the morning and reached the ferry at nine. There we learned that the Fiftieth Pennsylvania, Company E of the Highlanders, and one company of the Eighth Michigan, all under the command of Colonel Christ, of the Fiftieth, had crossed over early in the morning and marched toward the objective point. When we realized that we were merely to play second fiddle, and act as a reserve, we were quite disgusted and wanted to turn back, but were directed to remain at the ferry till further orders.

We learned that Company E of the Highlanders, who were armed with rifles, also carried axes and combusti-

bles, and formed the engineer corps of the expedition, and with the assistance of the company of the Eighth Michigan were to fire the bridge, while Colonel Christ with his regiment was to engage the enemy and hold him at bay About noon a cavalryman brought in word that Colonel Christ was within three miles of the bridge, but that his further progress had been stopped by a large force of the enemy Without waiting for a detachment of the Eighth Michigan, which we learned was coming up to accompany us, we pushed forward, under orders to go as far as Garden's Corners and there await further orders. Garden's Corners was a small village, of about a dozen houses, a blacksmith shop and store, situated about four miles from the ferry. Since New Year's the place had been deserted by the inhabitants and was only used by the enemy as a picket outpost ; previous to that time it had been the headquarters of the troops that were on duty along the river. Our object in destroying the bridge was to break the railroad communication between Charleston and Savannah, in order to prevent any rapid concentration of troops at either point. We reached the Corners about five o'clock in the afternoon ; all along the road we saw tokens of the gun-boats ; one or two large shells which had failed to explode, and several fragments which the enemy had collected as relics, were passed by. Lying in the road was a sixty-four pounder siege gun, which the enemy had rendered useless by breaking the trunnions and spiking the vent.

During the afternoon the weather had been quite threatening ; there had been some thunder, which we at first thought to be the sound of big guns, but we had not been long at the Corners before we heard unmistakably the sound of artillery We thought then that the reserves might have more work than they bargained for ; reports from the front indicated that a large force of the enemy was advancing to contest the ground, the

bridge being too important a structure for them to lose without a struggle. Soon a cavalryman rode in, who reported that Colonel Christ had abandoned the plan, as the enemy had appeared in such strength as to make the attempt too perilous with his small force, and that our men were falling back. We were directed to return to the ferry and cross, in order to be out of the way when the main body arrived. On our way back we met the Michigan reserve, and they too turned about, and by nine o'clock in the evening we had recrossed the Coosaw and Colonel Christ's command returned an hour later.

It was afterwards learned that a little while before this, General Stevens had planned a serious expedition in force against the railroad connecting Charleston and Savannah. To this end he had obtained information of the condition of the country, the roads, and the force and disposition of the enemy Captain Elliot, as usual had done good service in this direction, having penetrated as far as Pocataligo, spending several days with a negro guide in obtaining very valuable information. Negro refugees who came in from time to time also furnished more or less reliable information.

General Sherman, after some hesitation, had sanctioned the project and had decided to largely strengthen General Stevens' command. On the very eve of the movement, however, General Sherman was relieved by General David Hunter, and the projected advance was countermanded and turned into a mere demonstration. The loss was three killed and seven wounded, all of the Fiftieth. We remained at Camp Stevens, near the Ferry, all night, and early the following morning started for Beaufort, when within a short distance of the town we were met by the band and we entered camp to the inspiring strains of "The Campbells are Coming." Those who had remained in camp were not slow to chaff us about the failure of the expedition, but we who had volunteered

were not a bit sorry—we had shown our disposition to do our duty and that was reward enough.

When we returned to camp we found the cooks busily engaged in preparing three days' rations, and it was generally understood that we were to move in the direction of Charleston; early in the evening the orders were countermanded, however, and we settled down for a comfortable night's rest.

Saturday, the 31st, found us engaged in the usual round of camp duties; after breakfast we set about cleaning up for Sunday, and at dress parade on that evening orders were read directing us to be ready to move on the following morning, with three days' rations; after supper we began our packing. Such an accumulation of odds and ends as we had gathered during our long occupancy of the place! all convenient while we remained in camp, but which we could not possibly carry with us. We called in the darkies and they were soon returning to their cabins, staggering under the loads of spoils obtained from our abundance.

The men were in high spirits at the idea of a change. We had been so long in Beaufort that we were tired of the place, and longed for new fields. Six months was a long time for a regiment to be stationed in one place in those days of rapid changes.

At daylight on the morning of June 1st the bugle called us up; the teams were on the ground ready for our baggage before the tents were struck, and Lieut.-Colonel Morrison, who was in command of the regiment, received a characteristic blessing from General Stevens for not having the tents struck the night before, according to orders. We had scarcely time to swallow a cup of coffee before the command to fall in was given. The Eighth Michigan had started before daylight, and so had the artillery and cavalry; the Roundheads and Highlanders were the last to leave, the Fiftieth Pennsylvania being left behind to garrison the town.

By seven o'clock we were on board the steamer, and, bidding farewell to the town where so many happy hours had been spent, and which we never expected to see again, proceeded on our way towards Hilton Head, where we arrived early in the day At this time the roster showed six hundred and eighty-eight men and twenty-six officers present for duty

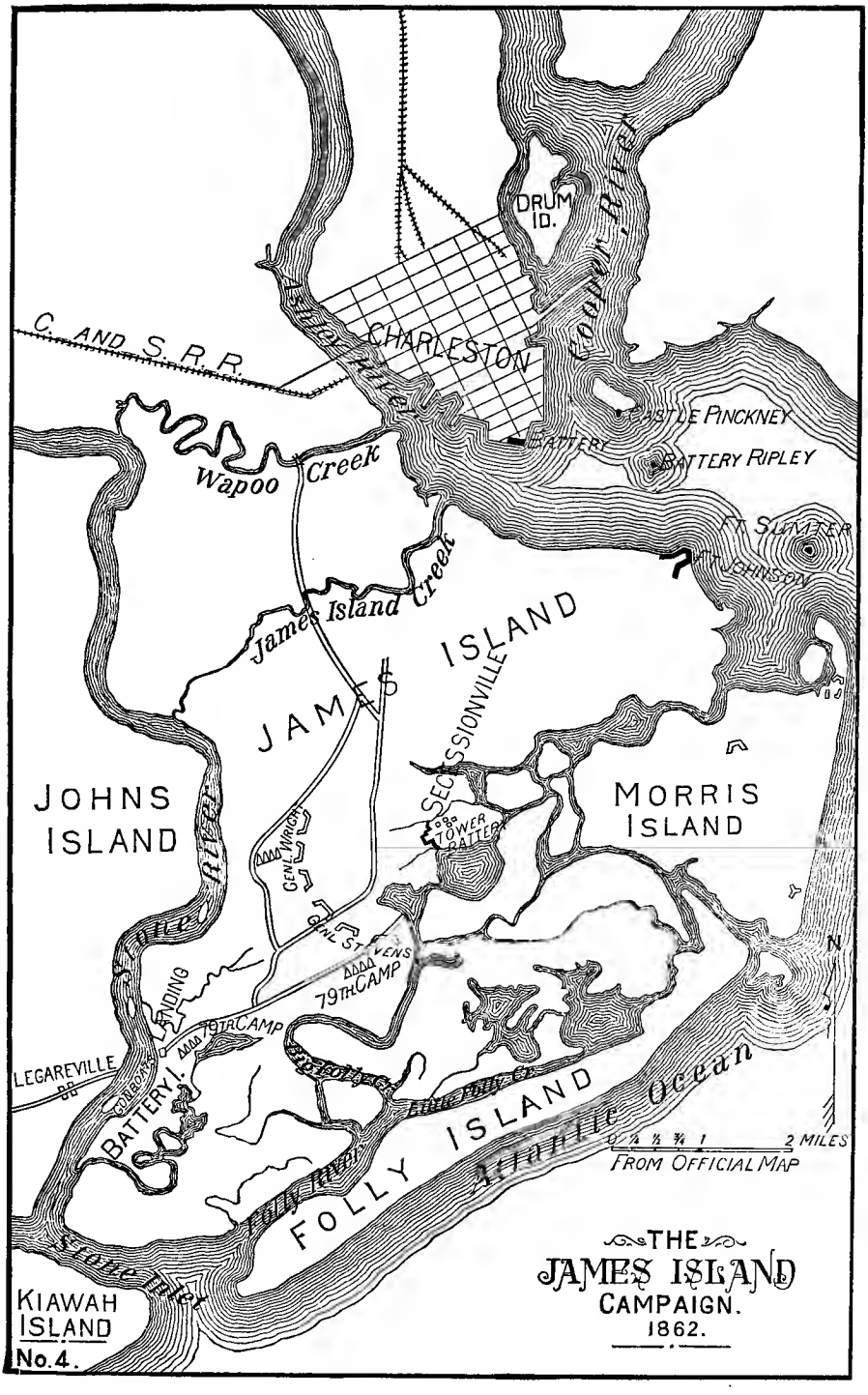
CHAPTER IX.

THE JAMES ISLAND CAMPAIGN.

FIRST Anniversary of our Leaving New York.—Up Stono River.—Landing on Battery Island.—A Reconnoissance.—First Blood for the Highlanders.—A Lively Skirmish.—Captured Guns.—A Wounded Comrade.—How the Guns were Brought In.—The "Nutmeg" Battery.—A Prisoner.—Sergeant Campbell of the New York, and Lieutenant Campbell of the Charleston Highlanders.—Drenched, through Mud and Water.—A Soldier's Supper.—To the Front Again.—Will the Rain Never Stop?—Miasma and Poor Water.—The Antidote.—Up in a Balloon.—Advancing the Lines.—Building Earthworks.—"Cover!"—Mounting Guns.—"Jawing Back."—"Ay, that's aye the way! They Pay us the Day, and Shoot us the Morn!"—Preparing for the Assault.—Night Before the Battle.

OUR old quarters on Bay Point were in full view from the deck of our vessel, but as we were in momentary expectation of orders to proceed on our way, no one was allowed to visit the scene of our first camp on South Carolina soil. We remained at our anchorage till eight o'clock on the following morning, Monday, June 2nd. Just one year ago the regiment left New York for the seat of war; had any one told us then that a year from that time we would still be in the service, and away down in South Carolina, we would have put him down as a croaker—a bird of evil omen—but there we were, and the war seemed a great deal further from its ending than it did twelve months before.

According to the "knowing" ones, we were destined for as many points on the coast as there were companies in the regiment; the majority of us, however, did not


DRUM ID.
Cooper River
C. AND S. R. R.
Ashley River
CHARLESTON
CASTLE PINCKNEY
BATTERY
BATTERY RIPLEY
Wapoo Creek
FT. SUMTER
FT. JOHNSON
James Island Creek
JAMES ISLAND
SECESSIONVILLE
JOHNS ISLAND
MORRIS ISLAND
TOWER BATTERY
GENL. WRIGHT
GENL. STEVENS
79TH CAMP
79TH CAMP
LANDING
LEGAREVILLE
BATTERY I.
Little Folly Cr.
FOLLY ISLAND
Atlantic Ocean
Folly River
Stone Inlet
KIAWAH ISLAND
No. 4.
0 ¼ ½ ¾ 1 2 MILES
FROM OFFICIAL MAP
N
THE JAMES ISLAND CAMPAIGN. 1862.

take the trouble to guess. We were veterans now, and had learned to appear, at least, totally indifferent as to where the fortunes of war might take us.

Our little fleet, consisting of four gun-boats, and as many steam transports, each with a schooner laden with quartermasters' stores and munitions of war in tow, was soon on its way, headed up the coast. As soon as the long, regular swell of the Atlantic was encountered, old Neptune presented his bills and demanded the usual tribute. It was amusing to notice the various devices by which the sick ones endeavored to conceal their condition from their more stomach hardened comrades; little sympathy was bestowed on the poor unfortunates, and practical jokes on the sick ones kept the others in a lively frame of mind during our short journey To those of us fortunate enough to enjoy the sail and laugh at sea-sickness, the trip was a pleasant one.

On reaching Stono Inlet we found the gun-boats, which had steamed on ahead, just entering, and the transports were at once signalled to follow Charleston, then, was our objective point, and those who had guessed right made the rest of us tired with their "I told you so!"

As the vessels advanced we found the river varied in width, from a mile in some places to less than a hundred yards in others; the land on both sides was perfectly flat, raised only a foot or two, apparently, above the level of the water; clumps of woods and underbrush alternated with cotton fields, meadow lands and swamps; while here and there small houses and out-buildings dotted the landscape.

On either shore the enemy had erected low earthworks, and at intervals small forts or redoubts; these, however, were all deserted, our gun-boats having entered the place some time before and driven the enemy to the cover of the woods, some half mile or more from the river. The principal works were on the right, on Battery

and James Islands. On our left, John's Island, we passed a camp (or corral) containing about three hundred negroes, who had been collected by the naval force during their former visits. We passed one deserted village, Legareville, where we counted some fifty houses and one church, at which three companies of the One Hundredth Pennsylvania were landed, as a corps of observation, and the rest of the troops proceeded further up the river. We soon came to a row of piles driven across the channel, but found that enough had been removed to admit the passage of our vessels. A short distance beyond this point, and at about three o'clock in the afternoon, we landed.

Battery Island, on which we now found ourselves, is not shown, as such, on any of the maps, the dividing line between it and James Island being merely a narrow marshy creek, almost dry at low water, and on the map it is included within the limits of the latter. We found quite a large fort and extensive rifle pits near our landing place; the guns remaining had been spiked by the enemy in their hasty flight, and our wonder grew as we learned that the "fiery" southerners had deserted the place without firing a shot.

As soon as a landing was effected a detachment from the regiment, under command of Captain Elliot, was sent out on a reconnoissance; a strong skirmish line was formed, and, after pushing through the swamps and woods for about a mile, and reaching another of the many creeks with which the island abounded, the enemy was discovered on the opposite side. No shots were fired by either party, and after leaving a strong picket at this point, which seemed to be a general crossing place, our party pushed on up the line of the creek, till near dark, without seeing any further signs of the enemy, and then returned to the post already established. The enemy could be seen quite plainly, and Captain Elliot decided to remain there for the night, as an outpost, to

guard against a surprise of the camp. The rebels in their flight had removed all the flat boats and skiffs, several of which could be seen drawn up among the bushes on the opposite side of the creek. Nothing occurred to disturb our men during the night, save a single alarm caused by the approach of a few of the enemy's mounted men, who, not being aware of their presence, came stumbling on the sentries; when challenged they wheeled about and made good their escape, followed, however, by the bullets from half a dozen rifles. At daylight a cap clotted with blood, and a cavalry sabre lying near it, were picked up near the outpost. First blood was claimed and allowed for the Highlanders.

Those who had been left behind in camp were astir at daybreak, and after getting breakfast, were in the act of fixing up the tents more permanently, wondering at the same time whether they would stay long enough in the spot to make it pay, when a horseman came galloping in from the advance post, with orders for the men to "fall in at once and hurry to the front." When we arrived at the picket line, about a mile distant, the men were drawn up in line behind a high hedge, through which we were instructed to fire, in case the skirmish line was driven back; we were completely screened from view of the enemy and formed an excellent masked battery Heavy skirmishing was going on in the field just beyond the hedge, where about two hundred of our men were engaged; two more companies were sent to support the line, and as the men advanced on the double quick, deploying as they ran, they raised a cheer which no doubt did much to discourage the enemy, for they at once retreated rapidly to the cover of the woods. Our men followed for some distance, but were soon recalled, we being under orders not to bring on a general engagement, as but a small part of our force had landed. The gunboats now opened on the woods, and when the eleven

and fifteen-inch shells burst, the enemy retired beyond their range.

About eleven o'clock rain began to fall and firing soon after ceased. At three o'clock in the afternoon, as nothing had been seen or heard of the enemy since mid-day, companies B and I were ordered out to reconnoitre. We bore off to the left of the line for the purpose of examining the woods in that direction, as the enemy had been firing some heavy guns from that point in the forenoon, and the detachment was ordered to ascertain and report whether or not any earthworks had been erected. We advanced about a mile beyond our picket line, and had passed through a heavy strip of woods and emerged on an open field, when we saw in the distance what appeared to be several heavy guns, mounted on field carriages. None of the enemy were in sight, but to guard against an ambuscade, flankers were thrown out to aid the skirmish line, and we cautiously advanced. The guns proved to be three short 32-pounder carronades, mounted on heavy, old-fashioned carriages.

Just before reaching the guns, a man was discovered lying on the ground, severely wounded; he proved to be one of our own men—Clarke, of company G—who with a few others had been sent out from the picket post, early in the morning, to reconnoitre; the little party had been fired on by the enemy, who were concealed in the woods; all escaped save Clarke, who was badly wounded in the side, his companions, in order to save their own lives, being obliged to leave him, and we found the poor fellow almost dead from loss of blood. We did all we could to ease his suffering, and promised to take him back with us when we returned.

Two of the guns were found to be in good order, with ropes attached, and a part of our force were detailed to drag them back to camp; our wounded comrade was placed on one of the carriages, made as comfortable as

our limited means would allow, and in this way was brought in; his wound proved mortal, however, for he died the next morning.

After our prizes had been sent off, we tried to recover the third gun, which had been disabled, owing to a broken wheel, and lay half overturned in a ditch. Videttes were posted to warn us of the approach of the enemy, and for a while we tugged and pulled, but found it impossible to move the piece. Just as we were about to send back for assistance, our videttes reported a large body of the enemy, accompanied by a piece of artillery, approaching. We quickly fell into line and retired to the edge of the woods, just as the enemy opened fire. The distance was not more than five hundred yards, and the shell flew about us in a very careless manner, scattering the dirt and cutting down branches of trees, but not injuring a man.

We had taken a different route from that followed by the detail with the guns, but both parties were in full view of the enemy, who alternated his shots between us. Perhaps twenty rounds were fired, but as we kept moving, the aim of the rebel gunners was foiled and no damage was done; we retired slowly and in good order, to give our men with the prizes and our wounded comrade a chance to secure the trophies. Our reserve was nearly reached when a section of Rockwell's Connecticut battery was met, galloping to our support; their pieces were soon in position, and a few well directed shots silenced the enemy Up to this moment we had had no artillery in the field; the Connecticut battery was just being landed when the enemy opened on us, and had hurried forward, arriving in time to fire their first shot at an enemy and to silence his gun. When we met our party with the prizes, they informed us that as soon as they saw the smoke from the enemy's gun, they would halt and throw themselves flat on the ground and lie there

till the shot passed, then up and away until the next warning cry, when they would repeat the operation.

At intervals during the afternoon, the gun-boats fired shells at long range, which occupied the attention of the enemy, and also gave us an opportunity to land the rest of our artillery

During a lull in the firing a detatchment of three hundred men from the Roundheads, equipped with ropes and levers, and accompanied by a piece of artillery, was sent out to bring in the disabled gun, on reaching which they attached the ropes, and, hitching on eight horses, attempted to drag the piece out of the hole, but the gun was heavy and the rain-soaked harness weak, the traces snapped and the project was, for the time being, abandoned. Just as the drivers had the harness repaired and the party was about to return, the enemy again appeared, but a few shots from the "Nutmeg" gun sent them back to cover, and the fighting for the day was over.

It was now getting dark, and our men being relieved by the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts, returned to camp, thoroughly tired out with the day's work. We only succeeded in securing one prisoner, a lieutenant belonging to the "Charleston Highlanders," who was acting as aid to the rebel commander. He seemed quite relieved when he found himself in the hands of some of his countrymen, and remarked : "Had I known I was to have been taken prisoner, I would have worn my kilts." Quite an interesting conversation took place between him and Sergeant Campbell, one of our color bearers, who had a brother in the Charleston Highlanders before the war, and of whom he now enquired ; he was told that Lieutenant Campbell was then on the island, and had been engaged with his company against us in the morning. Truly this was a fratricidal strife.

The rain which had fallen almost constantly since eleven o'clock, besides wetting us to the skin, had filled

the road ankle deep, and our march back to camp can be imagined better than described. We had paid little attention to it during the excitement of the day, except when we found that the water, running down the muzzles of our guns, or penetrating the nipples, had wet our powder, but on our way back we realized how very uncomfortable we were; there was no use in trying to pick our steps in the dark—on we went, splash, splash, through thick and thin; we were in a sorry plight. But how soon was all this forgotten when we found big roaring fires at the cooks' quarters, and plenty of hot coffee and fried bacon for supper! It takes a soldier's appetite to enjoy a soldier's fare and on this occasion we furnished the former, while the commissary saw to it that there was enough of the latter to satisfy our most enlarged desires. If health did not wait on appetite and good digestion at this time, a sound sleep did, for seldom in our career as soldiers had we been so completely fagged out.

When we awoke on Wednesday morning, the rain, still falling, had rendered our camp ground almost uninhabitable. Nothing occurred to call us out till about four o'clock in the afternoon, at which time heavy musketry firing was heard at the front; soon the long roll was sounded, and the Highlanders were on their way to see what was wanted. On reaching the outposts we found the 28th Massachusetts engaged with the enemy's skirmishers: the musketry fire soon ceased and the enemy opened with artillery, making some good line shots, but nearly all passed over our heads; we lay behind the hedge that had sheltered us the day before and kept pretty close to the ground. Our artillery did not reply, but the gun-boats were signalled, and after a few of the big shells had burst near them, the enemy withdrew We remained about an hour longer and then returned to camp.

During the afternoon the Eighth Michican captured a

gun similar to those we had taken the day before; the Michiganders had been scouting in another direction and brought the gun home in triumph. Rain continued at intervals during the day, and when we lay down at night it had not ceased. Thursday morning it was still raining! Would it never stop? We found ourselves in the most unpleasant and uncomfortable camp we had ever occupied, it was surrounded by swamps, and the miasma rising from the saturated ground was thick enough to "cut with a knife." Our cooking and drinking water was obtained, as at Bay Point, by sinking a barrel in the sandy soil, but the water was brackish and unwholesome, and in civilized life would have been considered unfit even for animals. In order to counteract the influences of our surroundings, the surgeons dosed us with quinine disolved in whiskey; a certain quantity of the drug was put into a barrel of the liquid, and the two thoroughly mixed by rolling the barrel on the ground, this duty was much sought after by certain of our number, for reasons best known to themselves. While this prescription suited nearly all of the Highlanders, a few of us rebelled, not because we disliked the whiskey, however, but we preferred to take the quinine straight—when ordered—and the whiskey likewise—whenever we could get it.

About eleven o'clock we were called to the front again, but the alarm proved to be unfounded and we soon returned. An officer of the Eighth Michigan had ventured a short distance beyond the lines, "just to look round a little," as he expressed it, and was fired upon by the enemy; he came running back, shouting, "Fall in! the rebels are advancing!" and so the alarm was sent into camp. At bed time the ever-present rain was still falling! Whew! how sour and mouldy everything about our tents smelled! On the morning of Friday, the 6th, however, we were rejoiced to find the sun shining once more.

After breakfast the regiment was ordered to prepare for picket duty; twenty-four hours' rations were cooked and put in our haversacks, and at five o'clock in the afternoon we marched to the front and relieved the Roundheads. General Stevens and staff were on the ground to take a survey of the lines, and were no doubt observed by the enemy, for a shell from one of his guns struck the ground near where they stood, causing both General and staff to retire to a less exposed position. We were not disturbed during the night by the rebels, but our other enemy was not so merciful, for about three o'clock in the morning the rain began to fall again, and continued, with scarcely an intermission, during the entire day. But it rained on the "unjust" Johnnies as well as on us "just" Yankees. We kept quiet, sitting or standing around, with our rubber ponchos over our shoulders, and examined our muskets, and put on fresh caps occasionally, in order to be sure of our fire in case of an emergency

A balloon ascension during the day varied the monotony of the occasion, and from observations obtained General Stevens determined to extend the lines; more room was needed for camping purposes, the arrivals during the past few days having crowded the only available space at our disposal, the two cavalry companies being especially cramped for room. The enemy made but little resistance to our advance, and we pushed forward about a mile and a half, which gave us plenty of room for both camp and a parade ground. It was dark before our work was accomplished, and the rain was pouring down as we were relieved and started back to camp. Our good angel watched over us that night and we were not disturbed. Our lines were now within a mile of the enemy's works, which we learned were located at the village of Secessionville, where a fort and outworks had been erected to bar our progress towards Charleston. Our scouts had been daring and vigilant,

and the character of the enemy's works, with the surroundings and approaches, had been reported to the commanding general.

For several days nothing of special importance occurred: there was more or less firing each day on the picket line, and occasionally our batteries and gun-boats would throw a few shells, but we were not called to the front. On the 13th Captain Elliot was appointed Major, vice Hagadorn, resigned. Our turn of picket duty occurred on that day also, and while at the outposts we were put to work on the batteries designed for heavy guns. In order to protect us, by giving timely warning of the enemy's fire, a man was posted in a tree, who, as soon as he saw the smoke from the rebel gun, would cry "Cover!" At this warning we would drop flat on the ground and lie there till the shot passed over; only one of the guns could reach our position, but that was a heavy rifle, and its fire bothered us not a little. One of our men, standing by a tree, was seen to fall as a shot passed; when picked up he was found to be dead, but not a scratch or bruise marked his person, and it was popularly supposed that the wind of the ball had taken the breath from his body. Two or three others were slightly wounded by splinters of wood and fragments of bursting shells, but we considered ourselves fortunate in getting off so easily. During the night, too, the rebels kept up a slow but steady fire, in order to retard our work; but by means of our lookout, we were enabled to avoid the shells and get in a good night's work besides.

The next day we mounted two 30-pounder Parrott guns and one 64-pounder James rifle; these guns had been used at the siege of Fort Pulaski, and we believed they would do equally good service on the enemy's works here. Their principal work, Tower Battery, was in full view, distant about 2,000 yards from our battery, which was on the extreme right of our line, protected by one

of the many impassable swamps with which the surrounding country was filled: a short distance to our left, and about the same distance from the rebel fort, was another small battery, mounting two 30-pounder Parrotts; these were the only earthworks we had erected. As soon as our heavy guns were in position, we were enabled to "jaw back," which we did with considerable effect, and the interchange of compliments was kept up all the next day Sunday the 15th.

On this day, and amid the rumors of an early attack on the enemy's works, we were paid off. A remark of Captain "Sandy's," uttered some time before, but which fitted here equally well, came to our minds: "Ay, that's aye the way: they pay us the day, and shoot us the morn'" In the afternoon Madam Rumor attested the truth of her bulletin, for orders were issued requiring us to be ready to move at a moment's notice, with one day's rations and forty rounds of ammunition. It was rumored also that orders had been issued to the effect that the assault was to be made with empty muskets, and the enemy's works carried at the point of the bayonet. We didn't like this plan, knowing that we would be obliged to pass the rebel pickets, and as it would be impossible to quietly capture *all* of them, those who escaped would warn the fort; and we did not like the idea of facing their musketry and artillery with empty guns. Such was the talk about the camp fires on that Sabbath evening, and yet such was the discipline of our men, and their faith in our own little General, that we were perfectly willing to abide the result.

The night before the battle is usually a quiet one in camp, and this occasion was no exception to the rule: the officers went about, quietly giving their orders, and cautioning the men to retire early and get all the sleep possible, as we would doubtless be called up long before daylight. Their advice was followed, and no one slept

less soundly, although all were fully impressed with the conviction that, before another sun had set, his own number in the mess might be missing. Many of us, doubtless, have often tried to analyze our feelings on the eve of battle; but we could not peer into coming events with any degree of satisfaction, and, although they often "cast their shadows before," we generally endeavored to look beyond the clouds, to the possible sunshine beyond; so we did in this case, and were soon asleep.

CHAPTER X.

JAMES ISLAND CAMPAIGN. [CONCLUDED.] THE BATTLE AT SECESSIONVILLE.

STRENGTH of Union Forces.—Plan of Attack.—The Enemy's Position.—The Advance.—Eighth Michigan Lead the Charge.—A Panic-Stricken Regiment.—The Highlanders to the Rescue.—On the Parapets of Tower Battery.—Picking Off the Enemy.—The Assault Renewed.—Failure of our Supports to reach the Fort.—Why Don't Wright Attack?—Ordered to Fall Back.—Wrestling Match on the Parapet.—How we Fell Back.—A Narrow Escape.—The Second Advance.—Halted.—"They're Firing a Whole Blacksmith Shop at us!"—How the Battery Horses Suffered.—Our Loss.—Rebel Accounts.—Building Batteries.—Visit to Wright's Lines.—Orders to Evacuate.—The Fourth of July.—"Aint I Glad to Get Out of the Wilderness."

THE Union force on the island at this time was under the command of Brigadier-General Henry W Benham, and amounted to about ten thousand men, in two divisions, under Generals H. G. Wright, and Isaac I. Stevens. Our division, the Second, was composed of two brigades: the First, consisting of the Eighth Michigan, Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Graves; Seventh Connecticut, Lieutenant-Colonel Jos. R. Hawley, and the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Colonel M. Moore, was under command of Colonel William M. Fenton, of the Eighth Michigan; the Second, consisting of the Forty-Sixth New York, Colonel Rudolph Rosa; the Highlanders, Lieutenant-Colonel David Morrison, and the One Hundredth Pennsylvania Roundheads, Major David A. Lecky, was commanded by Colonel Daniel Leasure, of the latter regiment. The Eighth Michigan and the High-

landers held the right of their respective brigades. Captain Alfred F Sears' company E, New York Volunteer Engineers, Captain Alfred P Rockwell's First Light Battery, Connecticut Volunteers, and Captain Lucien M. Sargent, Jr.'s, Company H, First Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry, were also attached to the division.

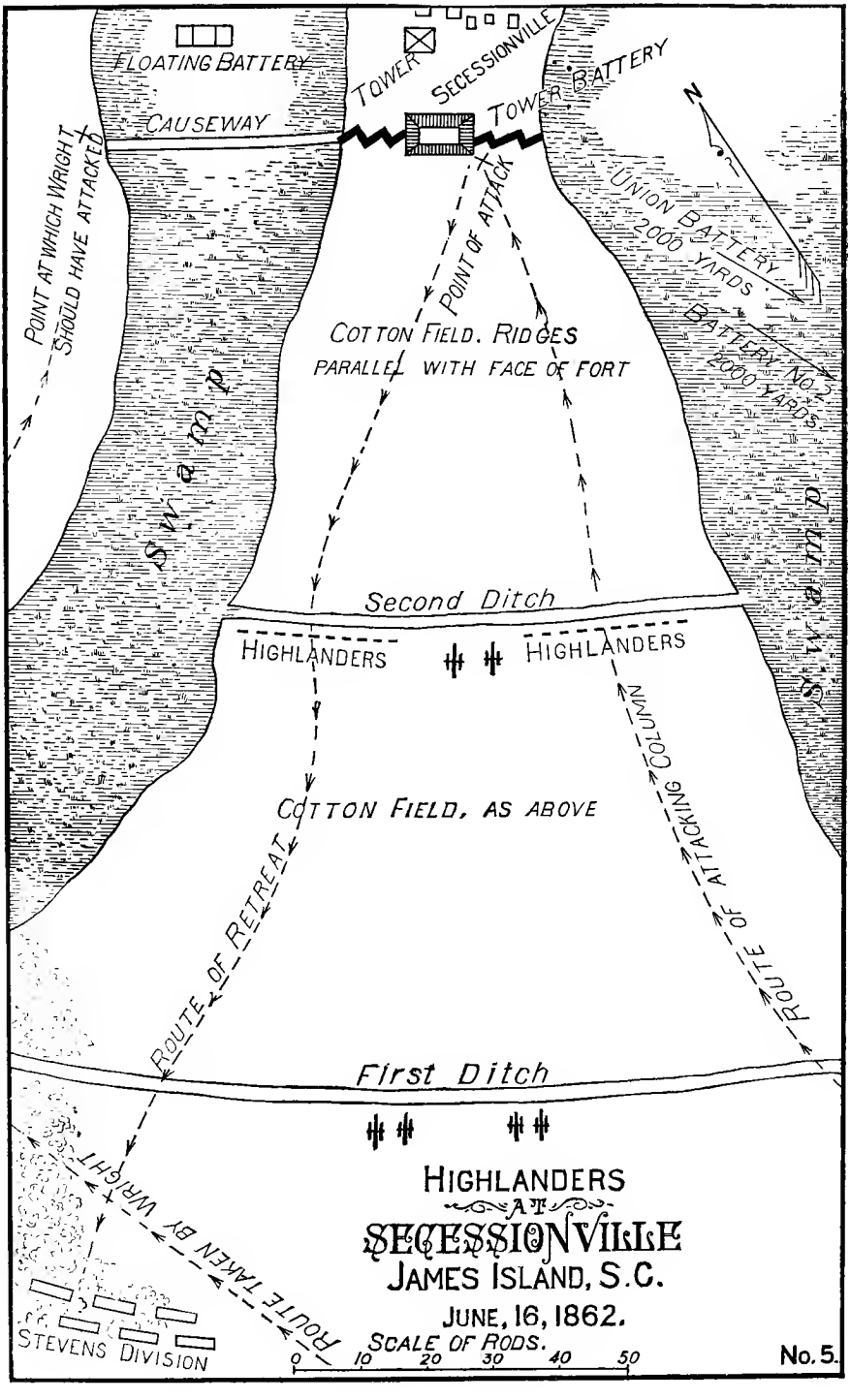
The plan of battle was as follows: Stevens' division was to attack the enemy in front and endeavor to carry the works by assault; Wright to make a detour to the left and attack the fort in flank, or support the assaulting column, as circumstances might require. Our First brigade was selected to lead the assault, the Second to follow closely in support.

The enemy's position is thus described in a copy of the *Charleston Mercury*, issued shortly after the battle:

"The line of defence is a narrow neck of land, between two deep, impassable creeks, about thirty rods wide. On this is built a battery, which completely commands the approaches for about two miles—a heavily constructed earthwork, with a plain face, mounting six heavy guns. The fort (Tower Battery) is surrounded with a deep ditch, filled with water, and the ground for some distance in front and on the left was ditched aud dyked a great deal, so as to make the fort difficult of approach."

Stretching from the face of the fort to the line of woods, half a mile or more beyond, was an irregular, fan-shaped cotton field, the deep ridges of which ran parallel with the face of the fort; this field was very narrow at the fort, the solid ground being covered with the defensive works, while at the further end it was perhaps half a mile wide. It was crossed twice by deep ditches, dug for the purpose of drainage, and which ran parallel with the cotton ridges, and divided the clear field into three nearly equal parts; both sides of the field were lined with swamps, masked by the usual growth of low underbrush.

It could not have been later than two o'clock on Monday morning, June 16th, when the orderly sergeants


FLOATING BATTERY
CAUSEWAY
TOWER
SECESSIONVILLE
TOWER
BATTERY
N
POINT AT WHICH WRIGHT SHOULD HAVE ATTACKED
POINT OF ATTACK
UNION BATTERY
2000 YARDS
BATTERY No 2
2000 YARDS
COTTON FIELD. RIDGES
PARALLEL WITH FACE OF FORT
Swamp
Swamp
Second Ditch
HIGHLANDERS
HIGHLANDERS
COTTON FIELD, AS ABOVE
ROUTE OF RETREAT
ROUTE OF ATTACKING COLUMN
First Ditch
HIGHLANDERS
AT
SECESSIONVILLE
JAMES ISLAND, S.C.
JUNE, 16, 1862.
ROUTE TAKEN BY WRIGHT
STEVENS DIVISION
SCALE OF RODS.
0 10 20 30 40 50
No. 5.

went quietly about from tent to tent, and in subdued tones roused us from our deep slumbers. Silently we gathered in little groups, ate our crackers and drank our coffee—a meagre breakfast on which to perform a hard day's work. Soon we were in line and the company commanders announced that we were to advance with empty muskets and do our work with the bayonet. Half-suppressed murmurs were heard here and there along the line, and a few of the chronic grumblers determined to load their pieces, even against orders. As the First brigade reached the outposts, a skirmish line from the Eighth Michigan was deployed, and so quietly was the advance made, that several of the enemy's pickets were captured without causing an alarm. Soon, however, we heard a shot fired, then another, and the beating of the long roll in the distance warned us that the enemy was on the alert, and that a complete surprise was impossible.

The Michigan boys were perhaps a little excited, for, on reaching the ditch nearest the line of woods and finding but a small party to oppose them, they raised a cheer and started for the fort on the double quick. We were a quarter of a mile in the rear when the sound of the cheering reached us, the other regiments of the brigade being between us and the Eighth Michigan—daylight had appeared—we too started on the double quick, and reached the first ditch just as the Eighth arrived at the second; after only a moments delay to re-form our line, we continued our double quick march in order to reach the protection of the second ditch, before the enemy opened fire. At the moment of our leaving the ditch our three gun battery on the right had fired just three shots at the fort, each of which had struck in or near that work, throwing up clouds of sand and dirt. The enemy reserved his fire till we were about midway between the two ditches, and then opened with shell and shrapnel.

Halting at the second ditch for a moment only, the

brave Michiganders, with a ringing cheer which was answered by us, dashed forward. Two companies of the Eighth went in advance as the Forlorn Hope with Captain Sears' company of engineers armed with axes and other implements to remove obstructions, following.

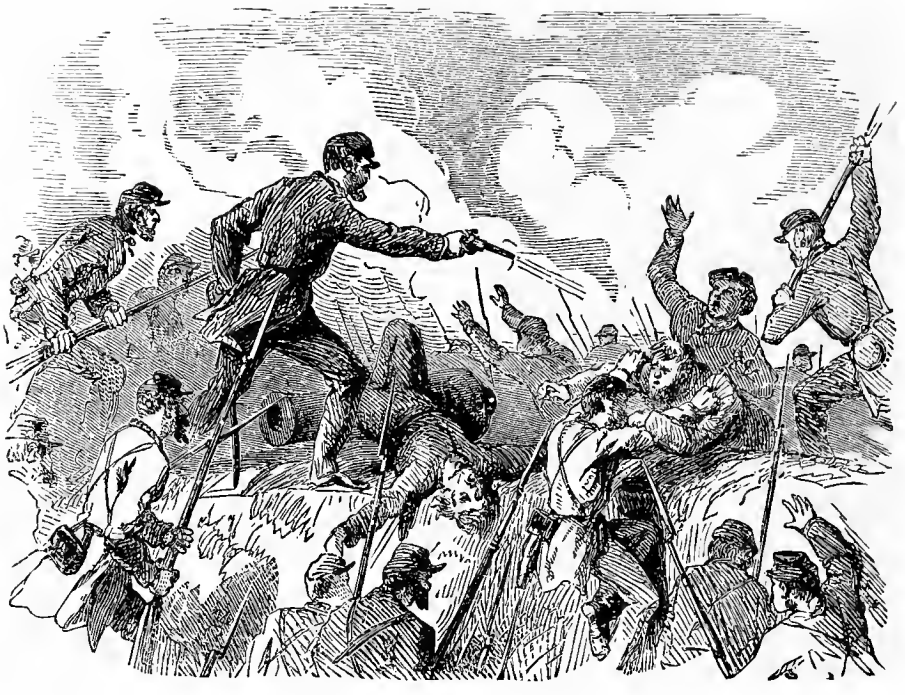
The supporting regiments of the first brigade had not yet reached the second ditch, and in our anxiety to support our brave leaders, the Highlanders were on a line with them when that point was reached. The enemy's fire, apparently, was not directed so much to the leading regiment as to the supporting column, now some three hundreds in its rear. A regiment of the First brigade had just crossed the ditch and its officers were attempting to re-form the line, when charge after charge of grape was poured into their ranks, and the men became panic-stricken and huddled about the colors—an opportunity the enemy was not slow to utilize, for the firing was redoubled, the regiment soon lost all semblance of formation, and most of the men fell flat on the ground to escape the terrible shower of shot that was decimating their ranks.

The Highlanders were impatient and indignant witnesses of this disgraceful scene ; we lay behind the ditch waiting for orders to advance, and vented our indignation at the conduct of these men, by such epithets as soldiers use when necessity seems to demand it ; we also implored them to go on and save their comrades, and at the same time begged of our own officers to be allowed to advance to the help of those at the fort, for we could see the Eighth Michigan engaged at close quarters with the enemy. At last the word was given, and over the ditch we went, on the jump, and without waiting for any line formation, struck out on the run for the fort. The men of the demoralized regiment had dropped on the ground, many of them stretched out in the cotton furrows, endeavoring to cover themselves with the dirt and litter

of the field; as we approached they cried out "Faugh a Ballach, Seventy-Ninth! give the rebels hell! we'll be after yees!" We were in too much of a hurry to pay proper attention to these patriotic remarks, but our heels and musket butts came down upon the "Faughs" as opportunity offered in our hurried course over their prostrate bodies. (This was the first general engagement in which this regiment had taken part, and all due allowance should be made on that account. Their subsequent career showed they were made of good stuff, and at Chantilly especially, they exhibited as much bravery as any regiment in the field).

In our rush we encountered the right flank of the Seventh Connecticut, whose center had been broken by the enemy's fire, and whose commander was endeavoring to re-form its line; we hurried past them, pell-mell, in our eagerness to arrive at the fort and assist our storming party. Two of Rockwell's guns had taken position behind the ditch we had just left, and soon opened a rapid fire on that part of the fort not occupied by our assaulting party. Several charges of grape from the fort had passed through our own ranks and a number of men had been killed before we reached the scene of action.

Noticing that the heaviest fighting was on the right of the fort, we bore off in that direction and cheered lustily as we reached the abattis and ditch. We found the only approach to be a narrow passageway between the fort and rifle pits; through this, led by our gallant commanding officer, many of our men pushed their way and reached the parapet of the fort. Here for a few minutes we were targets for the enemy's rifles and a number of us who had mounted, dropped into the ditch followed by many others who had reached the edge, taking such positions as would enable us to prevent the enemy from serving the guns, and also to pick off any who might show themselves above the parapet. This duty was well per-



HIGHLANDERS AT TOWER BATTERY

formed, and while thus engaged and anxiously looking for re-inforcements, one or two regiments appeared advancing in line of battle to our relief, on noticing which we stopped firing for a moment and gave three ringing cheers ; this momentary relaxation of vigilance on our part however, gave the enemy time to load their guns which were instantly discharged at the advancing columns —then at close range—which broke them up and caused them to fall back. No other re-inforcements appearing we resumed our firing, being directed by Lieut.-Col. Morrison to watch carefully, and damage the enemy as much as possible, whose fire on the right of the fort was telling heavily upon the ranks of the Eighth Michigan, as well as on our own men.

These two regiments had, thus far, been fighting the garrison, almost unaided, and at great odds, and many a noble fellow had already been cut down by the enemy

who were comparatively safe behind their breastworks. Not all of our division was rendering the service expected of them, and where was the division of General Wright, that was to co-operate on our left? To remain in our present position could only result in further depleting our ranks without the opportunity to inflict upon the enemy corresponding loss. To retreat was to offer the enemy a better chance to cut us down by the fire from their heavy guns; nor was retreating considered by the commander of the Highlanders at this time, and he determined to again attempt to carry the work by assault. A hasty consultation with a few of his subordinates was held, and in a few minutes, with a cheer we mounted the parapet, with the intention of entering the fort and carrying it at the point of the bayonet. It was still well defended however, by a plucky foe who had now been largely re-inforced, and we were met by a withering fire which carried many of our comrades to the ditch below, and among the wounded were our commander, Morrison, and Lieutenants Robertson and Kinnear.

To persist in the attempt to carry the fort with the handful of men now remaining would be madness, and we could only remain and continue to inflict such loss upon the enemy as opportunity offered, until recalled from our precarious position by superior authority We cast wistful glances towards the troops in the rear, from whom we had hoped to receive such aid as would have enabled us to successfully storm and capture the works, and we continued in vain to hope for the attack by Wright's division on our left, but not a sound was heard from the direction whence we expected the column to appear.

About a fourth of the Highlanders had been killed and wounded, the Eighth Michigan had also suffered severely, and by their noble behavior in this their first serious battle had covered themselves with glory At length

the order to retire came from our brigade commander, and just as those on the parapet were about to turn and drop into the ditch, a rebel, more daring than his companions, thinking to make prisoner a live and unwounded Yankee, attempted to seize one of the Highlanders, Van Horsen of Company E, by the feet and drag him into the fort ; Van Horsen objected to being captured in such an ignoble manner and a struggle ensued in which our man proved the stronger, for, seizing the rebel by the hair of his head and coat collar he "Yanked" *him out* of the fort, and bore him off in triumph, the would-be-captor now the captured !

We rallied around our colors and fell back slowly and sullenly to the ditch and embankment nearest the fort, subjected meanwhile to a lively fire from the enemy, who, as soon as we left our position at the breastworks, were enabled to fully man their heavy guns and hurl after us their deadly missiles. We dreaded falling back more than remaining at the fort ; the thought of running the gauntlet of the terrible fire that we knew the enemy would pour into our *backs*, was not only discouraging but humiliating. A comrade, recalling the occasion writes : "I remember as of yesterday, my feelings during the few minutes that elapsed before we reached the ditch—how I dreaded being shot in the back ! With a view to prevent such a wound I went back over the cotton ridges *sideways*, keeping one eye on the fort, and when I saw a gun discharged, instantly turned and presented my face to the foe, in order that if I were hit it should not be in the back."

Once behind the embankment our ranks were re-formed and as the enemy's fire increased we lay down to escape the shot, shell and old junk, that was plowing the ground all about us. The failure of Wright to support our attack was the principal topic of conversation and many were the surmises as to the cause. It afterwards appeared that the natural obstacles, as well as trees felled by the

enemy in his line of march, had retarded his progress, and it was not until after we had fallen back that he reached the designated point, only to find the deep creek with marshy banks confronting him, the only passage across which was a narrow causeway swept and enfiladed by the guns of the fort. We soon heard firing in this direction, first a few scattering shots, then a regular volley; for a few moments we thought Wright had effected a lodgment, and were preparing to advance again, but the firing soon ceased and we knew that his assault too, had proved a failure. Had Wright reached the point at the time we were at the fort and its guns silenced, he could have crossed without opposition and the day would have been ours.

Another section of Rockwell's guns now arrived, and from their position behind the embankment poured a rapid fire into the fort; the enemy replied vigorously and several of the battery horses were killed. After emptying their limber chests the pieces were withdrawn, others took their place but the firing was productive of no good results. While lying here we were obliged to spread ourselves out flat on the ground as the bank of earth was quite low; one of our men had been lying with his knees drawn up, and in order to relieve them from that cramped position, was just in the act of stretching out his legs when a shot tore off the top of the bank, where, an instant before, his knees had rested; the dirt and sand displaced by the shot completely covered him for a moment, and his companions thought he was killed, but after scraping the dirt out of his eyes and ears he was found to be unhurt. "A close shave"—some one remarked—"but a miss is as good as a mile." It is needless to say that the person most interested spread himself out pretty flat after that.

Our color bearer learned from our solitary prisoner that his brother was in the fort in command of his com-

pany, but as they did not meet face to face on the field a thrilling and romantic incident was spoiled.

The command to "fall back to the ditch nearest the woods, there to await further orders," was now given, and we prepared to run the gauntlet of another raking fire. Our heavy gun batteries opened a rapid fire on the fort as we started, our field batteries too, from a position in the rear, added their fire, so that only a few shots were directed at us, none of which took effect; we passed the second ditch and found shelter in the edge of the woods. General Stevens met us and complimented us on the "heroism and bravery displayed on this occasion," he was "only sorry," he said, "that General Wright had not been able to come up in time, for then surely the day would have been ours." The wounded that we were able to bring off the field with us were carried to the rear and placed in care of the surgeons.

It was now only about half past eight o'clock, yet it seemed as though a whole day had passed since the attack was first made. Orders were soon received to prepare for another attack. Gen. Benham, now that Wright had attained his position, being desirous of making another attempt. We formed into line again, Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, somewhat pale from loss of blood, and with a handkerchief tied over the wound in his head, leading the way; he refused to relinquish the command, even at the earnest solicitations of the officers; drawing his sword he exclaimed "Follow me Highlanders!" and off we started. Our progress across the open field was not contested, the enemy doubtless reserving his fire for closer action. On reaching the ditch nearest the fort our progress was arrested by Capt. Stevens, adjutant-general of our division, who ordered us to halt there and secure ourselves behind the bank.

The enemy now opened with grape and canister—yes—and with scrap iron too, for bolts, pieces of railroad iron

and other missles flew all about us. As one wag remarked while he picked up something from the ground : "They're firing a whole blacksmith shop at us ! Here's the hammer, the anvil will come next !"

A section of the Connecticut battery followed us and was soon exchanging compliments with the fort. While but one man of the battery was killed, the poor horses suffered greatly ; a shot entered the haunch of one, tore its way through and wounded the one alongside, a pistol bullet ended their sufferings ; after several more animals had been killed, and the limber chests emptied, the pieces were withdrawn. We lay here perhaps an hour ; the gun-boats had been signalled to fire, but the range was so long that several of their shells burst behind us and their fire soon ceased. Our position was a very uncomfortable one, and we began to wonder why—unless an advance was to be made—we were kept in such an exposed position ; we could see the fort swarming with the enemy, and many of them at work strengthening the point at which we had entered the works. As the artillery withdrew we were ordered to follow, the order for attack having been countermanded. The enemy made no attempt to follow us as we retired from the field, and after posting a strong picket line with heavy reserves, the balance of the troops retired to their camps.

We found it was eleven o'clock when our camp was reached, showing we had been on the field about seven hours. The loss in the regiment was one hundred and ten in killed, wounded and prisoners ; the prisoners were all wounded at the fort, and we were obliged to leave them in the enemy's hands

The following extracts from reports of various officers will be of interest. Referring to the time when the leading brigade had passed the ditch nearest the fort, General Stevens says :

"The firing now became general and continuous in front. The advance of the Eighth Michigan was on the parapet. The light battery of Rockwell's was immediately pushed to the front, and took its position at the hedge [ditch, *see map*], and the Highlanders, led by Morrison, seeing the hot fire to which the Eighth Michigan was exposed, pushed forward at the double quick, and moving from the left (?) to the right of the field, entered a narrow opening, gained the parapet to the right of the point reached by the Eighth Michigan, and shot down the enemy whilst serving the guns."

In a letter to General Hunter, Stevens further says:

"Quite a number of the Eighth Michigan and Seventy-Ninth Highlanders gained the ditch and parapet of the work. All the regiments pushed close up to the work, and more or less men of each made lodgments at the marsh and abattis on either side. The Seventy-Ninth Highlanders went into fire the fourth regiment. They passed the Seventh Connecticut and Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts, and actually supported at the parapet, as every one admits, the Eighth Michigan. They passed those regiments, too, within less than 200 yards of the enemy's work. The Highlanders have been in many battles and skirmishes, are very expert in drill, and are indeed old soldiers."

Colonel Leasure, who was on the left of our regiment as we dashed forward, says:

"At this point, together with the left wing of the Seventy-Ninth New York Volunteers, we entered the range of a perfect storm of grape, canister, nails, broken glass, and pieces of chains, fired from three very large pieces on the fort, which completely swept every foot of ground within the range, and either cut the men down or drove them to the shelter of the ravine. * * * Many of the men reached the foot of the embankment, and some succeeded in mounting it, with a few brave men of the Seventy-Ninth, who were there with a portion of the Eighth Michigan. It was here that Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison was wounded, and many of the Seventy-Ninth either killed or wounded, as were also some of the One Hundredth Pennsylvania. * * * I may be permitted to report further, that at the time I arrived in front of the hedge [ditch] nearest the fort, I saw nothing of any part of the supporting regiments of the First brigade between the advancing Highlanders and the fort, and only a portion of the Eighth Michigan, who led the attack in front of the fort, that regiment having already been decimated by the murderous fire through which we had all to pass."

From Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison's report we quote:

"As I mounted the parapet I received a wound in the head, which, though slight, stunned me for the time being, but still I was able to retain command. With me many mounted the works, but only to fall or receive their wounds from

the enemy, posted in the rifle pits in rear of the fort. I ordered the right wing of the regiment to post itself behind the intrenchments at the left of the fort which drove them (the enemy) back and held them in check.

"From the parapets I had a full view of their works. They were intrenched in a position well selected for defensive purposes, and upon which our artillery seemed to have little effect, save driving them into their retreats, and in attempting to dislodge them we were met with a fierce and determined opposition; but with equal, if not superior, determination and courage were they met by our forces, and had I been supported, could have carried their works."

The total loss on our side was 683, of which our division sustained 529.

The force of the enemy consisted of ten regiments and battalions, and was under the command of Brigadier-General Nathan G. Evans. Colonel T. G. Lamar, First South Carolina Artillery, commanding the post of Secessionville, says, that when the assault was first made, there were only about 500 men in and about the fort; it is therefore clear, that, as Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison says, "had I been supported I could have carried the works." The enemy reported a total loss of 204.

The *Charleston Mercury*, in its account of the battle, referring to the regiment, used this language:

"It was left to the valiant Palladins of the North, to the brave 79th Highlanders, to test the virtue of unadulterated cold steel on our Southern nerves; but they terribly mistook their foe, for they were rolled back in a tide of blood. Thank God, Lincoln has, or had, only one 79th regiment; for there is only a remnant left to tell the tale. The soldiers who can make such a charge, and those who can stand it, their condition being equal, are the parties to win a war."

For the next day or two we were fully occupied in recounting the incidents of the battle, and wondering how our poor wounded comrades were faring in the hands of the enemy. We afterwards learned that they had fallen among good Samaritans, the Charleston Highlanders doing all in their power to alleviate their sufferings and render their captivity as easy as their limited circumstances would permit.

(NOTE.—An unfortunate controversy arose between Generals Hunter, Ben-

ham, Wright and Stevens, over the engagement just described. General Benham was placed under arrest by General Hunter; he was sent North, and subsequently his appointment as Brigadier-General was revoked, without his being allowed to see the charges preferred, or having an opportunity of defending himself before a court of enquiry. He was afterwards reinstated, however, and rose to the brevet rank of Major-General in the regular army. While endeavoring to obtain a hearing, which was justly his due, he attributed the failure of the assault to General Stevens; even charging that he kept so far in the rear of his troops that he could not intelligently direct their operations. General Benham should have known Stevens better. No soldier who ever drew sword or shouldered musket, was braver or more indifferent to his own life when it became necessary to expose it, than Isaac I. Stevens. The man who first leaped ashore on the main land of South Carolina, with our regimental flag in his hand, in order to set an example to his followers, and who received his death wound while waving that flag aloft, within a few yards of the enemy's line of musketry fire at Chantilly, is not the man that General Benham's enmity could traduce. Benham's letters were written from the North, while Stevens was still alive and fighting the battles of his country in Virginia, but he had neither time nor opportunity for reply. The volume (XIV) of the Official Records of the Rebellion, containing the reports of the campaign and the correspondence, has just (December, 1885) been published, and this mention of the matter is due to the memory of one of the best, bravest, and most skillful officers that ever rendered up his life in defence of his country.)

The 17th was celebrated by another rain-storm and our quarters on Battery Island were in a horrible condition; we wondered why we could not move over to James Island, where the ground was higher and the water better. On the 18th the regiment took its turn on picket duty and all remained quiet along the lines during our twenty-four hours vigil. General Stevens issued one of his characteristic orders in which he highly complimented the division for the heroism displayed on the 16th, mentioning the names of our Lieut. Colonel and those officers who had been killed at the fort. On this day too, all the wounded who could bear removal were transferred to Hilton Head in charge of the chaplain. Lieutenant James Kinnear, who had been mortally wounded died, and on the 20th was buried with military honors. On this day too, we moved our camp to James Island, and found the change a decided improvement; there was a

good well near by our camp and the water was appreciated. An observatory had been erected from which, on a clear day, the spires of Charleston and the forts in the harbor—"So near and yet so far"—could be distinctly seen.

On the 21st Colonel Farnsworth, and Capt. Laing from the recruiting rendezvous, arrived; large supplies of stores and munitions of war also reached us, and the men were kept busy unloading the vessels. Several heavy guns had been landed, and large details were made to build earthworks for their reception, orders having been received directing our division to fortify its position and lose no time about it.

On Sunday the 22nd occurred a very interesting ceremony in which every member of the regiment was called upon to participate; this was nothing less than the presentation to Gen. Stevens—by the enlisted men—of a handsome sword, belt, sash, and a pair of gold-mounted spurs. The matter had been worked up before we left Beaufort, and the order sent to Tiffany of New York; the arrangements were in the hands of a committee appointed by ourselves, who acquitted themselves creditably during the ceremony.

The regiment paraded under the command of Colonel Farnsworth. We donned our best clothes and wore white gloves. On reaching the General's quarters three sides of a square were formed, the General and staff occupying the fourth side, while the committee with the presents and address stood in the centre. Ross of Company A read the address, while Crane of Company B handed the articles to the general. The sword was a very beautiful one, with dress and service scabbards, and cost $550.00; the spurs which were the gift of the drum-corps, cost $25.00.

The response of the general was touching, and he was much affected while speaking; he called us his "Beloved

Highlanders," his "Soldiers of the Coosaw," and hoped ours would be the last regiment he would be called upon to part with.

Although anti-malaria whiskey had been liberally dispensed by the surgeons, it did not prevent a long line of "sick, lame and lazy," from visiting the doctors quarters whenever the sick call was sounded. There were very few serious cases of sickness however, as was proved by the fact, that when a bright idea entered the surgeon's head, and he changed the prescription from quinine *and whiskey* to quinine alone, the "sick list" rapidly decreased.

One day a few of us visited Wright's division for the purpose of seeing some friends in the Sixth Connecticut, and also to observe the work the men of the First division were doing in the way of fortifying their part of the line. We found the Connecticut boys on the advanced picket line, in skirmishing order, and lying flat on their stomachs watching the enemy with whom they exchanged frequent shots. Not being aware of the situation we walked boldly up to the line and drew a volley from the rebels, which caused us to flop down rather unceremoniously, and as the surroundings were not particularly pleasant we made but a formal call and crawled away from the lines and returned to camp.

New earth-works were being constantly erected and appearances all pointed to a permanent occupation of the island. On Friday, the 27th, while hard at work, and felicitating ourselves that the enemy was ignorant of the position of our new batteries, he opened with the long range gun, and planted the first shell so close to us, that a man of Company F was instantly killed, and one of Company B wounded. Seven other shots were fired, all striking in or near our works, but as the look-out warned us in time, we secured ourselves before the others reached us. Work was pushed night and day; at night we

would mount the guns, and were just beginning to see the end of our heavy drudgery, when, on the 29th, as the day relief was returning, and the night squad about to continue the labor, orders to suspend operations were received, and immediately after came the further orders to dismount the guns we had spent so much time and labor in placing in position.

We afterwards learned that this was in accordance with orders from the war department, directing the evacuation of the island. We were not sorry to leave, and yet the prerogatives of a soldier were freely indulged in; curses, loud and deep, and a great deal of grumbling were to be heard, because of the hard labor we had endured, all for naught.

On the 1st of July we were sent out on picket, and thus escaped the drudgery of heavy work; the evacuation was pushed so rapidly, however, that on the 2nd several regiments embarked on the transports. During our turn on picket we captured one of the enemy who had ventured too near our lines. When discovered, he attempted to run back, but cries of "Halt!" reinforced with a bullet or two which came uncomfortably near, brought him to a stand.

On the 3rd nearly all of General Wright's division had embarked, "Quakers" had been mounted in the place of some of the guns removed, and the enemy did not appear to be aware of our movements. At one o'clock on the morning of the fourth we were turned out, hot coffee awaited us, after drinking which we struck tents and packed our knapsacks; at daylight we marched to the landing but found the steamer Delaware, on which we were to embark, aground, and it was nine o'clock before the tide floated her off. At noon, precisely, the gun-boat Pawnee, and a battery on shore, fired a national salute, the rain was pouring down at the time and we tried hard to feel patriotic. Shortly after 12 o'clock we

steamed away, the band from its position on the quarter deck echoing the sentiments of every man in the regiment, by playing the popular air—"Ain't I glad to get out of the Wilderness."

CHAPTER XI.

FROM JAMES ISLAND TO NEWPORT NEWS.

ARRIVAL at Beaufort.—"Great God! Dere comes de Seventy-Nine Agen!"—Return to Hilton Head.—The First Colored Troops.—In Camp on Hilton Head.—The Highlanders Extend Courtesies to the Eighth Michigan.—Orders to Move.—To Beaufort Again.—Smith's Plantation.—Moving On.—Bowery Fare and Delmonico Prices.—At Sea.—A Pleasant Journey.—Condensed Water.—A Dollar for a Canteen of Ice Water.—Arrival at Newport News, Virginia.

HILTON HEAD was reached about nine o'clock in the evening, where we dropped anchor, and remained till daylight on the morning of the 5th, when we proceeded to Beaufort. On approaching the dock we saw it lined with people, white and black, male and female, soldiers and civilians; for by this time a great many missionaries and traders had arrived from the north. One young wench was heard to exclaim, as she recognized the uniform of the regiment: "Great God! Dere comes de seventy-nine agen!"

As soon as the boat touched the wharf, the men broke for the shore and scattered about the place in search of a good breakfast, and such other comforts as the town afforded. We were warned not to be gone long, as the boat would wait only long enough to discharge Rockwell's battery and then return. We were back in an hour or so and found the vessel ready to start; after waiting a few minutes for the stragglers, the lines were cast off and we steamed down to Hilton Head, reaching there about nine o'clock. The two companies of Roundheads were landed, but definite orders had not been received as

to the disposition of the Highlanders. We hoped that St. Helena might be selected, or Lady Island, for we had no desire to camp on Hilton Head.

While lying here at the dock, we had our first glimpse of colored troops. Before leaving Beaufort in June, we heard that General Hunter was organizing such a regiment, and several of our non-commissioned officers had been offered commissions in the new organization, but the honor had been declined. Candor compels us to place on record the fact, that at this time the Highlanders, with possibly a few exceptions, were bitterly opposed to raising the negro to the military level of the Union soldiers. When we saw the negroes, uniformed and equipped like ourselves—except that their clothing and accoutrements were new and clean, while ours were almost worn out in active service—parading up and down the wharf, doing guard duty, it was more than some of our hot-headed pro-slavery comrades could witness in silence. For a while the air was filled with the vile epithets hurled at the poor darkies, and overt acts against their persons were only prevented by the interference of our officers. It is pleasant to record, however, that very few of the regiment thus disgraced themselves, and in a short time after, when the colored troops became a part of the Union army in the field, they were welcomed by us all as brothers in arms.

After remaining on board till three P. M., we were ordered on shore ; we marched a a short distance from the dock, where we stacked arms and bivouacked for the night.

On the morning of the 6th the schooner, with our tents and baggage, was brought to the dock and unloaded ; the tents were soon pitched and camp established. The finest crop of grass that we had seen since landing in South Carolina, was growing right under our feet, and we considered the camp one of the best we had ever occupied. The men began at once to dig wells, one for each com-

pany, and a fair supply of water was obtained. Regiments were constantly arriving, and soon our entire James Island force, except those sent to Beaufort, was quartered here. When the Eighth Michigan arrived in the afternoon, the Highlanders met them, as they stacked arms, with hot coffee. This had become an old trick between these very friendly organizations, and the exchange of civilities tended to fasten still more strongly the bonds of sympathy that united us.

On Wednesday the 9th, General Hunter ordered a review to take place at five P. M.; the entire force had been ordered to parade and a grand time was expected. We at once set about putting our clothing, arms and accoutrements in proper order, and our preparations were almost completed when orders came countermanding the review, and directing us to "pack knapsacks, strike tents, and be ready to move at a moment's notice!" While we wondered a little at such a change in orders, just as we had gotten our camp ground in good trim, and hoped for a week or two s rest after our late arduous campaign, we proceeded to obey the last order, grumbling a little, as was the invariable custom whenever orders did not please us.

By five o clock our tents were at the dock, and the men busy loading them and the quartermaster's stores on the steamer Cosmopolitan. At nine o'clock the regiment marched to the wharf, but owing to some delay the loading had not been completed and we were obliged to spend the night on the dock, those not employed in fatigue duty managing to get a little sleep. By daylight of the 10th we were all on board and at nine o'clock started towards Beaufort, reaching there at eleven. Before the boat touched the dock, however, an officer came on board with orders for us to land at Smith's plantation, some four miles below; so we turned about and reached that place at about one P. M. There being no dock here, the landing of heavy baggage in small boats was a rather labori-

ous affair. The Roundheads had preceded us the day before, and it was "reported" that the whole of Stevens' division was to camp at that place. Our tents were up before dark; we managed to get a cup of coffee and a cracker, and then lay down to rest our weary limbs. Before our tents had been up two hours, and while the detail were still engaged in unloading the quartermaster's stores, orders were received directing us to prepare for a return to Virginia! Whew! how the boys did talk! It did seem as though the "Powers" had been exerted to keep us—like poor "Joe"—moving on. There seemed to be no rest for the soles of our feet.

The stores already landed were returned to the vessel; our knapsacks were packed, and then we threw ourselves down again and lay till three o'clock on the morning of the 11th. After getting a cup of coffee we struck tents and soon had them on board. During the night the cooks had prepared three days' rations of "pickled mahogany" —by courtesy called mess beef—and by noon we steamed away for Hilton Head, arriving there at two P. M. There we found the steamer Mississippi waiting, the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts already on board. Before transferring our tents to the ocean steamer, a board of survey kindly relieved us of the greater portion, which, by reason of long use, had become unserviceable; many of them had been received at Camp Lochiel. No unnecessary baggage was allowed on board and we were in very light marching order. A violent thunder storm broke over us about dark, and as most of our stores and baggage was on the dock awaiting transfer, they received a thorough drenching; much new clothing was damaged, but the men worked with a will, and by nine o'clock everything was on board. As the vessel still lay at the dock on the morning of the 12th, many of us went on shore to find something more palatable for breakfast than salt junk and hard-tack; we discovered that in the two or three "res-

taurants" located here, the two extremes—poor fare and high prices—met. It was like dining at a fourth-rate Bowery boarding house, and then paying Delmonico prices for the privilege. Just before leaving we received two days' rations of soft bread; this was an agreeable surprise and was the first we had tasted in six weeks; it touched the right spot.

At half-past four in the afternoon the Mississippi got under way; the weather was fine and the sunset a perfect picture: the evening was beautiful and clear, and the deck of the vessel was crowded with men who preferred rolling themselves in their blankets and spending the night there in preference to going 'tween decks. By midnight we were well on our way northward.

At daylight on Sunday, the 13th, we found ourselves out at sea, but the weather was so pleasant and the ocean so calm that there was little or no sickness. The paymaster embraced the opportunity of dispensing two months' pay to the men, which event added much to the delightfulness of the journey. Many of us saw on this day for the first time, schools of the so-called flying-fish. As they darted out of the water to escape the hungry jaws of their pursuers, they appeared indeed like flocks of birds.

The 14th was as clear and beautiful as its predecessor. The Capes were passed and at dark we cast anchor off Cape Henry, the sailing master not deeming it prudent to enter Hampton Roads till daylight. On Tuesday morning we got under way again and at half-past seven were riding safely at anchor within pistol-shot of Fort Monroe.

While on board we were obliged to drink "condensed" water; or, more properly, condensed steam made from salt water. At the best this was very unpalatable, but when stored in casks until it assumed a yellowish roily hue, and at a temperature almost luke-warm, it was pos-

itively nauseous ; particularly so to those of us suffering from chills and fever contracted among the swamps of James Island. Many were the schemes employed to obtain ice-water, which we saw carried down in buckets-full to the fire room for the use of the stokers. One poor fellow, after vainly endeavoring to work on the sympathies of a stalwart fireman for a cup-full of cold water with which to allay his burning thirst, thought he would try the key which unlocks nearly all doors. Placing a dollar bill and his canteen in the fellow's hands he begged him, "for God's sake," to fill it, as he was burning with fever and should die if he did n't get a drink of cold water. The water was soon brought and our poor comrade threw himself down in a corner and in a few minutes had drank every drop.

We found the roadstead filled with vessels of every description, and others still arriving. At five P. M. the Vanderbilt, with General Stevens and staff, came into port, and as the General passed our vessel in a small boat, going ashore, he was loudly cheered by all on board. We expected to sail up the James River and reinforce the Army of the Potomac, which we learned had fallen back to Harrison's Landing for a new base of operations ; but the powers had otherwise ordered. On the morning of Wednesday, the 16th, we sailed up to Newport News, some five or six miles from Fort Monroe, reaching there at ten o'clock. On our way up we passed the wrecks of the frigates Congress and Cumberland, sunk by the Confederate Ram, Merrimac. We also saw the "Cheese Box on a Raft," the now famous Monitor, which had driven off the Merrimac. By noon the Highlanders were on solid earth again, and the men scattered over the ground in search of clear, cool, sparkling water—something we had not tasted for months. How good the spring water did taste ! A few men who were on the sick-list, suffering from chills and fever, returned to

the vessel for the night. Fortunate for them they did so, for a violent rain set in about dark, and it stormed furiously all night.

CHAPTER XII.

POPE'S CAMPAIGN—THE RAPPAHANNOCK MARCH.

FORMATION of the Ninth Corps.—General Burnside.—"Great God! What Primary School 's Broke Loose Now?"—Hawkins' Zouaves get Highlanders into Trouble.—Military Discipline.—Fredericksburgh.—"A True Southerner."—How Confederate Scrip Was Made.—Shelter Tents.—Benjamin's Battery.—The Situation.—Rappahannock Station.—Culpeper.—Cedar Mountain.—Muster-out of Band.—Beginning of the Retreat.—Engagement at Kelly's Ford.—A Kitchen "Busted."—Rappahannock Station Again.—White Sulphur Springs.—Jackson Leaves Our Front.—Warrenton.—Living on the Country.—Manassas Junction.—Jackson Again.—Cross Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford.

IT was now that the Ninth Corps was organized. Besides Stevens division from South Carolina, General Ambrose E. Burnside, with the bulk of his command from North Carolina, had also arrived; and of these troops the corps was formed, General Burnside, as the ranking officer, being placed in command. The Highlanders were well pleased to serve under so distinguished a leader The corps consisted of three divisions, commanded by Brigadier-Generals Stevens, Jesse L. Reno and John G. Parke, respectively, and numbered nearly thirteen thousand men.

On the 17th new tents, of the "Sibley" pattern, designed to hold sixteen men each, were issued, and when these were pitched, the camp presented a very picturesque appearance. The 18th and 19th proved rainy, and but little out-door work, save the necessary guard duty, was performed. On Sunday, the 20th, the weather was favorable, and the usual inspection took place in the forenoon, and dress parade in the evening.

It will be remembered that the Zouave uniform had a peculiar fascination for many of our young soldiers; consequently, the average age of members of such regiments was much below that of other organizations. When Hawkins' Zouaves landed here, old General Mansfield happened to be standing near by, and as the small boats approached the shore the "Zoo-Zoos" jumped into the water waist deep, and with a great deal of boy-like play gained the dry land. Looking at them for a few moments, the General, in that peculiar voice of his, exclaimed: "Great God! What Primary School's broke loose now?" But this "Primary School" proved themselves gallant men on many a hard-fought field, and at Antietam and elsewhere, covered themselves with glory

The rules established for the government of the camp were very strict, only two men from each company being allowed passes during the day The Highlanders never liked such restrictions, and were it not for the few who occasionally abused their privileges, doubtless none such would have been imposed. An incident occurred here, characteristic of our commanding officer, Colonel Farnsworth, and is thus described by the Lieutenant who was officer of the guard at the time: "One afternoon a number of men, in the brilliant uniform of Hawkins' Zouaves, were observed in camp. As both regiments were from New York City, many mutual friends were found in the organizations, and it was not strange that we were anxious to see and talk with each other, and swap news from home over the canteen and camp fire. Orders were strict against our leaving camp, and corresponding orders had been issued against any one being admitted. When the Colonel saw the Zouaves he was furious and sent for the officer of the guard, who on his presenting himself before the august presence, was taken sharply to task by the infuriated Colonel, who rubbed his left arm vigorously when any thing disturbed his equanimity. The young officer

explained that he had also observed the Zouaves, and had already repeated the orders to the guards against the admission of visitors. But the 'Red-legged devils' seemed to increase in numbers; although, on being questioned, the guards declared they *had not seen one of them enter!* None so blind as those who do not wish to see, and the Highlanders did n't want to see on this occasion, and therefore *turned their backs* while the boys in skull caps and blue jackets entered the camp.

"The officer of the guard was again sent for by the Colonel, who was now 'hopping mad,' and acted as though he wanted everybody to be afraid of him. He tore about and used language more forcible than polite, much to the disgust of his subordinate, whom he appeared disposed to blame for the infraction of the rules, but who coolly informed him that he had communicated his orders to the guards, but found it impossible to be with each individual sentry at one and the same time. The Colonel then directed that the guard be all *tied up by the thumbs*, and a new detail called out; which order was duly executed, care being taken that the tying was done in such a manner as not to inflict pain upon the men. The new guard received strict orders not to admit any one, but the number of Zouaves appeared to increase!" Why the Colonel should object to friends meeting who had not seen each other for over a year, was past finding out. O Military Discipline! what blunders are committed in thy name!

Some kind friends in New York had sent us a fine garrison flag, thirty feet long; and as there was no pole on the parade ground on which to display it, Captain More took a detail of men and went to Little Bethel, bringing back the one on which the rebel flag had floated during the occupancy of that place by the enemy under General Macgruder. Until the Highlanders left Newport News the time was fully occupied with the duties of the camp;

company drill every morning, and in the afternoon battalion drill and dress parade made up the routine.

When it was decided that the Army of the Potomac should leave the James River and proceed to reinforce General Pope, the Ninth Corps was ordered to Fredericksburgh, and at three P. M. on August 3rd the Highlanders with the Hundredth Pennsylvania (Roundheads) and two companies of the Forty-Sixth New York, embarked on the steamer Atlantic. Our baggage was not put on board till near noon of the following day, when we sailed down to Fort Monroe where we lay till four P. M.; then our voyage was resumed up the Chesapeake Bay and Potomac River, reaching Acquia Creek about nine o'clock in the morning of the Fifth. The day was consumed in getting our baggage off the vessel, and near midnight we left on the cars, reaching Falmouth, on the Rappahannock River, in an hour or so, where we bivouacked for the remainder of the night. The weather was pleasant, and rolling ourselves in our blankets, with our knapsacks for pillows, and the blue canopy of heaven studded with stars above us, we slept soundly till daylight.

We found that nearly the whole corps had preceded us and the various regiments lay scattered about the place. Fredericksburgh lay on the opposite bank of the river a short distance below. On the morning of the 8th we marched into and through the city. The bridge, a very lofty structure, had been destroyed some time before, and the temporary one erected was a rather shaky-looking affair, and required no little nerve on our part to cross. We made our way through the city and up to Marye's Heights, which was fixed upon for our camp ground. Our tents were not pitched till the 9th and after getting things to rights, we took an opportunity to look about us. Our position commanded a fine view of the city and the heights of Falmouth beyond the river. A strong guard completely encircling the city was maintained, in order

to keep the inhabitants, who were all thoroughly in sympathy with the enemy, from communicating with their friends and giving them information respecting our movements. We found very few young men about the city, nearly all having joined the rebel army; old men, women and children were all that could be seen on the streets. How they managed to live under the enormous prices charged for provisions was a mystery to us. Many stores were open, but merchandise was scarce and consequently very little business was done. Mechanics from the North, under the direction of government officers, were working in the machine shops, repairing engines and cars; otherwise the place was dead.

We had not been in camp long before the boys began exploring the city, and one afternoon two or three of them returned to camp with the important information that they had found some whiskey, but that the owner being a "True Southerner," would accept of nothing but Confederate scrip in payment for his goods. Greenbacks had been tendered but refused—what were they to do? There was the whiskey—only five dollars a gallon—and nothing between it and their parched throats but Confederate scrip, which they could not obtain. It was suggested that a "raid" be made on the stock and the stuff seized as contrabrand of war; but that would let too many into the secret, and there might not be enough of the liquid to go around. In this dilemma a happy thought struck one of our number. He had been reading, a short time before, an article in *Harper's Monthly*, descriptive of Continental currency, and remembering that it contained *fac-similes* of the various denominations of bills, the thought occurred that a rebel shin-plaster might be made from one of them.

The magazine was found and fortunately contained the counterfeit presentment of a five-dollar note. This was carefully cut out and by the aid of a little dirty water

and manipulating between the thumb and finger, care being taken to preserve the figure 5 and letter V in the corners, and then rubbing in a little more dirty water on the back to hide the letter press, the "note" was as limp and ragged as any genuine rebel could desire. Armed with this and half a dozen canteens concealed in their haversacks, our brave comrades once more approached the "True Southerner," and explained that by dint of a good deal of running about they had at last found a man less patriotic than himself who had exchanged their greenbacks for Confederate money, and wouldn't he "please hurry up and fill the canteens," so that they might "get back to camp before roll-call." The spokesman held the "bill" in his hand in a careless sort of a way, and in a few minutes the canteens were filled and safely stowed away Handing over the "money," which was accepted without any very close scrutiny, the boys lost no time in returning to camp, and it will be remembered by the survivors, that they were there in good season for roll-call.

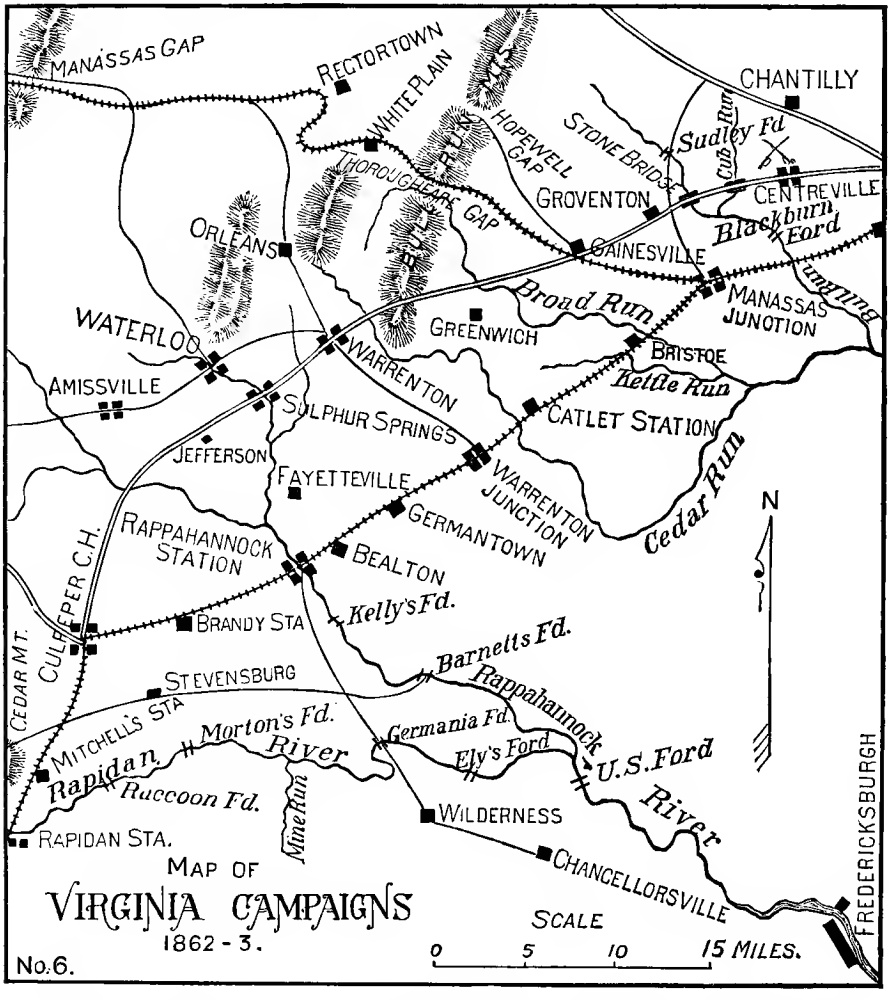
On the 12th, we received orders to be ready to march at six o'clock on the following morning. During the day there was issued to each man two pieces of twilled cotton cloth about four feet square. When these were buttoned together they formed what was termed a "shelter" tent, but that was a misnomer, and the boys thought it must have been adopted because of the very imperfect shelter they afforded, except in dry and pleasant weather. As two comrades generally slept together the other two pieces formed the ends to the shelter, and when these end pieces were sloped out sufficiently, it was possible for a medium-sized man to crawl in on his hands and knees, and by lying in the center, shelter himself from a light dew; but when two were obliged to squeeze into this queer sort of a "dog house"—as we dubbed them—somebody's feet generally protruded. When it rained the

water trickled through the ridge where the pieces were joined, the rain also finding its way through the thin material and falling in a fine spray upon our blankets. But carrying our own tents relieved the baggage trains of a large part of their load, and the number of wagons was correspondingly reduced. The men recognized the necessity of this, and after a little, became quite reconciled to the change. We knew that our shelters were much better than those possessed by the enemy. We had passed by many a deserted camp, where no signs of tents had appeared; merely the remains of rude bush huts, and surely we could undergo as much hardship as they

Leaving our knapsacks behind—which, by the way, we never saw again—the First and Second divisions left Fredericksburgh on the morning of the 13th, under the command of General Reno; General O. B. Willcox, who had assumed command of the Third, remaining with Burnside, in order to hold the city. Our brigade was a small one, consisting of the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts and our own regiment, and was under the command of Colonel Farnsworth. We knew little of General Pope, save that he had a good record in the West, and we were too old in the service to speculate much about the probable results of the campaign. We had more confidence in our own Stevens and the men of our two divisions, than in the commander of the Army of Virginia, and felt quite secure in being able to look out for ourselves when the time for action should arrive.

We were joined at this time by Battery E, Second U. S. Artillery, of twenty-pounder Parrott guns, under command of Lieutenant S. N Benjamin, a skillful officer and perfect gentleman, between whom and the Highlanders a mutual admiration soon sprang up. We recalled the fact that this battery had been attached to our brigade during the First Bull Run campaign. Whenever the battery was short-handed, it was to us that Lieutenant Benjamin

came for help, and the boys always considered it an honor to serve under his orders. It was sometimes hard to tell which we thought the more of—Benjamin's Battery or the Eighth Michigan.



Woodbury, in his History of the Ninth Corps, says: "The month of August was the gloomiest month of the gloomy summer of 1862. The campaigns that had been so brilliantly commenced by Grant and Foote in the West, Burnside and Goldsborough in the East, and Butler and Farragut in the South, seemed in danger of end-

ing in disaster and defeat. The interest of the country centered upon the movements that were making in Virginia. General Lee, released from the necessity of defending Richmond, was hurling his entire army upon General Pope, who with forty thousand men was endeavoring to hold the line of the Rappahannock. * * * Perhaps there has not been, in the history of the war, such confused, and, at the same time, such sanguinary fighting as marked the retreat of General Pope from the Rapidan to the defences of Washington. On the part of the enemy, General Jackson seemed ubiquitous, and harassed our troops almost beyond measure. On our own side, some of the officers of the Army of the Potomac, somewhat sore from their failure on the Peninsula and in a measure dispirited, appeared to be content with doggedly preventing an utter defeat, without any desire to achieve a victory."

Our duty now was to guard the left flank of Pope's army Our course lay up the north bank of the Rappahannock, and Haytown was reached at noon, where we halted for dinner, after which the march was continued until late at night. On the 14th, we resumed our march early in the day, and towards evening reached Rappahannock Station, where we camped for the night. The next day, after a wearisome march over muddy roads, we passed through Culpeper, a little before three in the afternoon. An occasional rain storm did not at all add to our comfort or happiness. The streams were swollen and difficult to cross, and the roads were blocked with artillery and baggage-wagons, so that we were obliged to squeeze our way through between the obstructions and by the road sides. Although in light marching order, we found the march a very heavy one. We bivouacked just a little to the east of Culpeper.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 16th a dress (!) parade was ordered, and at ten we resumed our march in

a southwesterly direction, and about noon halted near Cedar, or Slaughter Mountain, the battle-ground of the 9th, and where, we had been led to believe, General Banks had gained a famous victory over Stonewall Jackson. We soon learned that somebody did gain a victory there, but it was not General Banks.

On Sunday, the 17th, we went through the form of inspection, but there was little for the inspecting officer to do, save to examine our weather-stained muskets; these we managed to keep in working order. On Monday the 18th, a general muster of the whole army was made, by special orders from the War Department. In order to cut down expenses, perhaps, the government had decided to withdraw all pay and rations from bands which accompanied volunteer regiments; and with deep regret we saw Robertson and his men depart for home. Our band had been our pride; none in the field could equal it, and its members, who were all professional musicians, were being constantly called on to instruct and drill the "country" bands who accompanied new regiments into the field. Our officers had heretofore generously subscribed a part of their hard-earned pay, for the purpose of keeping the band in the field; but now that government support was wholly withdrawn, we were obliged to part with them.

Up to this time Lee's army had been acting on the defensive, operating and manœuvring south of the Rapidan; but now that his forces were well in hand, he assumed the offensive, and began the movements which necessitated Pope's retreat to the north bank of the Rappahannock. Late on the afternoon of the 18th it was discovered that large bodies of the enemy were massing opposite Raccoon Ford, and at one o'clock on the morning of the 19th our retrograde movement began. We marched in a northeasterly direction, and by daylight had reached Stevensburgh, a distance of about seven

miles. Halting only long enough to boil a cup of coffee, the march was resumed, and Barnett's Ford, on the Rappahannock, reached early in the evening. Crossing the river we halted for supper, and then marching a couple of miles further up the river, rested for the night at nine o'clock, having been twenty hours on the road. We were thoroughly tired out, and Pope received many a "blessing." At this time we knew nothing of the general plans of either the Union or Confederate armies. We only knew that we were being marched and countermarched till we were "most worried to death," as some of our men expressed it. We began to think that either Pope was not a very smart general, or that the enemy was particularly active and managed by better leaders; and when, after a hard day's march in one direction, we were routed out at night to march part of the way back again, the men thought they had covered sufficient ground for complaint.

On this night we dropped on the ground wherever we happened to stack our muskets—too tired to put up our shelter tents. We were warned, too, to be ready to move at a moment's notice, as the enemy was close at hand. We were not disturbed during the night, however; but early on the morning of the 20th our cavalry pickets on the south side of the river were driven in, and the brigade was formed in line of battle, and two of our companies sent down to the ford in support of the cavalry, where they remained till evening and then returned. Late in the evening the march was resumed, and when Kelly's Ford was reached we halted for the balance of the night. Just before noon on the 21st, the brigade, accompanied by some cavalry and artillery, under General Stevens, crossed to the south side of the river to make a reconnoissance. We found the enemy's skirmishers a short distance beyond, strongly posted in the woods, and after some lively firing drove them back for a mile or so, and

at dark returned to our bivouac of the night before. During the afternoon we could hear the sound of heavy guns, off to our right, and it seemed evident that the enemy was pressing our army to a general engagement.

We remained in our bivouac on the 22d, and as we found a good supply of hay and straw in the fields south of the river, made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. A heavy rain in the evening drenched us to the skin, but when it ceased we built fires and soon had our clothes dry again. There was no disturbance during the night, and at daylight of the 23d we were up, and each man being his own cook, we soon had a large number of fires started, about which we gathered to prepare our breakfast. A few of us were round a fire larger than some of the others, and about a dozen cups and pails, with one or two frying pans, were in use. While we stood or sat watching the cooking process, the enemy must have been watching us; for, just as some of our cups began to boil, a shell came screaming through the air and struck the ground within a few feet of our kitchen. No one was hurt; but the flying dirt and sand upset most of our cups, and half filled the others with dirt and ashes. At the same moment the bugle sounded the assembly, and as the location was too dangerous for "coffee coolers" to tarry in, we were obliged to snatch what was left of our half-cooked breakfast, and swallow it while marching.

Our route led us along the north bank of the river, on the opposite side of which the enemy could be plainly seen. He was evidently bent on effecting a crossing, which our troops strenuously opposed. When we reached Rappahannock Station, having made the complete circuit since the 14th, we saw the effects of the cannonading heard by us while at Kelly's Ford. Jackson's command held the left of the enemy's line, and it seemed to be a race between him and Sigel, who commanded our right.

These two had fought a sharp artillery duel from opposite sides of the river. Dead horses lying about, and here and there wounded men in the ambulances, attested the severity of the engagement. As we approached the station, passing along the road in full view of the enemy, his fire increased. Our batteries replied vigorously, and for an hour or more the shot and shell flew thick and fast. Another heavy shower dampened our clothing, and also rendered the roads—bad enough before—almost impassable. But the halts were few; we pushed on rapidly, and late at night reached a point near White Sulphur Springs, on the extreme north fork of the Rappahannock, where we bivouacked for the night. The forced marches we had made, during the campaign thus far, began to tell severely on the men, many of whom were still suffering from swamp fever, and it was with the greatest exertion that these men could at all keep up with the column. In fact, some were unable to do so and were captured.

On Sunday morning, the 24th, we reached the Springs. Firing along the line of the river was very heavy; and now, that we had reached the base of the Bull Run range of mountains, we knew that a stand must be made, or our retreat continued towards Warrenton or Manassas. The Highlanders had no reason to feel confident of a victory near the scene of our first Bull Run, especially in the light of our recent experience; yet, we never doubted for a moment that "somehow" we would pull through. We knew that McClellan's army was returning from the Peninsula to reinforce us; and this offset the further knowledge that we had the whole Rebel army in our front. The question that naturally occurred to us was: Can the Army of the Potomac reach us before Lee strikes? It was easy to see that the enemy was forcing matters; but our route of march was bringing us closer to our expected supports, who would doubtless march either by way of Fredericksburgh or Alexandria. In the

afternoon the bridge across the river at the Springs was destroyed, and the Highlanders were thrown forward in advance, and a strong picket line established. The Second brigade had arrived early in the afternoon; other troops were being massed, and we expected a battle on the following morning. When the morning of the 25th opened, however, there was no enemy to be seen! Where had he gone? We found out in a day or two.

Our march was now directed towards Warrenton, five miles distant in a northeasterly direction, and now that the line of the Rappahannock had been abandoned, we were uncertain as to where we would next meet the enemy. After resting an hour or two at Warrenton, the march was resumed, not along the Warrenton pike, but southeast, in the direction of Warrenton Junction. Our route followed the line of the railroad, and at night we bivouacked near Eastern View. On the morning of the 26th we continued our weary way, and in the evening halted at the Junction. We were not disturbed during the night; in fact nothing but a serious attack by the enemy could have disturbed us. The men were so tired and worn out, that as soon as the column halted we threw ourselves on the ground and were soon fast asleep.

During the rapid marching our commissariat had become sadly demoralized, and had it not been for the privilege we had of subsisting off the inhabitants, we would have been in a starving condition. Pope believed in compelling the country through which we passed to contribute to our support, so we managed to subsist without serious trouble. On the morning of the 27th, somewhat to our surprise, three days' rations were issued and our march was resumed; or rather, we countermarched nearly to the point where we had bivouacked the night before. Here we halted for half an hour, and then by a northeast course, arrived at the town of Greenwich, within a mile and a half of the Warrenton road, where we

bivouacked for the night. On the morning of the 28th our course led us due east towards Manassas Junction, and when within a mile of that place we halted till the other regiments of the division closed up; then a skirmish line covering the brigade front was deployed from the regiment, our artillery was placed in battery, and the advance towards the Junction was made as cautiously as though the enemy was in our front.

Up to this moment we were not aware of the destructive work performed by Jackson in the rear of our army When we heard of his leaving our front at White Sulphur Springs, we never dreamed that he would be allowed to get in our rear and destroy our quartermaster and commissary stores. It appeared, however, that after leaving our front on the night of the 24th, Jackson passed rapidly around to our right, and by forced marches reached Thoroughfare Gap, in the Bull Run range, and on the evening of the 26th our scouts reported that he had passed through, and was then directing his march against our supply trains at Manassas Junction and Bristoe, at which latter point he arrived with 25,000 men, late in the evening, and at once dispatched a force to destroy the stores at Manassas Junction. Jackson, with the main body of his troops, left Bristoe on the morning of the 27th, leaving Ewell's division as a rear guard, with orders to fall back to Manassas and from there *via* Blackburn's Ford to the old battlefield of Bull Run, in case of being attacked by superior numbers. In the afternoon Hooker encountered Ewell, who, after a slight show of resistance, fell back towards Manassas as directed. Meanwhile Jackson had completed his work of destruction. Old "Blue Light" had played with Pope and won the first part of the game, and while we were approaching Manassas Junction, expecting to meet Jackson—or at least Ewell—those Generals with their commands were north of Groveton, seven miles distant.

Our disgust can be imagined, when, on reaching the railroad station, we found nothing but a heap of smouldering ruins, the only rebels in sight being a few dead ones, killed by our cavalry, perhaps after the main body of the enemy had made good their escape. We found only one car intact, and that was loaded with ammunition, the enemy no doubt being careful not to set fire to it while they were in the vicinity, helping themselves to the good things, and in their hurry of leaving had forgotten to destroy it. After removing the ammunition to a place of safety away from the burning ruins, we continued our march towards Blackburn's Ford. During the afternoon a heavy rain storm caused a halt, after which we went on our way and during the night crossed the ford and bivouacked in the fields between the stream and Centreville.

CHAPTER XIII.

POPE'S CAMPAIGN [CONTINUED.] BATTLE OF SECOND BULL RUN.

THE SITUATION.—Jackson's Raid.—Pope's Attempts to Capture Jackson.—Morning of the 29th.—Old Landmarks.—"We Fights Mit Sigel!"—The Highlanders Engage the Enemy.—Night of the 29th.—Absence of Ninth Corps Reports.—Morning of the 30th.—Reno's Command and Ricketts' and Kearney's Divisions on the Right.—Highlanders Feel the Enemy and Discover his Position.—Captain More Severely Wounded.—Supporting Batteries.—Colonel Farnsworth Wounded.—Union Left and Left-Center Turned.—The Right Ordered to Fall Back.—Mad-Cap Kearney.—Capture of Lieutenant Heffron.—Retreat to Centreville.—Lieutenant Falconer's Account.—Reno's Old Brigade Defends the Henry Hill.

IN order that the general situation at this time may be better understood, a knowledge of the following facts is essential: Jackson's flank movement has already been mentioned; dispatches captured by General Stuart, the Confederate cavalry leader, during a raid at Bristoe Station on the 24th, no doubt informed the enemy of the large amount of stores at Manassas Junction, and the temptation to capture or destroy these, was too great to be resisted. Jackson's advance reached the Junction late on the night of the 26th, and 50,000 pounds of bacon, 1,000 barrels of beef, 2,000 barrels of flour and three hundred new tents, besides a large lot of sutlers' stores, were destroyed, after the enemy had helped themselves to all they could carry away with them. About 300 horses and a number of field guns were also included in the spoils. As soon as Pope learned of this fire in his rear, which was not till Hooker met Ewell on the afternoon of the 27th, he was obliged to change front to meet the foe in this unexpected quarter; hence our hurried

marches towards the Junction. On the night of the 27th Jackson withdrew the bulk of his command towards Groveton, Ewell's division marching to Blackburn's Ford, which he crossed on the morning of the 28th, and then marched up the north bank of the stream towards the Warrenton turnpike, thence across the Stone Bridge and joined the rest of Jackson's command.

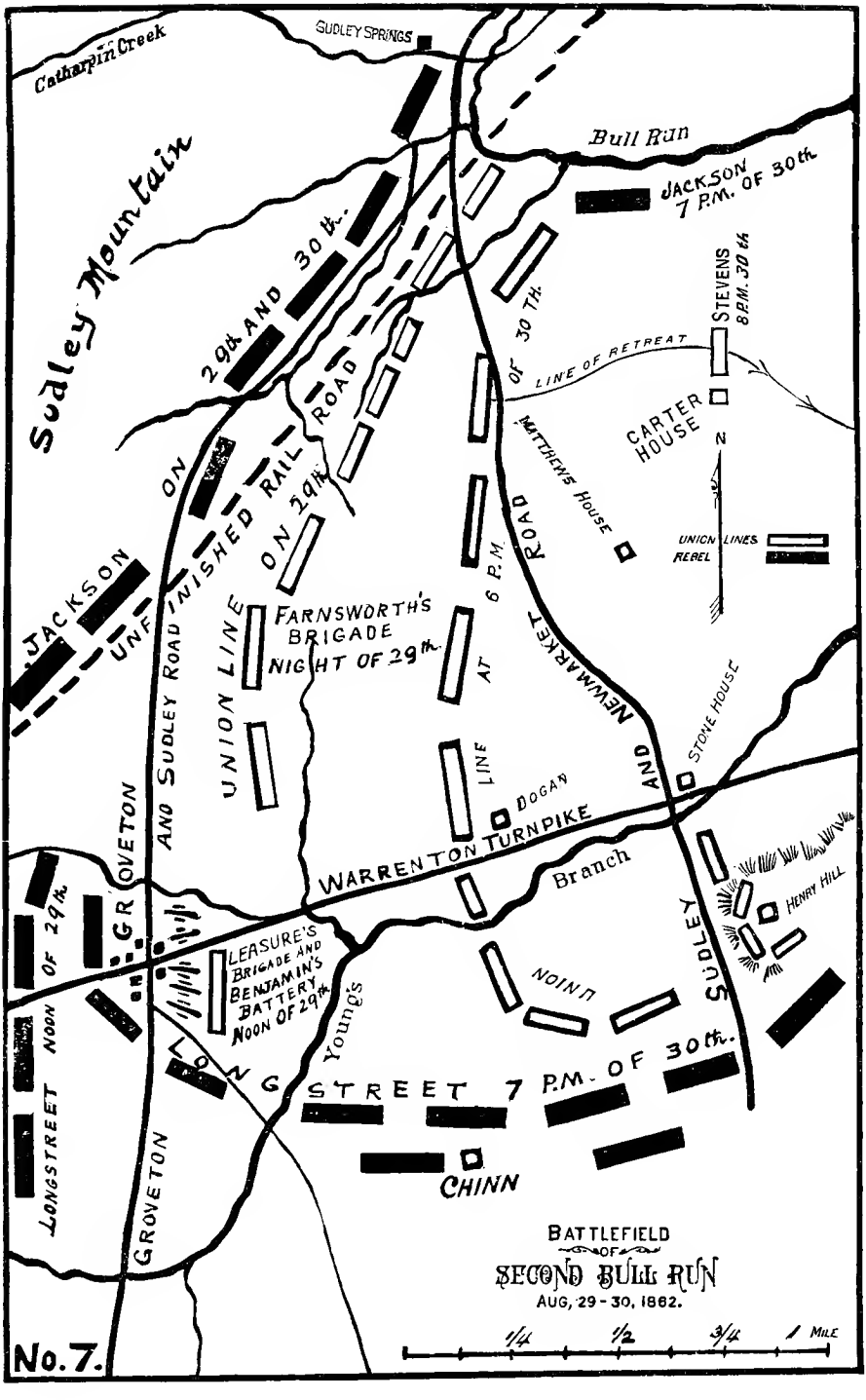
Jackson, in his report, says: "My command had hardly concentrated north of the turnpike before the enemy's advance reached the vicinity of Groveton from Warrenton." This was King's division of McDowell's corps which had been pushed forward to cut Jackson off from his supposed retreat by way of Thoroughfare Gap. Meanwhile Ricketts with his division, also of McDowell's corps had been sent forward to the gap to intercept Longstreet, who was following after Jackson.

Late in the afternoon of the 28th, Jackson held the line of an unfinished railroad running from Sudley Springs towards Gainsville. His nearest support, about eight miles away, was Longstreet's command, the advance of which had just made its way through the Gap. Ricketts had not yet withdrawn from Longstreet's front; King was holding a position just north of the Warrenton pike, about mid-way between Groveton and Gainsville, and confronted Jackson's right wing; Sigel with his whole corps was on the line of the Sudley Springs and New Market road, his right close to the Warrenton pike; Reynolds with his division was just south of Groveton; Kearney had crossed Blackburn's Ford in pursuit of Ewell, and Reno's command was following; Hooker was in our rear and Fitz John Porter was at Bristoe Station. This being the situation late in the afternoon and early in the evening of the 28th, it is not strange that Pope, as his orders indicated, expected to overwhelm Jackson and possibly capture a large part of his command.

So many critics have reviewed this campaign, and have pointed out just how we might have achieved success, that the writer will not burden these pages with more than a recital of facts; with the controversy that has for years been carried on between Generals Pope and Fitz John Porter, respecting the latter's alleged flagrant disobedience of orders on the battle field, we have nothing to say Partizanship, on both sides, seems to have entered so largely into the consideration of the questions and points involved, that it is exceedingly difficult for any one to form an intelligent opinion, as to whether, as Pope claims—Porter was responsible for the loss of the battles fought on the 29th and 30th; or, according to the Military Board which reviewed his case—Porter, by his technical disobedience of orders, was the means of saving Pope's entire army from destruction.

The morning of the 29th found the Highlanders between Blackburn's Ford and Centreville, where we remained for two or three hours; or, until the sound of heavy guns in the direction of the position occupied by Jackson, indicated that an engagement was about to be fought. When the command to march was given we made our way through the fields towards the Warrenton pike, striking the road a short distance east of the Stone Bridge. It was a little before noon when we reached the main road, along which we had marched early on the morning of the 21st of July, of the previous year, and by which we made our way to Centreville on the retreat. As we now moved along to the sound of the big guns many familiar landmarks were pointed out: "Say, Jack, do you see that well? That's where I lost my cap last year." "Don't you remember that house, Tom?" "Hello! there's a few rails left yet, ain't there?" "There's a broken wagon wheel, I wonder if it has been lying there ever since?"

What a contrast there was between our feelings and


Catharpin Creek
SUDLEY SPRINGS
Bull Run
Sudley Mountain
JACKSON 7 P.M. OF 30th.
STEVENS 8 P.M. 30th
29th AND 30th.
LINE OF RETREAT
OF 30TH.
CARTER HOUSE
MATTHEWS HOUSE
UNION LINES
REBEL
ON 29th
UNFINISHED RAIL ROAD
JACKSON
FARNSWORTH'S BRIGADE NIGHT OF 29th.
UNION LINE
6 P.M. AT
NEW MARKET ROAD
STONE HOUSE
AND SUDLEY ROAD
GROVETON
LINE
DOGAN
WARRENTON TURNPIKE
Branch
HENRY HILL
SUDLEY
OF 29th.
LEASURE'S BRIGADE AND BENJAMIN'S BATTERY NOON OF 29th.
UNION
Young's
LONGSTREET NOON
LONG STREET 7 P.M. OF 30th.
GROVETON
CHINN
BATTLEFIELD OF SECOND BULL RUN
AUG. 29-30, 1862.
1/4 1/2 3/4 1 MILE
No. 7.

actions now, and that Sunday in Sixty-one! *Then* we supposed the rebels would never stand before us in a fair field fight; *now* we knew they would, and that only by hard knocks and a great sacrifice of lives could a victory be obtained. Meanwhile, as we approached the Stone Bridge the thunder of battle grew louder, and we were put to the double-quick. We crossed the bridge, passed the stone house at the intersection of the Sudley road and pushed on towards Groveton.

Sigel, who with the First corps had been engaged with the enemy since half-past six o'clock, says of our arrival on the field: "I now directed General Schenck (whose division was on the left and some distance in advance of the other divisions of the corps), to draw his lines nearer to us, and to attack the enemy's right flank and rear by a change of front to the right, thereby assisting our troops in the center. This movement could not be executed by General Schenck with his whole division, as he became briskly engaged with the enemy who tried to turn our extreme left. At this critical moment, when the enemy had almost outflanked us on both wings, and was preparing a new attack against our center, Major-General Kearney arrived on the field of battle and deployed by the Sudley Springs road on the right, while General Reno's troops came to our support by the Gainesville (Warrenton) turnpike."

Leasure's brigade, of our division, was sent with Benjamin's battery to support the right of Schenck's division at Groveton. Benjamin planted his guns on an elevation just south of the turnpike, at the outskirts of the town, the brigade forming on the reverse side of the hill in support. The bulk of Schenck's division was on their left, and it was very evident that a large force of the enemy was in their front, and which proved to be the left of Longstreet's line and the advance troops of his command, which had just formed a junction with Jack-

son. No wonder Schenck could not execute the change of front ordered by Sigel.

On the north side of the turnpike, and in a line with Benjamin's guns, was a battery or two belonging to Sigel's command, probably to Schenck's division, who, upon our arrival, were engaged in a lively cannonade against the newly arrived Confederates. Benjamin's twenty-pounders were soon adding their fire, and for an hour or more a deadly artillery duel was fought. When the enemy's fire seemed the hottest, the guns on Benjamin's right, with their infantry supports, were withdrawn. Why, we did not learn, unless it was because they were out of ammunition. But none were sent to take their places, and in a moment or two the enemy devoted all his attention to Benjamin. Appreciating the danger of his position, Benjamin, in order to deceive the enemy and also to infuse fresh courage into his men—many of whom had fallen—led them in three hearty cheers. The gunners stuck to their pieces manfully, and Benjamin remained at his post until the concentrated fire of thirteen rebel guns had killed and wounded thirty of his men and smashed two of his pieces. The battery, and its supports, were then withdrawn, and Schenck soon followed.

It was unfortunate that our position at Groveton was not strengthened and held. By a slight change in the direction of our artillery fire our guns could have enfiladed the right of Jackson's line. The mistake in withdrawing the troops was discovered when too late to remedy the fault. The position was better adapted for fighting a battle than that to which the troops were now ordered. As soon as they retired, the position was at once secured by the enemy, who not only saw but appreciated the advantage. During the afternoon the Union commander saw his mistake and wished to re-occupy the vantage ground, but the troops who were sent to perform

the task met with a bloody repulse. Groveton was the key to the line, and the enemy knew it.

Meanwhile, Colonel Christ's brigade had been sent north of the pike, to support General Kearney, while ours, under Colonel Farnsworth, was ordered to report to General Sigel. Captain Lusk, of the Highlanders, serving at the time on General Stevens staff, conducted us to Sigel, who ordered us to report to General Schurz. Captain Lusk says: "I found Schurz leaning against a haystack, near the woods, and by him was directed to take the command into the woods and report to Colonel Schimmelpfennig, who was at that time behind the railroad embankment. Schimmelpfennig did not give any orders direct to the commander of the brigade, but requested me to see that it relieved a portion of his men, that the latter might retire to get something to eat."

We occupied a position on the left of Schimmelpfennig's brigade. On our left was the brigade of Colonel Kryzanowski; and on his left, General Milroy, also commanding a brigade of Schurz's division, was posted. As we moved to our place in the front line of battle, the enemy's sharp-shooters were busy picking off our men; and when our line was formed, orders were given to fire a few volleys into the woods. We did so, but were unable to see any of the enemy Then we fired at will for a few minutes, aiming at nothing in particular. Our fire cleared the enemy's sharpshooters from our front, however, but not until a number of our men had been wounded. We held our position till near dark, not knowing what was going on on either side of us. The troops of Schurz had been withdrawn—some of them driven back by the enemy—but Colonel Farnsworth had received no orders from any one, and when the left of our main line had been driven back, late in the day, Gen'l Stevens set out to find the brigades of his command. Captain Lusk says again: "I was directed to find Farns-

worth; was sent by Sigel to Schurz, and by Schurz to Schimmelpfennig. The gallant German, when at last found, exclaimed: 'Mein Got! de troops, dey all runned avay, and I guess your men runned avay too!' General Stevens was indignant, and used some pretty strong language when I carried back this report, and ordered me to find the missing regiments, and not to return until I brought them with me. I started, therefore, for the old railroad embankment. Luckily I found Farnsworth just on the edge of the woods. He said he was waiting for orders; had had none since I left him in the morning. We had scarcely started back, to rejoin Stevens, when the enemy's skirmishers appeared, to occupy the ground."

It will thus be seen that our two little regiments had n't "runned avay" at all, but had held the position assigned them by Schimmelpfennig himself; and when *his* troops "runned avay," he forgot all about us. Had the enemy known that but two small regiments were in their front for two or three hours, doubtless we would have been compelled to fall back, too, but we certainly did not have any occasion to retreat, and Farnsworth was not the man to fall back or abandon his position without orders. We were now withdrawn across the open field, to a belt of woods, where line was established for the night.

General Stevens had accompanied Leasure's brigade when it was sent to Groveton, and in the afternoon he supported Kearney's division in a desperate charge on the enemy, who occupied the line of the railroad grade, some distance to our right. In this charge the Roundheads suffered greatly, while General Stevens had his horse shot under him. When the fighting was over for the day, the brigades were brought together and Stevens resumed command of his division.

We found some coffee had been prepared for us, and a

quarter of beef was lying in the woods, a short distance in our rear. By threes and fours we were allowed to leave the line for a few minutes, in order to obtain the much-needed refreshment. Small fires had been kindled, over which, on the ends of our ramrods, we toasted the strips of meat, cut from the quarter lying on the ground. Swallowing this, in a minute or two, we were obliged to return to the line, that others might obtain their supper. No one was allowed to sleep. It was a dreary night and an anxious one to all of us. We could not see that any advantage had been gained by our army, and the shadows of Sixty-one hung over the field of Sixty-two. Long into the night the musketry fire on our left continued, and from our position, at the edge of the woods, we could see the flash of the rifles. We were too far off to hear the reports of the guns, but the flashes were clearly visible, and looked like myriads of fire-flies in the distance. The dreary night wore slowly away and at last gave place to daylight of the 30th.

During the night the enemy had withdrawn his advance troops a short distance, in order to re-arrange his lines for the decisive battle that was about to be fought, and when daylight appeared General Pope and many of his subordinates believed that the enemy had retreated. A council of war was held, of general officers at Pope's headquarters, and the majority of them inclined to the belief held by Pope. General Stevens however, insisted that the enemy would be found, whereupon Pope ordered him to feel the enemy in his front. While this conference was taking place we had been moved a mile or thereabouts to the right of the position occupied during the night, and when General Stevens returned to his command, Captain More, in command of about one hundred men, was ordered to deploy a line of skirmishers, and advance till the enemy was found, the movement being supported by the balance of the regiment under command of Major Elliot.

Our skirmish line had not got far into the woods in our front, before they were met by a heavy fire from the enemy concealed there; pushing on our men drove the enemy's skirmishers back, and when their main line was encountered at the railroad cut, the volleys of musketry that met them caused a halt. Captain More was severely, it was thought fatally, wounded, and was carried from the field, and word was sent back to General Stevens that the enemy's position had been developed. The command was then recalled. We suffered severely during the advance, and when the point from which we started was regained the regiment, with others of the division, was ordered in support of our batteries, which had taken positions a little west of the Sudley road. The enemy soon re-occupied the ground from which they had been driven, and thus matters remained in our immediate front till late in the afternoon. In our front was an open field, sloping gently down to the woods, and to our left the country was partially cleared so that the movement of troops could be pretty clearly observed.

Of the movements on our left General Sigel says: "On Saturday, the 30th of August, I was informed by Major-General Pope that it was his intention to break the enemy's left, and that I, with the First corps, should hold the center; Major-General Reno should take position on my right and General Reynolds on my left.

"After having taken position as ordered, the corps of Major-General (Fitz John) Porter passed between the enemy and our lines, and was forming a line of battle on the open field before the First corps and that of General Reno, masking thereby our whole front." After a while Porter's troops advanced into the woods in their front, and Sigel continues: "Suddenly heavy discharges began in front, the corps of General Porter having met the enemy, who was advantageously posted behind a well-adapted breastwork—the old Manassas Gap railroad

track. * * * During the execution of these movements General Porter's troops came out of the woods in pretty good order, bringing a great number of wounded with them."

It was only the front of the Second division of our command that was thus covered for a time by Porter's corps, for while these movements were progressing on our left, the batteries which we were supporting, kept up a steady fire across the clear space into the woods in our front, preventing the enemy from making any advance in that direction. Late in the afternoon our line was weakened by the withdrawal of troops to support the left, now strongly pressed by the enemy under Longstreet, and the bulk of our Second division was sent in that direction.

A number of our men were killed and wounded by bursting shells as we lay behind our guns. Colonel Farnsworth was hit in the leg and received a wound which disabled him. General Ricketts with two brigades of his division was on our right at this time, and General Stevens and he watched anxiously the progress of the battle. About six o'clock we noticed that the enemy was forcing the left of our line; we could see our troops falling back, some of them in confusion, and realized that if a determined assault was made on our position, our line, weakened by the absence of troops which had been sent to reinforce our left, would hardly be able to resist the charge. The line of fire driving slowly but surely back on the left, we soon observed that in our front the enemy was gathering for an assault. Our artillery fire was increased, and just as the enemy's skirmish line appeared advancing from the cover of the woods, a mounted officer came spurring at a gallop to where Generals Stevens and Ricketts were standing, and delivered General Pope's orders to fall back at once; that the left had been turned, and that if we did not fall back instantly we would be cut off and captured.

Accordingly, without haste and without the least confusion, the batteries limbered up and moved back to the Sudley road, and by that road and the Warrenton pike to and across the Stone Bridge. Ricketts' division followed and then ours. As soon as we began moving back, the enemy flocked out of the woods in considerable numbers, and pressed so hard that twice we formed a partial line and delivered a few volleys which retarded their advance. The second time, and just as our brigade was forming line, and the rear of the other regiments were filing past out of our front, we heard the exulting shouts and yells of the enemy, who had gained the position just left by us. At that moment too, and just as the early twilight rendered objects indistinct in the woods, a one-armed horseman galloped up followed by some straggling infantry; we recognized General Kearney "What in h—l are you d——d cowards running away for?" he exclaimed—a regiment on our right had broken, and the general no doubt thought that a stampede was about to take place. Some one replied that we were not running away very much just then, and that if he wanted to know why we had left our position, he could "go and see." Turning to his men he shouted: "Come on boys! We'll show these fellows how to fight!" It seemed but a moment, before we heard a terrific volley of musketry, the bullets whistling over our heads, and a moment later the gallant Kearney came dashing back through the woods, his men following at his heels in great disorder. "By —— boys! it's hotter than h—l there!" he exclaimed, and disappeared with his men. The enemy followed yelling and firing at the retreating troops, but Stevens' veterans stood firm. Captain Lusk says: "Captain Stevens, our Assistant Adjutant-general, realizing the necessity of presenting a bold and determined front to the enemy, caused the Highlanders and another regiment on their right to again halt for a

few minutes and to pour so well aimed and heavy a volley into the faces of the exulting enemy that they in turn fell back into the heavy woods."

Kearney had hurried with a portion of his division to support our line and with his usual impetuosity had outstripped all but a handful of his men; even then he came too late It was frequently remarked that Kearney should never have been placed in command of infantry; well mounted cavalry were the only troops that could keep up with the dashing soldier, when on the field.

Ricketts' and our division now moved directly to the rear, crossing the Sudley road instead of following the artillery down it, and we soon found Ricketts posted in line upon the crest of quite an eminence near the Carter House, almost on the same spot where our first line of battle was formed when we entered the field at the first Bull Run. We filed in behind them in close order and halted. It was now dusk. The pursuing enemy came up to the foot of the eminence when Ricketts' line opened fire upon them, and they halted. It was now pitch dark. Ricketts' division silently moved off.

A few moments after Ricketts withdrew, musketry firing in our front warned us that the enemy was close by, and General Stevens, knowing that there was now nothing between his command and the enemy, sent Lieutenant Heffron, of the Highlanders, one of his aids, to go to the crest of the hill and observe carefully, and note whether the enemy were advancing. Heffron discerning nothing from the crest, incautiously rode down the hill and soon encountered a line of troops. To turn about and ride back would have discovered his identity at once. Putting on an indifferent air he asked: "What regiment is this?" The reply was more prompt than satisfactory: "Fifth Alabama." "All right," responded Heffron—as coolly as though visions of Libby Prison were not dancing before his imagination—and quietly

turned his horse and began to ride off on a line parallel with the line of troops, intending to gradually draw off towards our own lines. He had gone but a few paces however, when the Alabamian cried, "Halt! Who are *you*?" Heffron pretended not to hear, but the command was repeated so sharply, that a failure to comply would doubtless have lost the Highlanders one of their most popula rofficers, so to the question, "Who are *you*?" again repeated, he replied: "A Union Officer." "Dismount, d—d quick!" was the next command, which he instantly obeyed, and was conducted to the headquarters of the rebel army, where he was kindly treated. Heffron was disposed to look upon his misfortune as one of the chances of war, and to treat the matter philosophically Having no blanket of his own he appropriated the first one he saw, rolled himself up in it and slept soundly till morning, when he learned that he had taken possession of a Confederate general's bed-clothes! Fortunately his imprisonment was of short duration, for he was soon exchanged, and rejoined the regiment in October.

Heffron not returning, General Stevens sent his son, Captain Hazard Stevens, with the same instructions he had given Heffron. The Captain says: "I rode back to the crest, strained my eyes into the gloom, but could see nothing,—listened, but could hear nothing—was on the point of riding a few paces down the hill to make sure, but, rendered more careful by Heffron's disappearance, luckily resisted the impulse and returned. By this time the command was filing on in retreat, under the guidance of Major Elliot of the Highlanders, who undertook to find the ford across Bull Run by which the regiment advanced to the first battle of Bull Run the year before, and did so successfully."

We crossed at Farm Ford, bringing up the rear on our line of march, while a strong guard was thrown out to pick up all stragglers and destroy such arms as were

found lying about in our line of march. Striking the turnpike, the regiment crossed Cub Run and went into bivouac near Centreville, where we lay on our arms all night. So tired and worn out were many of the men that several fell out of the ranks and were taken prisoners. We learned, too, than several of the drum corps had been captured while conveying the wounded to the field hospital. While being removed, Colonel Farnsworth, irritated by his wound which was a painful one, found so much fault with his bearers that the boys, unused to such ingratitude, dropped their burden, and left him to find his own way to the hospital or within the lines. The Colonel was brought safely off, however. When the rear guard of the column, which retired by way of the Stone Bridge, had passed that place, the bridge was blown up, in order to retard the enemy's advance.

When the regiment retired from the field, companies B and H, under the command of Lieutenant D G. Falconer, of Company B, were detailed to remain in the position last occupied by the line, to serve as a covering party, with instructions to remain until all the troops had retired, and to note whether any advance was made by the enemy A portion of Jackson s command had been observed moving to our right, just at dusk, and it was feared an effort might be made to strike our column in flank as it moved towards the crossing of the stream. This duty was extremely delicate and required the utmost caution on our part. Lieutenant Falconer thus describes the movements of his command: "Captain Graham (of Company H) being disabled, I was assigned to the command of the two companies. Our canteens and tin cups were muffled to prevent their rattling, and we were ordered to remain on the ground till all the troops were across Bull Run, and then to get across ourselves as best we could. We waited there until everything was across

and then quietly marched in the same direction. As we neared the stream we found that the enemy were close to it and but a short distance off on our left; their camp fires could be distinctly seen, and just as we got to the edge of the water we were fired upon by some of their pickets. The command got down the bank as best they could, quietly, and waded across.

"On the north side we found bodies of troops marching towards the turnpike, but we could learn nothing of our own regiment. We ascertained from some mounted officers that the army was falling back on Centreville, and thither we proceeded, making frequent inquiries for the regiment but not finding it. We reached Centreville shortly before midnight and bivouacked in an open field, the rain falling meanwhile; but we slept soundly till morning, and then found the regiment stationed on the skirmish line, a short distance east of Cub Run."

It may be interesting to the Highlanders to know that the Henry Hill, near the extreme left of our line, was the scene of as bloody a repulse to a portion of the enemy, just at the close of the battle, as it had been to us at the first battle. The valliant men we have to thank for this was the Second brigade of our Second division and Graham's battery of U. S. Artillery, under the personal direction of General Reno. The following account of this brilliant affair is taken from General Walcott's "History of the Twenty-first Massachusetts Volunteers":

"As we came to the hill, General McDowell, known to us all by his peculiar white hat, came up to General Reno and shook hands. The last Union troops withdrew from our front, and we moved into position on the crest of the hill, drowning the rebel yells with cheers for ten thousand men. * * * The rebels waited to re-form their disordered lines before essaying an attack, which gave General Reno time to get up a battery, and us an oppor-

tunity to observe the situation. We covered the crossing of the Centreville pike over Young's Branch, and held a magnificent position for defense. The brigade was formed on a curved ridge, refusing the flanks a little. On the left was the Fifty-First New York, with their left resting near a small stream (a tributary of Young's Branch), the banks of which were fringed with thick bushes. The Twenty-First Massachusetts was in the center, and the Fifty-First Pennsylvania on the right.

"General Reno posted his battery of smooth-bores, double-shotted with canister, on a line with the infantry, and in the short intervals between the regiments. In our front was an open space of a few hundred yards, of gently sloping ground, ending in a grove. Behind us a struggling mass of artillery and wagons were trying to cross the bridge over Young's Branch, blocking the road as far as we could see; and not a soldier that we saw or knew of, besides ourselves, stood in line of battle or in reserve. Close in our rear, under the shelter of the hill, a temporary hospital had been established, and all around us the ground was thickly covered with wounded men. The mere fact that that thin, unsupported line of fifteen hundred men waited there, so steady and fearless, for the assault of the rebel masses which were forming in their front, was an act of heroism seldom paralleled in war.

"We had not long to wait. The sun had set and it was beginning to grow dark when we heard a confused hum and the rush of many feet in our front. 'Stand up!' was the order, and every man was on his feet. The open space in our front was now alive with the rebel masses, and General Reno gave the welcome order: 'Give them about ten rounds, boys. Fire!' A simultaneous volley rolled from infantry and artillery; and then it was every man for himself, and they made quick work. Our cartridges were of such small calibre that no ram-

ming was required, and the men had hardly got well warmed up before the firing was stopped. Nothing was standing on the field in front of us. * * *

"For half an hour we were unmolested, * * * when a force of the enemy, who, concealed by the thick brush, had crawled along the banks of the creek on our left, struck the Fifty-First New York on the flank with startling suddenness, and rolled them up with the loss of eighty-five men in a few seconds. The Twenty-First made a rapid change of front to face the enemy in his new position, and added their fire to that of the indomitable Fifty-First, who were now fighting most gallantly Two pieces of artillery were brought to the left, and the enemy was as fatally repulsed as before, and our line re-established. * * * About nine o'clock General Reno passed along the line and told us we were to abandon our position, and that our lives depended on the secrecy of the movement. The artillery was run off by hand, piece by piece; and, leaving our surgeons behind to care for the wounded, the regiments followed in succession from the right, file by file, re-forming across Young's Branch."

CHAPTER XIV

POPE'S CAMPAIGN [CONCLUDED]. BATTLE OF CHANTILLY.

RENO'S Command Under General Stevens Hold the Lines on the 31st.—Return of Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison.—Off for Chantilly.—Highlanders on Skirmish Line.—Captain Hazard Stevens.—Apples and Bullets.—Formation of the Division for the Charge.—Charge Described by Captain Stevens.—Charge of Morrison's Brigade.—Six Color-Bearers of the Highlanders Fall.—General Stevens Seizes the Flag.—His Death.—Violent Storm.—The Enemy Driven Back.—General Kearhey Reaches the Field.—Longstreet's Account of Kearney's Death.—The Entire Rebel Army Placed on the Defensive, and Pope's Army Saved from Disaster.—The Unequal Contest.—Reno Orders General Stevens Buried on the Field.—Highlanders Indignant.—Stevens' Body and the Flag sent to his Family.—How We Passed the Night.—Arrival at Alexandria.—Strength of the Regiment September 2d.—Move to Meridian Hill, Washington.

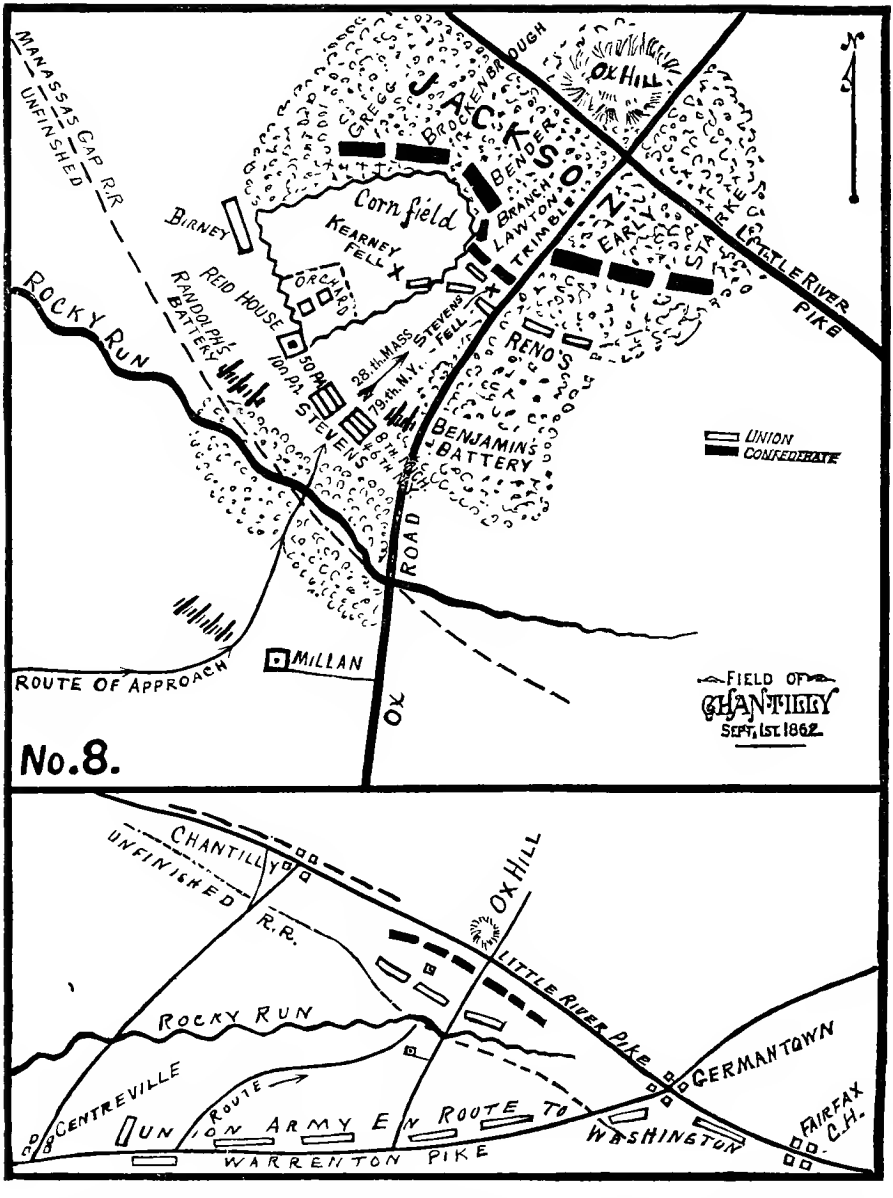
ON Sunday, the 31st, the two divisions of the Ninth corps, under command of General Stevens, General Reno being sick and off duty, were formed across the turnpike, about a mile west of Centreville, on the high ground overlooking the valley of Cub Run. Besides the artillery of the corps, which was posted advantageously along the line, a strong force of cavalry occupied the flanks of our position, while a heavy skirmish line was well advanced. Our brigade was on the left of the road, and the Highlanders were on the skirmish line, covering the brigade front. Rain began to fall at daylight and our condition was, to say the least, uncomfortable. No supper the night before; no breakfast or prospect of any; defeated in battle; wet through to the skin, and covered with mud from head to feet, we presented a rather demoralized appearance. But though defeated, we were by no means

vanquished. We fought the Second Bull Run, but did not skedaddle. We were ready and willing to receive the enemy whenever he saw fit to advance.

The enemy was not more than five hundred yards distant from our line, in strong force, apparently, and well supported by artillery, which kept up a steady fire on our lines, to which our batteries replied; but no attempt was made to force our lines, for reasons that will soon appear. At nightfall, after a wet and drizzling day, we were relieved by General Reynolds' division of the Third corps; and, marching to the heights about half a mile south of Centreville, we bivouacked for the night in an open field.

On Monday morning, September 1st, Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, who had been absent on account of wounds received at James Island, rejoined the regiment, and was at once given command of the brigade, in place of Colonel Farnsworth. About two o'clock in the afternoon, two cavalrymen dashed up to General Stevens' headquarters, with orders for the division to march immediately by the Warrenton pike and a cross-country road—with the cavalrymen as guides—to the Little River pike, and there take position to hold the enemy in check, who was reported as advancing in force down that road, with the evident design of striking our flank and seizing our line of retreat at or near Fairfax Court House. General Stevens had remarked, on Sunday, that the failure of the enemy to press our line west of Centreville indicated that they would "likely move around and strike us under the ribs"—a prediction that was now being verified.

Shortly before the order to march was received, General Stevens had caused the stacks of muskets to be counted as they stood in front of the several regiments, as being the best method of ascertaining the effective strength of the division. Captain Stevens reported 2,012 muskets. The effective rank and file when we left Fred-



[NOTE.—The author has searched diligently among the maps published by the Government, as well as among those contained in printed accounts of the battle, but found nothing except what was incorrect and misleading. Many accounts of the battle heretofore printed are also erroneous. The above map was drawn from sketches made by Generals Hazard Stevens and Charles F. Walcott, on the field in 1883. General Walcott was a Captain in the 21st Massachusetts, and General Stevens was Captain and A. A. G. of Stevens' division during the battle.

The positions of Union troops are located by the above named officers, and those of the Confederates according to their official reports.

The diagram below the map shows the relation the battle sustained to the Union army on its retreat to Washington.]

ericksburgh, August 13th, was about 4,000, so that in the battles of the 29th and 30th, and in the losses from disability on the forced marches, the division had lost about one-half its strength.

We were soon on the march, passing through the fields till we struck the Warrenton pike, about a mile east of Centreville, and here a small brigade of Reno's division fell in and followed ours. We proceeded about a mile and a half further on the pike toward Fairfax Court House, and then turned off to the left and followed a cart road, in an irregular north-easterly direction towards the Little River pike. The Highlanders held the right of the column, but in front of us rode General Stevens and staff with the cavalry guides. The latter informed Captain Stevens that they had been out foraging that morning in the direction of Chantilly, and had run into a heavy column of the enemy advancing down the turnpike, and had immediately galloped back to General Pope's headquarters with the information, whence they were at once despatched to General Stevens with the order as already stated.

Proceeding in this way about two miles after turning off from the Warrenton pike, the column was crossing a tract of high, open country, which sloped down gently in front to a marshy hollow covered with shrubs and partially timbered. Beyond it open fields appeared again, and beyond them dense woods. Those at the head of the column soon saw a thin line of men deployed across the farthest fields, and cautiously advancing, as if to strike the Warrenton pike between Centreville and Fairfax Court House, less than a mile distant, and which was now filled with the retreating troops and trains of the Union army

General Stevens saw at a glance that this movement of the enemy's must be arrested, or the line of retreat would be intercepted, the army cut in two while widely

extended on the road, and a great disaster inflicted. He called on Lieut.-Col. Morrison for three companies of the Highlanders, and those on the right of the line were at once deployed to form a skirmish line. Captains Lusk and Ives and Lieut. D. G. Falconer were the officers in charge of the line, Captain Lusk directing the right while Captain Ives had charge of the left wing. The line advanced, and at the foot of the hill encountered a brook, deep in many places, and lined on both sides with a tangled growth of brush and vines. Pushing through this the line emerged into more open ground. The left of the line crossed the hollow where there was less undergrowth to intercept the view, and through which ran the old and incomplete railroad bed—the projected Manassas Gap railroad. It was the continuation of this line that formed Jackson's line of defence on Friday and Saturday As the men crossed this grade, here an embankment, they exchanged fire with the rebel skirmishers who fell back.

Captain Stevens accompanied this part of our line and recalls the following incident: "I rode up the railroad bank to observe, and while standing there saw a rebel soldier at some distance helping a wounded comrade off the field, with one arm around his waist. Seeing a mounted officer on the embankment, he took his arm from his comrade's support, deliberately aimed his piece, and fired; and, at the instant, the bullet passed through the rim of my hat, inflicting a sharp rap on the head, which made it tingle and ache for some time. Twenty muskets were fired at him in return, without effect, and with perfect deliberation he shifted his musket to his left hand, clasped his right arm again around his comrade's waist and helped him slowly back until they disappeared in a field of corn behind them."

The skirmishers were ordered to push on and uncover the enemy's position. In front of the left of our line we observed a house and outbuildings, with an apple-orchard

on the right of the house and a large corn-field beyond the orchard. When our line was about half way across the open space, the enemy's skirmishers opened a brisk fire from the edge of the orchard and corn-field, but as they were well covered nothing could be seen but the puffs of smoke. Our line advanced steadily, firing an occasional shot as a glimpse was obtained of anything to shoot at, and when within a hundred yards of the house, our men, in order to gain the cover of the fence and trees, started on a run, the enemy's line falling back as we advanced. On reaching the (Reid) house, occupied by a family named Heath, we saw through the open doorway and windows, two or three of the enemy making a hurried exit into the cover of the orchard and corn-field beyond. The occupants of the house, an elderly couple, now presented themselves, and without waiting to be questioned said: "We have n't seen any Southern soldiers about here at all, and we hope there won't be any fighting about the house!" At that instant we heard the reports from several rifles a short distance beyond the house; two of our men were hit, and the parley with the occupants of the house was suddenly terminated. Our line was now ordered to advance through the orchard and corn-field. The apple trees were heavy with the yet green fruit, and the desire to fill our haversacks was too strong to be resisted, even under such adverse circumstances; so "between shots," we shook the trees to bring down some of the apples. We found, however, that shaking the trees brought more than the fruit; it told the enemy, who were posted on higher ground, just where we were, and their bullets rained into the orchard, severing twigs and bringing down as many apples as we cared to pick up. Several of our men were hit while engaged in this occupation; they fell as did Mother Eve, victims of their desire for forbidden fruit. When the opposite side of the orchard was gained we noticed the enemy in force, but a

short distance beyond, in the woods, and our line halted. On the enemy opening fire, the left of the line fell back, the right following, and when the open ground was regained a body of the enemy in line of battle were observed advancing from the cover of the woods, and the skirmishers continued to fall back before them.

During these movements of the skirmish line, our troops were not idle. General Stevens, without halting or retarding the march of his command, deployed them as fast as they came up, in a column of brigades in the edge of the field beyond the hollow The Highlanders were on the right of the First brigade and the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts on the left; the Eighth Michigan held the right of the Second, while the Fiftieth Pennsylvania were on their left; the Forty-Sixth New York occupied the right of the Third brigade with the One Hundredth Pennsylvania on their left. While this formation was taking place, the advance of the rebel line, above noted, was observed. Benjamin's battery was ordered into position a little to the front and right of the division, and upon his opening fire the rebel regiment immediately fell back and disappeared in the woods. The skirmishers were now recalled.

The column was formed in the edge of quite a large open tract, the further side of which was closed by the woods. Woods, too, extended on the right side all along the open tract. To the front and left of the column were the house, orchard and corn-field already mentioned.

Captain Stevens says: "The formation was nearly completed when General Reno appeared. General Stevens pointed out the position of the enemy; in a few strong words showed the necessity of hurling back his threatened advance, and declared his intention to attack as soon as his column was formed. General Reno seemed undecided and hesitating. He seemed not to approve the movement, but did not disapprove in words,

or, so far as I could judge, take command in any way, and soon turned and rode back. General Stevens now dismounted and directed his staff to dismount, and sent one of them to each regiment with instructions to advance with it, and push the charge home. Me he sent to the Seventy-Ninth Highlanders. Led by Morrison's brigade the column now moved, descending a long gentle slope, crossed a slight depression, and swept steadily up the easy ascent beyond. Not a sight or sound from the enemy! Nothing visible but the open ground extending two hundred yards in front, and closed by the wall of woods, with an old zig-zag rail fence at its foot. As the column swept rapidly and steadily onward, I was marching side-by-side with Captain Lusk, in the line of file-closers behind his company 'There is no enemy there!' he exclaimed, 'They have fallen back! We shall find nothing there!'

"Even as he spoke the enemy opened fire from behind the rail fence at the edge of the woods and one of the Highlanders within a yard of us, fell to the ground squirming like a stricken worm. The next instant I struck the ground with great force and suddenness, shot in the hip and arm, and as I struggled to my feet, and tried to see how I was hit, saw the regular and even battle line of the Highlanders pressing swiftly on, and leaving me far behind. The next instant General Stevens came up, asked me if I was severely hurt, and ordered a non-commissioned officer near by to help me off the field. Unheeding my remonstrances at his exposing himself to danger, he pushed on after the first line.

"The enemy was now pouring in a terrific fire, and the men were falling fast. General Stevens now ordered Captain Lusk to hasten to the Fiftieth Pennsylvania, which was hesitating at entering the corn-field, and to push them forward. As soon as Lusk delivered his orders

the men went over the fence and pushed on. The first line, under the withering hail of bullets, was wavering and almost at a stand. Five color-bearers of the Highlanders had fallen in succession, and the colors again fell to the ground. General Stevens at this juncture pushed to the front, seized the fallen flag from the hands of the wounded color-bearer, unheeding his cry: 'For God's sake, General, don't take the colors; they'll shoot you if do!' and calling aloud upon his old regiment: 'Highlanders! My Highlanders! Follow your general!' rushed forward with the uplifted flag. The regiment responded nobly, and the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts imitated their example. They rushed forward, reached the edge of the woods and hurled themselves with fury upon the fence, and dashed it to the ground, while the enemy broke and fled in disorder.

"General Stevens fell dead in the moment of victory. A bullet entering at the temple, pierced the brain. He still firmly grasped the flag-staff, and the colors had fallen upon his head and shoulders.

"The enemy were in heavy force on the left, although driven in front, and the contest now raged with great fury over the corn-field. A sudden and severe thunder storm now burst over the field, and the rain fell in torrents; the heavens grew dark, the thunder rolled, and vivid flashes of lightning illumined the woods. The din caused by our batteries and musketry, and Heaven's artillery, with the heavily falling rain, combined to render the scene not only impressive, but awful.

"At the moment of ordering the fatal charge, General Stevens sent Lieutenant Belcher, his aid, back to the Warrenton pike, with instructions to ask support and to go from division commander to division commander until he obtained it. Belcher did so. Several general officers, to whom he applied, declined to go without orders, and finally he met General Kearney Scarcely had he made

known his mission—and its urgency was startlingly emphasized by the fierce rolling musketry of near battle—when Kearney exclaimed: 'By —— ! I'll support Stevens anywhere!' He at once broke the head of his column off the pike and led them across the fields to the sound of the battle. It was Birney's brigade of his division that Kearney so promptly brought to the succor of our scanty, struggling troops. They went in at the corn-field in front of the Reid house, where, although outnumbered, they repulsed successive attacks of the enemy and held their ground. Randolph's battery took position in the field to the right and rear of the farm house, and rendered efficient service.

"The little brigade of Reno's division—only three regiments—meantime advanced in line through the woods, on the right or east of the Ox road, and quite disconnected with and separated from Stevens' advance. There they struck a heavy force of the enemy, in the midst of the woods, at a point about abreast of the rebel position just carried by Stevens, and after a sharp fight, in which they suffered severely, were repulsed. The enemy, however, was extremely disconcerted by this movement and fell into much confusion. One of Reno's regiments, the Twenty-First Massachusetts, on falling back, emerged from the woods into the field over which Stevens advanced, where General Kearney met them and ordered them to move across to the left, and go into the corn-field in order to support the right flank of Birney's brigade, then hotly engaged."

When the regiment seemed to hesitate, Kearney declared he would turn a battery on them if they did not move at once, and dashed off towards Randolph's battery and gave its commander orders to that effect. Again the General galloped to the front, and finding the Twenty-First obeying his orders he rode along till in front of the Highlanders, when he was warned by Lieutenant Clark

that the enemy were "but a few yards distant in our front." "No," he exclaimed; "they are not near here!" and rode off in the direction of the corn-field, entirely alone.

What immediately followed is thus described by General Longstreet, in his article "Our March Against Pope," in the *Century* magazine for February, 1886: "Just as we (Jackson and Longstreet), reached there, General Kearney, a Federal officer, came along, looking for his line, which had gone. It was raining in the woods, and late in the day; so that a Federal was not easily distinguished from a Confederate. Kearney did not seem to know that he was in the Confederate line, and our troops did not notice that he was a Federal. He began to inquire about some command, and in a moment or so the troops saw he was a Federal officer. At the same moment he realized where he was. He was called upon to surrender, but, instead of doing so, he wheeled his horse, lay flat on the animal's neck, clapped spurs into his sides and dashed off. Instantly a half dozen shots rang out, and before he had gone thirty steps poor Kearney fell."

This was just such a move as he made at about the same hour on Saturday evening, but this time he was not so fortunate. Kearney, the brave, dashing, *beau ideal* soldier, fell a victim to his own rashness.

Captain Stevens continues: "The suddenness and determination of Stevens' attack, and the breaking and driving from the field of Hays' brigade of Lawton's division, and Branch's brigade of Hill's Light division, upon which it fell, strongly impressed Jackson with the belief that a large part of the Union army was advancing in force to drive him back. He hastily withdrew all his artillery a good mile from the battle-field, and planted it along a commanding ridge south of the Little River pike, and beyond Stewart's house, as a second line upon which to rally his troops in case of need. Consequently none of

his artillery took part in the battle. Jackson then threw forward, to retrieve the day, nearly his whole infantry force—some thirty-two regiments. Lawton's Georgia brigade and Trimble's brigade were sent to support or replace Branch's and Hays' brigades; those of Pender, Brockenbrough and Gregg to their right—our left—where they disputed with Birney's brigade the possession of the corn-field; while Early and Starke occupied the woods east of the Ox road, where they were encountered by the brigade of Reno's division, as already narrated.

"It is certain that had Jackson not been thrown on the defensive by the fierce attack of Stevens' division, or had he known that the entire Union force opposed to him numbered only fifteen depleted, scanty regiments—less than four thousand effectives—he could and would, in an hour's time, have driven his antagonists, and thrown his forces across the Warrenton pike, the only line of retreat. As it was, our brave troops held substantially the ground they had so gallantly won, until darkness and the storm put an end to the unequal contest."

An unequal contest it certainly was, for Longstreet's column reached the battle-ground just as Jackson's troops were falling back from before our impetuous charge. Longstreet said to Jackson, that his men seemed to be pretty well dispersed; to which Jackson replied in the affirmative, but added that he hoped it would prove a victory. Longstreet advanced his own troops and occupied a line somewhat to the rear of that to which Jackson's men had been driven, and held it during the night. Jackson's men were withdrawn to the rear of Longstreet's, in order to rally and reörganize their dispersed numbers.

The only other Union troops on the field, besides those mentioned above, during or after the engagement, were the brigades of Robinson and Berry (the latter commanded by Colonel O. M. Poe of the Second Michigan) of Kearney's division. Robinson's brigade supported Ran-

dolph's battery and was not actively engaged and suffered no loss. Colonel Poe sent some of his troops to relieve the regiments of Birney's brigade on the skirmish line, after the battle was over, and he reported some slight picket firing as occurring after dark. After driving Hays' and Branch's brigades, Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison sent word to General Reno that the enemy had been driven back and that General Stevens had fallen. Reno returned orders to bury General Stevens on the field and to fall back. But the Highlanders held the position gained in the woods for an hour or more, and then fell back to the Reid house, which was used as a hospital, the battle being about over. Our men were very indignant at Reno's orders to bury the body of our beloved General on the field. Morrison caused it to be carried to the rear and placed in an ambulance, from which a wounded Highlander gladly and self-devotedly got out to make room, and sent the sacred remains to Washington. They now repose in Newport, R. I., beneath a chaste and beautiful monument erected by the city After the war, the flag which he died to save was thoughtfully sent to General Stevens' family, by Colonel Morrison, and it is held by them as a most sacred relic.

"And though the Warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest."

We remained on the battle-field till near midnight, and then retired to a point from where we first discovered the enemy, and kindled rousing big fires to dry our wet clothing. About two o'clock on the morning of the 2nd, we were ordered to renew the fires, in order to make the enemy believe we intended spending the night there, and half an hour after we took up our march for the Warrenton pike. Our route was cross-country, over and through ditches and streams, now swollen by the recent rains; in many places we were

obliged to wade knee-deep through the water; we slipped and floundered as best we could. When the turnpike was at length reached we found it filled with baggage-wagons and artillery, among which we squeezed our way, and at daylight found ourselves near Fairfax Court House, where we halted to rest and get a cup of coffee. The sun came out bright and warm and our clothing was soon dry. About noon our march was resumed and late in the afternoon we reached Fort Worth, near Alexandria, where we bivouacked for the night.

The next morning at roll-call, it was found that one field officer, seven line officers, and two hundred men were present for duty. The loss at Chantilly being about forty in killed and wounded. Major Elliot had been severely wounded during the charge on the enemy's lines, and Lieut.-Col. Morrison returned from the command of the brigade to the command of the regiment. We remained in our bivouac till about midnight of the 4th, when we were routed out and marched over the Long Bridge, into and through Washington, and camped near our old ground of August, 1861, on Meridian Hill.

CHAPTER XV

THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.—BATTLES OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN AND ANTIETAM.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN in Command.—The Reorganized Army.—Recruits for the Highlanders.—On the March Again.—In "God's Country."—On Picket.—March Through Frederick.—South Mountain.—The Highlanders and Cook's Battery.—Ordered to Storm the Heights.—Charge of the Seventeenth Michigan and Forty-Fifth Pennsylvania.—Our Position in the Cornfield.—Lieutenant Clark and his Sixty Men.—After Dark.—Death of General Reno.—Stampede in our Rear.—What General Willcox said.—A Night on the Battlefield.—What we Saw on the Morning of the 15th.—The Antietam.—Burnside's Bridge.—How it was Carried.—Highlanders on the Skirmish Line.—Retreat of the Enemy.—Reflections on McClellan.—Highlanders in Good Spirits.

ON the arrival of our army at Arlington Heights and Alexandria, it was found that General McClellan had been appointed to the command of the defences of Washington; subsequently he was re-instated in the command of the Army of the Potomac, now composed of his own troops from the Peninsula and the Army of Northern Virginia, Pope having been relieved at his own request, and sent to the northwest. McClellan, with his usual ability and promptness for organization, soon had his men well in hand, and as the plans of the enemy were developed, the army was placed in positions to meet them.

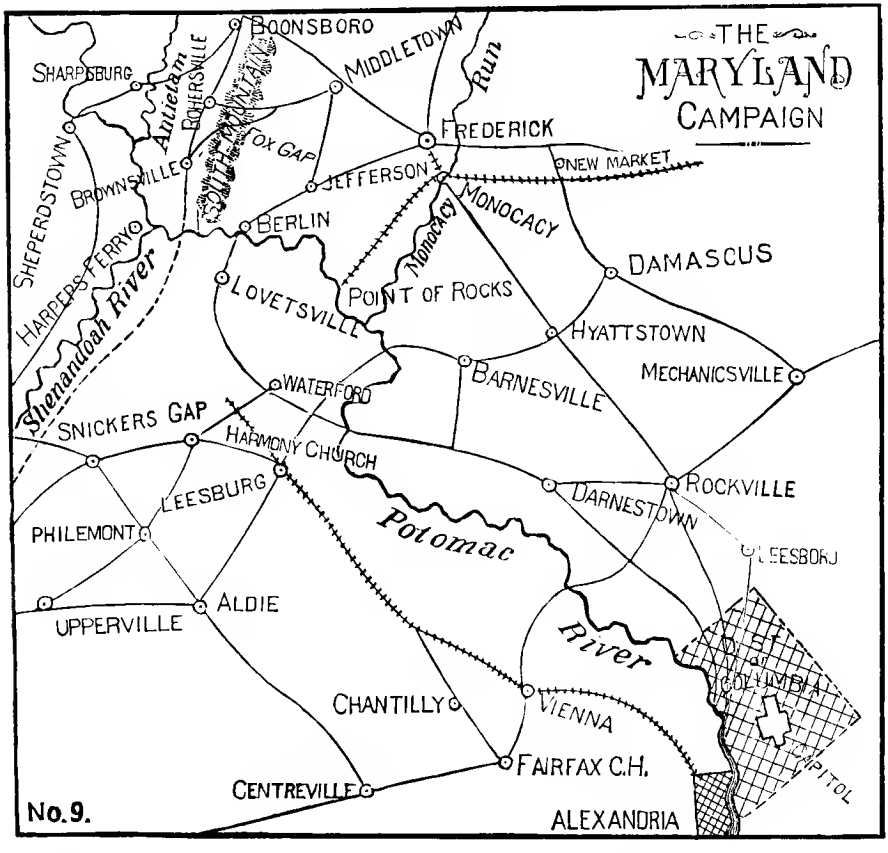
On the 6th, some seventy recruits from New York joined the regiment, and a few stragglers that arrived during our short stay in Washington, brought our num-

bers up to about three hundred, rank and file. After recovering from their wounds received at the first Bull Run, Captains Laing and Shillinglaw had spent most of their time looking after the recruiting station in New York, and men were forwarded from time to time, who served to partly make up the losses sustained. Besides those who had been killed in action, or discharged by reason of wounds received, or disease contracted while in the service, our numbers on paper had been further reduced by those absent, sick, in hospital or at their homes. Thoughtful friends of the regiment in New-York, had appointed a committee to look after such, and many a sick comrade owed his recovery and life to their kind ministrations.

In the reorganization of the command the Fiftieth Pennsylvania was added to our brigade, and Colonel Christ placed in command, while General O. B. Willcox was assigned to the command of the division, in place of General Stevens. Lieutenant Benjamin, being short of men to handle his guns, asked for a detail from the Highlanders, which was granted. As soon as it was learned that the enemy was threatening the fords of the upper Potomac the Union army was put in motion. General Banks was left behind to take care of Washington, and at noon of the 7th the march began. While the troops were in motion, McClellan organized his army into three grand divisions; the First corps, General Hooker, and the Ninth corps, General Reno, constituted the Right grand division, and was under the command of General Burnside; the Second and Twelfth corps formed the Center, under General Sumner, and the Sixth corps, with Couch's division, and Fifth corps formed the Left, under General Franklin. The total force with which McClellan started on the campaign was about 85,000 men.

We were in "God's Country" now, and the change from Virginia was a pleasant one; the roads were good,

the weather fine, and the men cheerful. Leesboro, eight miles from our starting point, was reached in the evening, and there we halted for the night, remaining also the next day On the morning of the 9th we were off again, reaching a point near Hyattstown, early in the evening.



The 10th was spent here waiting for rations, and early on the morning of the 11th our march was resumed. Rumors of the enemy in our front, slowly retiring before our advance, were now circulating among us, and as the war had been carried into the loyal States we did not doubt but that desperate work was before us.

The lately victorious enemy now felt strong enough to

fight us on our own ground. Pope had been clearly outgeneraled in Virginia, and the Confederate army, flushed with victory, purposed giving "My Maryland" a taste of the realities of war. From General Lee's report of his operations during the campaign, we learn that he not only expected large accessions to his own army from the people of Maryland, but also, that their attitude towards the government, would compel us to retain a very large portion of our army for the defence of the Capital. The recent success of the enemy made it desirable for them to continue a state of affairs, which would at least keep the Union army out of Virginia till winter set in, and thus give the Confederacy a chance to recuperate before another spring campaign should open. By advancing into western Maryland, Lee hoped to draw us as far as possible from our base of supplies, while his position would give him full communication with Richmond by way of the Shenandoah Valley, the most fertile region in the Confederacy The enemy crossed the Potomac without opposition, near Leesburg, between the 4th and 7th of the month, and camped in the vicinity of Frederick City

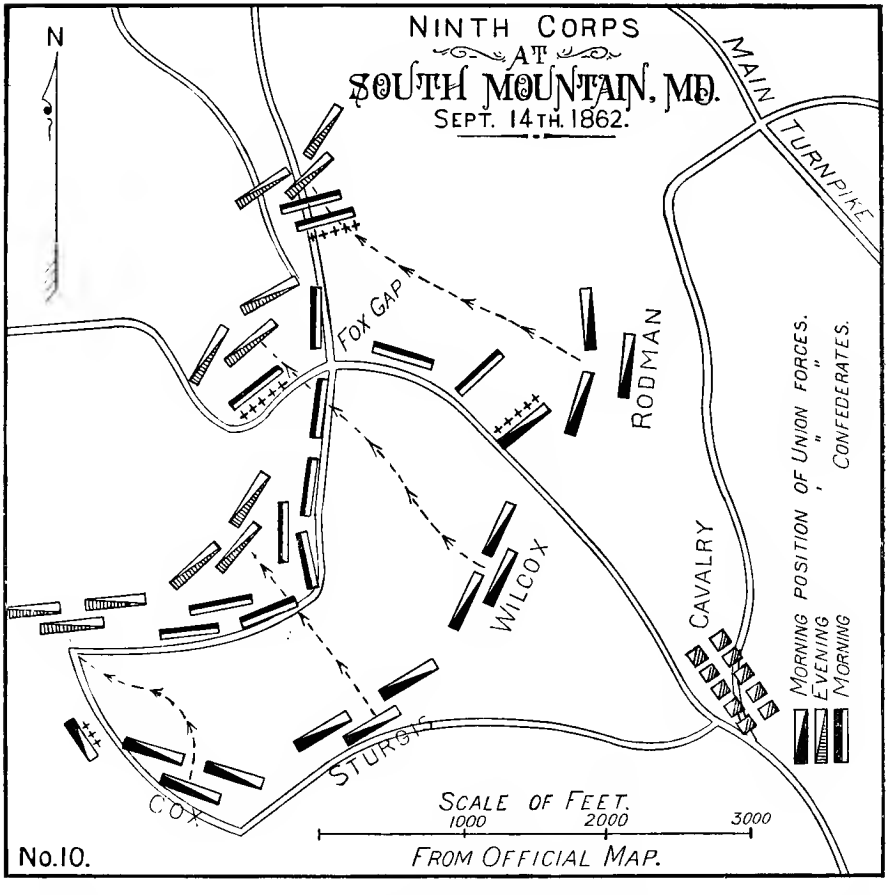
Late in the afternoon of the 11th we reached New Market, within six miles of Frederick, and marching a short distance beyond bivouacked for the night. On the evening of the 12th the regiment was sent out on picket duty on the Hagerstown road, which ran some distance north of Frederick, and on returning to our bivouac, at four o'clock the following afternoon, we found the army had moved forward. Being out of rations and prohibited from foraging, we were obliged to follow at once. We had marched a long distance out of our way in returning from picket duty, and when, at nightfall, we approached Frederick, the men were very tired and hungry On entering the city, however, the sight which greeted our eyes, drove all tired and hungry feelings from our minds.

The balconies and door-steps of many of the houses were filled with ladies and children, dressed in white, with red and blue profusely displayed, waiting to receive us. A short halt just before entering the streets, gave the line a chance to close up. As many of the drummers as could be caught were sent to the head of the column, and we were soon keeping step to the stirring strains of martial music. It was an inspiring sight, those loyal women, welcoming us with bright smiling faces, and words of kindly greeting—we were not tired! Passing through the city we bivouacked for the night a short distance beyond. At about nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th we overtook the corps, and soon reported at brigade headquarters.

We found ourselves near the village of Middletown, in a beautiful valley, the western boundary of which was the South Mountain. The range runs almost due north and south, and we learned that the enemy was strongly posted on the summit to dispute our progress. Artillery firing could be distinctly heard, and we were told that General Cox's "Kanawha" division, attached to the Ninth corps, was then engaged, and that we were to follow in support. On approaching the foot of the mountain we bore off to the left of the turnpike and Turner's Gap through which the turnpike crosses the range, and followed the old Sharpsburg road, up which we marched till near the summit; this road crosses the mountain by Fox Gap. We then branched off to the left where the road runs parallel with the crest for a mile or more. The enemy's guns were planted on the heights above, and their shot and shell were dropping about us as we marched along the road.

When we reached the point where the road turns sharp to the right to cross the gap, we turned into it, and with Cook's battery, which we were obliged to help up the steep, rocky hill-side, obtained a position near a

farm house on the left of the road, about midway between the parallel road and summit. We kept well under cover while the battery fired a few rounds, but as the enemy at once concentrated all his available artillery on Cook, he was obliged to retire. Some slight confusion occurred while his guns were being withdrawn



and two of the pieces were left between the lines, seeing which the enemy prepared to charge down the hill and capture the guns, but the Highlanders stood in the way of their executing such a laudable purpose. The order was at once given for us to "change direction by the

right flank; forward; double quick!" and it was executed so speedily, that when the enemy saw it they halted. This movement brought us in position behind a stone wall from which it would have been difficult for three times our number to have disloged us, and there we remained for a short time, while the other regiments were being placed in proper positions. The guns were afterwards recovered. Part of our division was deployed on the right of the road, their right reaching towards Turner's Gap.

Cox's and Sturgis' divisions had already driven the enemy from the positions occupied by him during the early part of the action, and were manfully holding their ground on our left; two or three regiments from our division were sent to their support, and just as they were advancing into line the enemy's guns opened a furious fire with grape and short-fuse case-shot, to escape which we all lay close to the ground. The shot rattled over the tops of the stone walls, knocking the stones about and making great gaps here and there in the lines of the moving troops. Before the army could advance the battery must be silenced. Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison was now ordered to storm the heights with the Highlanders, being informed by General Willcox that such were the orders direct from General McClellan. Drawing his sword, Morrison ordered us to "stand up and prepare to charge." On seeing the line General Willcox asked: "Is this your regiment?" "Yes, General, but if you will give me more men we'll take the battery," was Morrison's reply "No, I'll send another regiment, your's is too small." The Forty-Fifth Pennsylvania and Seventeenth Michigan under command of Colonel Welsh, of the Forty-Fifth, were ordered to the charge, the Highlanders, with other regiments of the division, following closely in support.

The Seventeenth Michigan was a new regiment, this

was their first engagement, and the action of their brigade-commander, General Ferrero, has been severely criticised for sending them in on so delicate and important a task, but the Michigan troops, wherever engaged, displayed a bravery that was seldom equalled and never surpassed. We moved up the hill-side in line of brigade front; the two leading regiments gained the crest, driving the enemy from his strong position, his guns being withdrawn in time to save them from capture. It was a gallant charge, but the victory was dearly won, the Michiganders losing seventeen killed and over one hundred wounded. The right of the enemy's line was turned when our men carried the crest of the hill, and the battle was virtually at an end. For the part taken by Colonel Welsh in the assault, he was soon afterwards promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General.

When ordered to halt, the Highlanders found themselves in a corn-field, just a little below the crest of the hill; the enemy had not been driven far, and were now strongly posted behind stone walls which covered the plateau. In order to escape the bullets which they showered on our advanced position, we lay down, some of us falling asleep while the bullets were cutting the tops of the corn-stalks above our heads. A battery to our right and front threw occasional shots at our position, without, however, doing any apparent damage in our ranks.

While occupying this line, an aid, on General Willcox's staff, crouching as near to the ground as possible in order to escape the deadly shower of bullets, approached Colonel Morrison, with an order for an officer and sixty men, to cross the road to our right and advance through the woods as near as possible to the enemy, for the purpose of watching his movements, and if possible to find out the exact position of the battery that was still annoying us. Lieutenant Clark was ordered on this duty; the men

crossed the road, and when they emerged from the cover of the woods, were in full view of the enemy, who now directed the fire of their guns on this thin line; but the men lay down and held the advanced position, while a report was sent to General Reno, who sent back word to hold the position at all hazards, till troops could be sent to strengthen the line. The enemy's line was so near that every word of command could be heard by our men, and although partly protected by the woods, eight of the Highlanders were wounded before being relieved by the Eighteenth Ohio. General Reno complimented Lieutenant Clark and his men for the manner in which they had performed this important duty It was after dark before they were relieved, and not being able to find the regiment till daylight next morning, the report was circulated that the Lieutenant and nearly the whole detachment had been killed. A Lieutenant Clark of the Seventeenth Michigan had been killed, but during the excitement we thought it was ours, and when the brave fellows appeared they received a hearty welcome, and were congratulated on their lucky escape.

Shortly before dark, the enemy, heavily reinforced, made a desperate effort to retake the position now held by our troops. The Second division on our right bore the brunt of this assault, but gallantly held their own, and at dusk the enemy retired behind the stone walls, from which they kept up a desultory fire till far into the night. At dark the regiment was moved forward beyond the other regiments of the brigade, and line formed on the ground so lately occupied by the Confederates. Just as this movement was completed the enemy fired a volley or two at our line, which frightened the troops in our rear more than it injured us, for two or three of the regiments became demoralized and fell back down the hill-side in some confusion. General Willcox, fearing that the whole line had fallen back, sent an aid to ascertain the

extent of the panic, and when the officer found us quietly standing in line, it was from him we first learned of what had happened in our rear. The next morning General Willcox said to our commanding officer: "Colonel, I thank you for the gallantry with which your regiment did its duty yesterday, and I wish you would tell the boys what I have said."

Just a few minutes before our lines were established for the night—in fact, while he was on the ground selecting positions for the various commands — our corps-commander, Major-General Jesse L. Reno, was mortally wounded, and died shortly after. He was on horseback, in the gap road near the crest of the hill and only a few feet distant on the right of the regiment, when the fatal bullet, fired doubtless by a sharp-shooter from behind one of the numerous stone walls, with which the ground in our front was filled, reached him. His loss was deeply felt by us all, but more perhaps by his old brigade. General Walcott in his "History of the Twenty-First Massachusetts" says of him: "Our true and loved commander * * * the soldier without spot or blemish."

All about us lay the dead and dying, while the groans and cries of the wounded sounded in our ears throughout the long hours of that weary night. Those in our immediate vicinity were relieved to the extent of our ability, but we were obliged to keep in line and under arms till daylight, and dared not wander far, even to give a drink of water to a tenth of those who moaned piteously for it. We expected that Longstreet, who commanded the enemy in our front would attempt to recover the lost ground during the night. The weather was cold and as we stood in line shivering and wishing for morning, we conversed in low tones with each other, congratulating ourselves on this our first victory in the new campaign. Would the enemy now retrace his steps into Virginia?

We hoped not, but that he would remain north of the Potomac long enough for us to annihilate him, horse, foot and artillery !

Morning of the 15th dawned at last, and on such a sight as none of us ever wished to look upon again. Behind and in front of us, but especially in the angles of the stone walls, the dead bodies of the enemy lay thick ; near the gaps in the fences they were piled on top of each other like cord-wood dumped from a cart. The living had retreated during the night and none but the dead and severely wounded remained. As soon as the retreat of the enemy was confirmed at other points along the line, we set about getting breakfast, for we had had neither dinner nor supper the previous day, save perhaps a dry cracker or two, and were in a fit condition to enjoy a cup of coffee, even amidst such ghastly surroundings. Shortly before noon Sykes' brigade of regulars passed us, in the Fourteenth regiment of which were several New York boys known to some of us. They said they had not been engaged during the battle, but were held as a reserve, which led some of us to wish that we were regulars too. About noon we moved off the field, and on our way saw many more evidences of the battle. At one angle of the stone walls fourteen bodies of the enemy were counted lying in a heap, just as they had fallen, apparently We referred afterwards to that spot as "Dead Man's Corner." A curious sight presented itself in the body of a rebel straddling a stone wall ; he must have been killed while in the act of climbing over, for with a leg on either side, the body was thrown slightly forward stiff in death. We were glad to leave these scenes behind us.

A few words as to what occurred at other points along our line : Hooker with the Sixth Corps carried the enemy's position at Turner's Gap, with slight loss. Some five or six miles to our left, Franklin had forced the position at Crampton's Gap, but not in time to succor the

garrison at Harper's Ferry, against which Stonewall Jackson with his two divisions, and McLaws with two divisions, had moved on the 10th. Jackson had crossed the Potomac and by the afternoon of the 14th, while we were engaged with Longstreet, had completed his preparations for an assault. McLaws had gained possession of Maryland Heights on the afternoon of the 13th, and all being ready on the morning of the 15th, fire was opened on the Union lines. After an hour's cannonading the Confederate fire ceased, and the infantry prepared to storm the works, seeing which, General White, in the absence of Colonel Miles, who was mortally wounded, surrendered 11,000 men and over 70 pieces of artillery.

Our march was continued across Pleasant Valley to within a mile or so of Antietam creek. The enemy appeared to be making a stand on the opposite bank of that stream, and occasionally a shot or two from some of their guns yet remaining on this side would drop about us, but without doing any harm. Nothing of importance occurred during the afternoon or night.

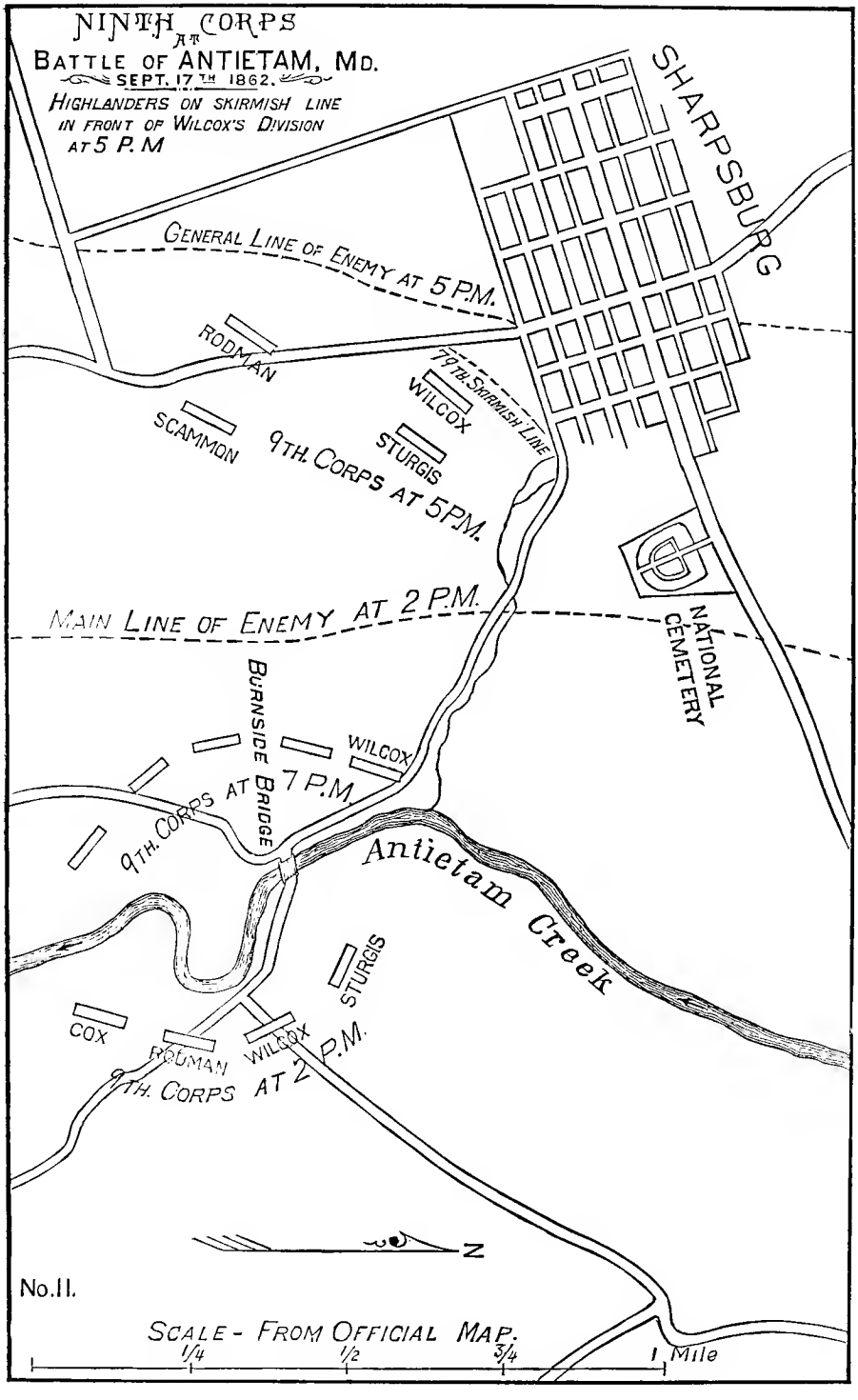
Tuesday the 16th was occupied in moving about, apparently to find some vantage ground. We moved down the stream and at night occupied a position on the extreme left of the Union line, across the Rohersville and Sharpsburg turnpike, near a stone bridge which spanned the stream, and in full view of the enemy, who were strongly posted on the opposite bank.

General Burnside had been ordered to hold himself in readiness to carry the bridge by assault as soon as the movements on the right of the line would warrant the attempt. Our position was a most important one, and we all felt duly sensible of the honor conferred on the corps by General McClellan. During the night a heavy rain-storm visited us, and being without shelter we received a good drenching.

Antietam creek at this point is deep, with few fords,

and those difficult to cross; further up, the banks are high. The battle was confined to the lower part of the stream, which is crossed by four stone bridges, and the third from the right was the famous "Burnside Bridge." Lee's troops were all across the creek in a commanding position, his left resting near the Potomac while his right was in front of Sharpsburg, with a strong force thrown forward towards the bridge in our front. On the morning of the 17th the disposition of the Union forces was as follows: Hooker was on the extreme right and across the creek; Sumner joined Hooker's left and was on the same side; Franklin's command, or a large part of it, was in rear of these commands, on our side of the stream, and, as has been stated, the Ninth corps, under the immediate command of General Cox, was on the extreme left. It does not appear why General Burnside's grand division was thus divided; he followed the Ninth corps, while Hooker fought independently during the day Our line was between four and five miles long, and the whole number of men in line was in the neighborhood of 87,000; of these only about 60,000 were engaged. On the Confederate side there were over 40,000, and, as their reports say, they "had no reserves, —all were engaged."

Burnside, in his report, says of the disposition of the Ninth corps: "On the crest of the hill, immediately in front of the bridge, was Benjamin's battery of six twenty-pounders, with the remaining batteries in rear of the crest under partial cover. In rear of Benjamin's battery, on the extreme right, joining on to General Sykes' division, was General Crook's brigade, with General Sturgis' division in the rear. On the left and rear of Benjamin's battery was General Robinson's division, with Colonel Scammon's brigade in support. General Willcox's division was held in reserve." Longstreet's veterans were again in our front, and we doubted not but that they


NINTH CORPS
AT
BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, MD.
SEPT. 17TH 1862.
HIGHLANDERS ON SKIRMISH LINE
IN FRONT OF WILCOX'S DIVISION
AT 5 P.M
SHARPSBURG
GENERAL LINE OF ENEMY AT 5 P.M.
ROOMAN
79TH SKIRMISH LINE
WILCOX
SCAMMON
STURGIS
9TH. CORPS AT 5 P.M.
MAIN LINE OF ENEMY AT 2 P.M.
NATIONAL CEMETERY
BURNSIDE BRIDGE
WILCOX
9TH. CORPS AT 7 P.M
Antietam Creek
STURGIS
COX
ROOMAN
WILCOX
9TH. CORPS AT 2 P.M.
N
No. II.
SCALE - FROM OFFICIAL MAP.
1/4
1/2
3/4
1 Mile

would endeavor to retaliate for their defeat at South Mountain. The battle began on our extreme right, gradually drawing towards the center. Nothing of importance occurred in our immediate front till about ten o'clock, when McClellan, in order to create a diversion in favor of the center and right, sent word to Burnside to carry the bridge. Crook's brigade of the Kanawha division was selected for the work, preceded by skirmishers from the Eleventh Connecticut, but the attempt failed; then the Sixth New Hampshire and Second Maryland, from Sturgis' division, was sent in, and they likewise were repulsed with considerable loss. It was now noon, and McClellan was becoming impatient; he was not aware of the difficulties of the situation. The bridge was very narrow scarcely more than eight feet wide, and as our men approached, the narrow space was filled with flying bullets, which piled them up in heaps. But the bridge *must* be carried, and at last General Ferrero's brigade, consisting of the Twenty-First and Thirty-Fifth Massachusetts and the two Fifty-Firsts, of New York and Pennsylvania, were ordered in.

From the "History of the Twenty-First Massachusetts" we copy the following account of how the bridge was won: "On our side of the creek, at the foot of the higher land from which we descended for the assault, open, undulating fields stretched on both sides of the road; the other bank presented a steep hill-side, rising precipitously from the water on the left of the road (as we faced), and on the right, cut into by a wooded ravine; the rebel bank, to the left of the road, was also covered with thick woods near the water. On the hill-side, a few yards above the bridge, there was a heavy stone wall running parallel with the stream, and in the woods and in the turns of the road as it wound up the hill were rifle-pits and breastworks of rails and stones, all making an excellent cover for the rebel riflemen defending the passage

"Take it altogether it was an exceedingly difficult place to carry by assault, and the five hundred poor fellows, dead or cruelly wounded, who lay in front of it served as powerful remonstrants against the practicability of the attempt. The artillery opened with canister to cover our advance, and as the three (four?) regiments moved down upon the bridge with steady ranks and, taking position close along the stream, commenced a rapid fire by file upon the rebel cover. * * * * Then came the order to charge; the response was worthy Reno's old brigade. The color-bearers started on the run for the bridge (the colors of the two Fifty-Firsts side by side, and a hundred yards nearer the bridge than ours), and the three (four?) regiments, with a fierce shout, crowded the narrow passage; but before the colors of the two Fifty-Firsts had touched the disputed bridge the panic-stricken rebels left their cover and fled."

No mention being made in the above extract of the Thirty-Fifth Massachusetts, which took part in the charge, in justice to that regiment an extract from General Ferrero's report is here given: "I accordingly moved forward my command, and carried the bridge at the point of the bayonet at one o'clock, losing, in doing so, a very large number of officers and men. The Fifty-First Pennsylvania, Colonel J F Hartranft, led the charge, followed by the Fifty-First New York, Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Potter; the Thirty-Fifth Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Colonel Carruth; and the Twenty-First Massachusetts, Colonel W. S. Clark."

Thus the bridge was won, and when the Highlanders, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, passed over the ground, it was littered with the Union dead. Our position with the reserve division had, up to his moment, kept us out of the thick of the fight, but now that the stream was crossed we expected to be sent in on the advance. Filing to the right the Highlanders were

formed on the extreme right of the corps, and were soon deployed in a double skirmish line along the bank, and, at the command, moved forward up the hillside till the level ground was reached; we were then in full view of the enemy's lines, on still higher ground about a thousand yards beyond. As soon as the enemy discovered our line, their guns opened with shell; as we advanced and came within short range of their guns the command "Forward, double quick!" was given, and the line gallantly advanced. It was a terrible ordeal. The fire of eighteen guns was pouring death upon our ranks, cutting the men down at every discharge; we held on through the storm of deadly hail, our open order as skirmishers favoring us more than the troops in our rear, who suffered in a greater degree, till we were halted about three hundred yards from the enemy's guns, and just on the outskirts of the village of Sharpsburg.

Owing to the deadly fire, part of our supporting column was obliged to fall back, but the Second U. S. Regulars succeeded in joining us and together we held the line, while the right wing of the Highlanders advanced still further, and did some execution among the enemy's gunners. About this time Hawkins' Zouaves made a gallant charge on a battery on our left, carrying it with heavy loss. We maintained our position here till we were out of ammunition, and then the whole line was ordered to fall back to the creek, where we were, in a measure, sheltered from the enemy's fire. By this time the sun had set, the battle was virtually over, and we remained on the skirmish line all night.

The next morning we expected to renew the battle, but all remained quiet along the line, except for the exchange of shots between the picket lines. The enemy could be distinctly seen occupying the position they held late the previous afternoon, and we wondered why McClellan did not at once press forward and secure the fruits of the vic-

tory won the day before. We all believed that a decisive victory was within our grasp, and chafed at the apparently uncalled-for delay All day long we remained in a state of inactivity, believing that the enemy was employing the time in so strengthening his position that it would only be by a great sacrifice of life his lines could be forced. We did not dream that Lee would be allowed to escape.

On the morning of the 19th, our skirmish line was ordered forward, but they met with no opposition : the enemy had retired ! During the night the rebel army had quietly withdrawn to the south side of the Potomac, and with their batteries commanding the crossing places, laughed at the Union army ! No little disappointment and chagrin was manifested, that, after all the hardships we had undergone, the enemy should be allowed to retire unmolested, when McClellan had thousands of fresh troops who had not been engaged, and who could undoubtedly have converted the indecisive battle of Antietam into a great Union victory

When roll was called, the loss in the regiment was found to be about forty, killed, wounded and missing. Up to this time our faith in McClellan had been unbounded ; no regiment, not even among his own Peninsula soldiers, had stood up more bravely for him, through good and evil report, than the Highlanders. During the Peninsula campaign, while others were laughing at the " Young Napoleon " and ridiculing his Spade Movements at Yorktown and elsewhere, we kept our faith in his ability as an able General and true patriot. We would have much preferred him to Pope, as a commander in the late Virginia campaign. At South Mountain we were highly honored by him, when, believing that our ranks were full, he had requested, or ordered, that we should storm the heights and capture the battery that was annoying our army He evidently thought as favorably of us as we did of him. But how soon does a

single act, or the failure to perform a certain duty, destroy the previous good record of the best and bravest!

There were those among the Highlanders who now felt convinced that the ability of McClellan as a General had been greatly overestimated—others there were who believed that to have failed to take advantage of the opportunity just offered, of destroying the enemy, evidenced disloyalty—while a still larger number were of the opinion, that his timidity and dread of losing his reputation, by a possible reverse, restrained him from striking the blow, which, if well directed, must at that time have crushed his enemy or driven him into the Potomac. The reasons, or some of them, which he gave for not renewing the battle on the 18th, or pursuing the enemy when the retreat was discovered, were, to say the least, frivolous. While it was true that many of the Union soldiers were poorly clothed; that our shoes were badly worn, and that at times we were short of our regular rations, we were infinitely better provided in every respect than the enemy It was also true that we were greatly in need of rest; we had been marching and fighting for over a month, and inside of twenty days had fought five great battles, but we would have been willing to endure more—to have gone naked and hungry for a while—if by that sacrifice we could have had the satisfaction of experiencing the results of a rousing Union victory

With soldiers, to a greater extent perhaps than with those engaged in any other calling, success is the great *desideratum*; give the soldier, whose heart is in his cause, success in arms, and he will not grumble because his shoes are worn out or his wardrobe scant. Although reduced in numbers and our clothing much worn by our rough campaigning, the Highlanders were in excellent condition.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER ANTIETAM.—TO FREDERICKSBURGH.

EFFECTIVE Strength of the Highlanders.—Visit of President Lincoln.—Stuart's Raid.—Promotions.—General McClellan.—"The Old War Horse" elected Major.—Into Virginia Again.—Recruits Wanted for the Regular Army.—Visit of New York Politicians.—Result of the Ballot.—Waterloo.—Burnside Supersedes McClellan.—"Hungry Hill."—"Has Anybody Killed the Dog?" Bealton, Battle for the Rails.—Arrival at Fredericksburgh.—The Pontons.—Burnside Decides to Attack.

LATE in the afternoon of the 19th the regiment moved down near the Potomac and went into bivouac close by a piece of woods. On the 20th our camp ground was laid out and a detail made for picket duty along the river bank; more or less firing occurred during the night, and it was evident that the enemy was resting securely in his position and would not move till he "got good and ready"

We remained here for a few days, being turned out occasionally when the pickets became excited and made more than the usual noise. On the 24th we moved back to Antietam creek and camped near the other regiments of the brigade, and at noon of the 26th struck tents and marched to the Antietam Iron Works. On the 30th a number of recruits and some old members who had returned from sick-leave joined us, and the next morning reports showed three hundred of all grades present for duty

We now settled down to the ordinary hum drum duties of camp life, enlivened occasionally by reviews. On the 3d of October the army was visited by President

Lincoln, who, on passing our division in review, was accompanied by General Burnside and staff. On the 5th Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison issued a general order, complimenting the regiment on the heroism it had displayed during the late campaigns, and also on the negative quality of subordination and strict obedience to orders.

On the 7th General J D. Cox, who had been in command of the corps since the death of General Reno, was ordered back to West Virginia with his Kanawha division, and General Willcox took his place. On this day, too, the corps moved to Pleasant Valley, nearly opposite Harpers Ferry

On the 9th the rebel General J. E. B. Stuart began his famous raid around the Union Army, and on the 11th we were suddenly called upon to start in light marching order. We proceeded to Weverton, on the B. & O. R. R., near the Potomac, and just at the southern extremity of the valley On Sunday, the 12th, the brigade went by rail to Frederick, and occupied a position near the Baltimore turnpike, where we remained till 9 A. M. of the 15th, when we struck tents, and, marching through the city, went as far as Jefferson, where we bivouacked for the night. At four o'clock the next morning we were up, and after breakfast resumed our march, reaching our camp at Pleasant Valley by noon. We had a pleasant excursion, thanks to Stuart, who kept a sufficient distance away from the infantry sent out to guard the various points in the vicinity, and the rebel troopers no doubt had a pleasant time, too, for they got safe back into Virginia after making a complete circuit of the Union army

At dress parade on the evening of the 16th, a long list of promotions, both in commissioned officers and "noncoms.," was read, all of which seemed to give general satisfaction. At this time the Adjutant's report showed: present for duty, sixteen officers and three hundred and

twenty-four men; in hospital, all grades, two hundred and eleven; prisoners of war, one hundred and eighty-eight; total, seven hundred and thirty-nine. From this it will be seen that when a regiment is in active service its strength on paper is very deceptive.

The press throughout the country had, long ere this, begun to wonder why the army did not move; those papers which supported McClellan, ever ready to furnish excuses for him, readily seized upon anything which might serve as an excuse for inactivity, and Colonel Morrison had unwittingly given them a crumb of comfort in his order of the 5th, in which, referring to our condition, he made use of the expression: "Many of you without shoes, and all poorly clothed." Some of the New York papers which we received about this time contained the order in full, and it was cited by them as proof that the army was in no condition to take the offensive — but enough has been said on this point already.

While lying here an incident occurred which showed, somewhat, the generous feeling that existed between the officers of the regiment. Major Elliot, who had been wounded at Chantilly, had resigned, and, through friends in New York, Captain Lusk had been commissioned major to fill the vacancy. On announcing the fact to Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, the captain further said that if the appointment was not perfectly satisfactory to him he should decline the commission. Inasmuch as Captain Lusk, while a genial gentleman and good officer, was not the senior captain, the colonel knew that the appointment, if confirmed, would work serious harm, and so told the captain, who at once declined the majority and remained with his company. The officers now met and unanimously recommended Captain John More to the vacancy. The "Old War Horse" was still in New York, slowly recovering from the wounds he had re-

cieved at Bull Run on the 30th of August, and, that all may know in what esteem he was held by his brother officers, the petition which secured his commission is here given :

"*To the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding Seventy-Ninth N. Y. Vols. :*

"SIR—Having been informed that the position of major is about to become vacant, and being desirous of having the position filled by a capable and worthy man, one in whose judgment and bravery we can place implicit confidence, it is therefore with pleasure that we recommend for your endorsement our senior captain, John More, of Company D., one who on every battle-field since the commencement of the war, in which the regiment has been engaged, has shown those qualities, viz. : coolness, judgment and bravery, befitting him for the position of major, and one who enjoys the confidence and esteem of the whole regiment.

"Hoping this will meet with your approbation and be forwarded to the proper authorities, we remain,

Very respectfully, your obedient servants.

(Signed by all the officers of the regiment.)

"Approved and respectfully submitted to His Excellency, Governor Morgan, State of New York.

D. MORRISON,

Lieut.-Col. Commanding 79th N. Y. Vols."

Early in October the country became impatient at the inactivity of the army, and on the 13th President Lincoln was moved to write to McClellan, stating his reasons why he thought active operations should be resumed, but giving no special orders to that effect. It was not till the 26th, however, that the army was put in motion. At daylight tents were struck, and soon after, the Highlanders, with the rest of the brigade, marched to Berlin, where the river was crossed on a ponton bridge. We followed

Pleasanton's cavalry into Virginia, as the advance guard of the Union army. The main body of the enemy was lying in the vicinity of Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley. We marched as far as Lovetsville (see map No. 9), and bivouacked in the woods. It had been raining nearly all day and we were thoroughly drenched. The mud, as usual, clung to our shoes—it seemed natural. The Ninth corps remained at Lovetsville until the rest of the army had crossed the river and arrived at the positions assigned them.

A few days before leaving camp an order had been issued from the headquarters of the army, calling for recruits from the volunteer regiments to join the regular army; but it met with little response from the Highlanders, only three or four of the regiment leaving to join Benjamin's Battery. We loved our own organization and were jealous of its reputation, and while we were not all Highlanders by birth, all were proud of our "*nom de guerre*." We received a visit from some New York politicians at this time, among whom was "Big Judge" Connolly. The vote in the regiment on the 4th of the following month for Governor of New York, proved that their visit was not without effect.

In the afternoon of the 29th we marched to Waterford, where we remained till Sunday, November the 2d; then we packed up again and marched to Harmony Church, where we halted for dinner; then to Philemont village, where we stopped for the night. The various gaps in the Blue Ridge mountains were occupied as we advanced, and our cavalry had frequent skirmishes with the enemy. On the 3d, at about noon, we resumed our march, and at night camped on the farm of the widow Fletcher, near Upperville. The next day was "'lection," the ballot in the regiment resulting in a majority of fifty-two for Seymour, the Democratic candidate for Governor.

On the 5th we reached Rectortown (see map No. 6), on

the Manassas Gap railroad, and at eight o'clock the following morning the march was resumed, Orleans being reached late at night. The weather was cold and a storm threatening. Snow began to fall on the morning of the 7th, and at noon, when the bugles sounded the assembly, it had not ceased; but we struck tents and marched to Waterloo, on the north fork of the Rappahannock. We had been short of rations now for three days, and the farther we advanced the poorer grew the foraging. We were approaching the section over which we had marched and countermarched during the summer, and the country had not yet had time to recuperate. Spring chickens and roasting pigs were not like the widow's cruse of oil. On the morning of the 8th we were surprised to learn that General McClellan had been superseded in the command of the army by General Burnside. We believed that there was no truer patriot in the service than Burnside. We thought well of his ability, and determined to do all that lay in our power towards making the campaign a success, and hoped that our favorite General would ere long give us a victory

On Saturday, the 9th, we were still in camp. General McClellan had turned over the command to General Burnside, and at dress parade in the evening the following order was read:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
WARRENTON, Va., Nov 9th, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDERS No. 1:

"In accordance with General Orders No. 182, issued by the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac.

"Patriotism and the exercise of my every energy in the direction of this army, aided by the full and hearty cooperation of its officers and men, will, I hope, under the blessing of God, insure its success.

"Having been a sharer of the privations and a witness of the bravery of the old Army of the Potomac in the Maryland campaign, and fully identified in their feelings of respect and esteem for General McClellan, entertained through a long and friendly association with him, I feel that it is not as a stranger that I assume this command.

"To the Ninth corps, so long and intimately associated with me, I need say nothing; our histories are identical.

"With diffidence for myself, but with a proud confidence in the unswerving loyalty and determination of the gallant army now intrusted to my care, I accept its control with the steadfast assurance that the just cause must prevail.

A. E. BURNSIDE,
Major-General Commanding."

The enemy seemed to be particularly active in our rear at this time. Reports were constantly circulating to the effect that "Jackson" was after our supply trains—he certainly got closer to them than we did—and, inasmuch as our present camp had been dubbed "Hungry Hill," it will be seen that the matter of supplies was a vital one to us. The strictest orders had been issued that the country through which the army passed should be "protected." No plundering was allowed. But it was a hard matter to restrain hungry men from occasionally helping themselves to any good thing that came in their way Obedience to orders was generally measured by the temptation to disobey

One day, Colonel Morrison, calling his orderly, asked: "What 's that I smell cooking? Has anybody killed the dog?" "Oh, no, sir; it 's mutton broth." "Mutton broth! How 's that? Have the men been robbing any of the farmers?" "No, sir; our men would n't do that." "Then where did the mutton come from?" "Well, sir, this morning, about daybreak, two of the Seventeenth Michigan were seen carrying a sheep towards camp.

They seemed, sir, to have brought it some distance. Two or three of our boys slipped on their belts, and, taking their muskets, started for the Michiganders, who, supposing they were about to be arrested by a detail of the *provost guard*, dropped the sheep and ran. Of course, sir, the boys could n't think of leaving the carcass there, and—and—we 're to have a mess of mutton broth for dinner."

On the 12th the brigade was suddenly called into line and hurriedly marched back towards Orleans, where line of battle was formed and the Highlanders deployed on the skirmish line. It was said that a force of the enemy had got into our rear and our wagon trains were in danger. We remained till dark, but saw neither wagon trains nor enemy We had not received any rations of bread the day before, but, fortunately for us, we "found" a number of sheep and some pigs, which we confiscated, without the slightest qualms of conscience or fear of the standing order against pillaging. We returned to our camp at "Hungry Hill" in the evening and feasted royally

On the 14th we laid out our camp ground, but the work was probably encouraged by the general officers, more to keep the men employed than because of any likelihood of our remaining long in the place, for, on the following day we packed up and marched down the river to White Sulphur Springs, where we lay for the night in support of a battery The enemy seemed to be gathering in force on the opposite side of the river, and an engagement appeared imminent. At five o'clock on the morning of Sunday the 16th, we were turned out and formed into line, remaining so till daylight, when arms were stacked. At one P. M. we marched in the direction of Warrenton Junction. Heavy firing was heard at intervals during the march. On our arrival at the Junction, the First division was reorganized, and our brigade, the First,

consisted of the Second, Eighth, ~~Eighteenth~~ Seven and Twentieth Michigan, and the Seventy Ninth New York, under command of Brigadier-General O. M. Poe, late Colonel of the Second Michigan. The Highlanders still held the right of line. General W W Burns was in command of the division.

About one P. M. of the 17th, we resumed our march in a south-westerly direction, making about ten miles and halting near Bealton. When we reached our bivouac we found that the Second Michigan, who had the right of the line of march, had not only appropriated all the fence rails in their immediate front, but that they had also taken those in front of where we were halted, and had placed them in piles, under guard, with a view of carrying them to their own front, after securing those nearer to them. Captain Armour thus relates his recollections of what happened: "Colonel Morrison, then, as always, on the alert, appeared to take in at a glance the condition of affairs, and instead of dressing the line as was his custom, simply gave in quick succession the commands: 'Halt! Front! Stack arms! Rest!' The three first orders were promptly obeyed but the last one was not. The Colonel seemed to be in more of a hurry than usual, which was noticed by both officers and men. All seemed impressed with the fact that promptness was necessary, or the western boys would have not merely the best, but the only fires that evening. It was not in the nature of the senior regiment of the Ninth corps to submit to that. It was just dusk, and I came to the conclusion that unless interfered with by their officers, our boys would possess themselves of at least all the rails in our immediate front—and to which they were justly entitled.

"Not wishing to be in the way, we withdrew a short distance to watch the fun. Our boys in numerous groups discussed the matter for a few minutes, and

promptly decided that the rails should not be removed except by themselves. Their decision was soon communicated to the men of the Second, and their sense of justice appealed to, but they refused to surrender the rails. By this time they were heavily re-inforced and the battle began. As the scene of the strife was changed from one pile of rails to another, there was some lively hitting indulged in by both sides. No fire-arms were used, the "manly art" alone being resorted to. Occasionally some more daring ones of the Second would succeed in shouldering a few rails, but they were set upon and despoiled of their loads. At length, owing to the superior strength of their antagonists, and perhaps realizing that they were not in equity entitled to the rails, the men of the Second withdrew and peace was restored."

At four o'clock on the morning of the 18th we were turned out, and following the line down the Rappahannock, marched about twelve miles.

The Second and Ninth corps were now formed into the Right grand division of the army, under Major-General Sumner. On the 19th, shortly after noon, we reached Falmouth. The advance of our grand division had reached there on the 17th, and had indulged in a little artillery firing across the river with the enemy's advance. Sumner proposed crossing at once, as Fredericksburgh, even when we arrived, was occupied only by a small force of the enemy, but Burnside wished first to bring his whole army into position before crossing any part of his troops. Shortly after our arrival, large bodies of the enemy could be seen occupying the high ground back of the city, and it was evident that our passage of the stream would be attended with strong opposition.

We supposed, of course, that Richmond was our objective point, and we knew that whatever route was taken would be hotly contested. We could see the enemy busily engaged erecting earth-works on Marye's Heights,

the location of our camp ground in early August, and they no doubt would give us a warm reception. We wondered that there should be any delay in crossing the Union army ; surely something was wrong. The bridges had been destroyed, but we expected that ponton trains would be on the ground on our arrival, but none were on hand and many days were wasted by us and improved by the enemy

When Burnside reached Falmouth, on the afternoon of the 19th, he was much surprised and disappointed not to find the pontons there. On the 22nd, while still awaiting their arrival, Burnside called General Halleck's attention to the fact that the plan of the campaign, submitted by the former at the request of the latter, and which had been approved, called for the arrival of pontons at Fredericksburgh simultaneously with the advance of the army, and which Halleck had promised to push forward as soon as he returned to Washington. In reply Halleck claimed to have done all that he had agreed to, and had ordered General Woodbury, with the engineer corps and pontons to Acquia Creek, and *there* to report to General Burnside. It is unnecessary to review the causes which led to the delay ; suffice it to say that the usual amount of red tape at Washington, and the shifting of responsibility from one officer to another, accounted for the non-arrival of the pontons till the afternoon of the 25th.

By this time stormy weather had set in, and combined with floating ice in the river to render the throwing of bridges hazardous. Burnside even considered the advisability of putting his army into winter quarters, but the idea was soon abandoned, and the weather soon after becoming pleasant, the new commander decided to move on the enemy as soon as the necessary arrangements could be perfected.

CHAPTER XVII.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURGH.

STRENGTH of the Army.—Position of the Enemy.—Plan of Attack.—Laying the Pontons.—The Highlanders Cross the River.—The Night of the 12th.—Battle of the 13th.—The Failure.—Burnside to Lead the Ninth Corps on the Morning of the 14th.—Colonel Leasure's Protest.—Highlanders Cover the Rear of the Corps.—A Delicate Task.—The Holidays, New Year's of '63.—Stuck in the Mud.—Burnside Relieved by General Hooker.—How the "Bummers" Escaped Punishment.

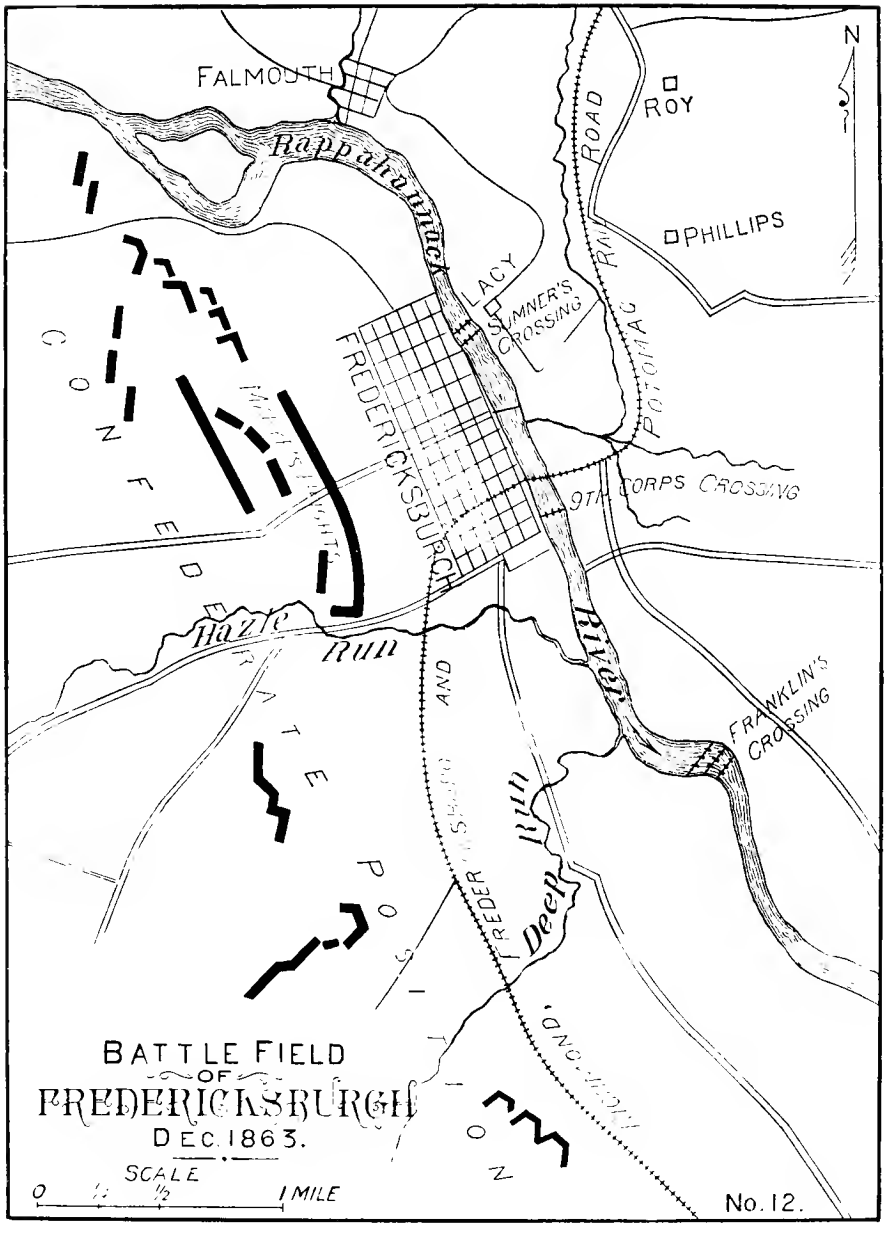
ON the 10th of December, Burnside had about 112,000 men in camp. Sumner's grand division consisted of about 22,000, and occupied the right of the line, extending up the river beyond Falmouth; General Hooker's center, of about 39,000, joined Sumner's left, while Franklin, with about 46,000, occupied the left, his line stretching about three miles below Fredericksburgh. Among these were distributed 275 guns. The cavalry occupied the flanks and rear of the army, while the engineer corps was distributed at the several points intended for throwing the bridges. Our line was about six miles in length. The heights of Falmouth and, further down the river, those of Stafford, on which our batteries had been planted, commanded the ridge on the opposite side of the river, on which the enemy had erected their field works, but there was a higher ridge in their rear, to which they might fall back in case of being driven from their more advanced position.

The enemy's line was about the same length as ours, and began at a point a mile north of the city, where the bluffs touched the river, and ran parallel with

its general course ; but at the point of junction the river makes a sudden bend to the east for about a mile, and then resumes its general course. It is upon this plateau —about a mile wide—that the city of Fredericksburgh is built. The enemy's left rested on the bluff overlooking the river, and their line followed the crest of the ridge for about half a mile below Marye's house, and nearly opposite the lower end of the city Below Marye's the ridge is somewhat broken, but yet afforded admirable opportunities for the use of the pick and shovel, which the enemy had dilligently plied.

Burnside's plan, in brief, was that Franklin, with his large force, should cross the river about a mile below the city and turn the enemy's right flank, Sumner to cross opposite the city and assault Marye's Heights, or act in conjunction with Franklin, as circumstances might warrant. Hooker was to be held in reserve, ready to reinforce either our right or left. Bridges were to be thrown at three places : at Franklin's position ; at the lower end of the town ; and, just above the place where the county bridge had stood, near the north end of the town. The enemy could, if disposed, by the use of artillery, render the throwing of Franklin's bridges exceedingly difficult, if not altogether impossible, but the buildings in the town masked the other locations.

General Lee, it seems, decided to merely delay, as long as possible, by the use of riflemen, the construction of the bridges opposite the city, in order to give him time to concentrate his troops, and trust to his batteries and muskets to defeat the Union troops as they advanced over the half-mile or more of open, level ground that intervened between the outskirts of the town and his line of earthworks. Burnside's plan was the very one that the Confederate commander wished him to pursue ; what a fine opportunity there might be for the Confederates, after our assault had failed, to make a counter


FALMOUTH
Rappahannock
LACY
SUMNER'S CROSSING
FREDERICKSBURG
ROY
PHILLIPS
POTOMAC
9TH CORPS CROSSING
CONFEDERATE
Hazel Run
Deep Run
FRANKLIN'S CROSSING
N
BATTLE FIELD
OF
FREDERICKSBURGH
DEC. 1863.
SCALE
0 1/2 1 MILE
No. 12.

charge and drive us into the river! So thought General Jackson, at least, on the night of the 13th, and the enemy rejoiced when they saw Burnside throw his army into a trap of his own construction.

On the night of the 10th we received sixty rounds of ammunition per man, and were ordered to be ready to move early the following morning. Considerable anxiety and not a little fear prevailed in our minds as to the result of the approaching battle. Long before daylight on the 11th the reveille roused us from sleep, and after a hasty breakfast, line was formed, and, standing in the cold, foggy atmosphere, we awaited orders.

As soon as it was light enough the engineer corps began to lay the ponton bridges. Franklin, from the left, below the town, reported a little before noon that his were ready for the men to cross, but in our front, opposite the city, the case was different. During the night the engineer corps had been at work, and under cover of the darkness had laid a little more than half of the bridge without being molested; even after daylight the fog which hung over the river screened our working party, but as soon as it began to lift, the rebel sharpshooters, posted in the houses near the river bank, compelled the men to suspend operations. General Woodbury who had charge of the operation, reported twice that he was unable to complete the work. Even the tremendous fire of our artillery, which had opened to protect the operation, and which had set fire to houses in various parts of the town, could not drive out the sharpshooters, who easily moved about from point to point and shot down our working party. At length General Burnside went in person to look at the situation, and decided at once to send a force of infantry across in boats to drive the enemy from their cover. Volunteers were called for from the troops stationed nearest the river, and, from those offering, a selection was made from the Seventh

Michigan, the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts following in support. As the fleet of boats neared the opposite shore it was met by a perfect storm of bullets, but the brave survivors pushed on, and when they leaped ashore the rebels fled. The pontons were soon after laid and troops crossed over in support of the skirmish line.

Our brigade got no farther than the river bank that day So much time had been occupied with the bridges that it was not deemed advisable to make the assault till the next day, and we returned to camp after dark. The artillery fire from our batteries continued at intervals during the day, and until near nine o'clock in the evening. We were all glad enough that another night was to intervene between us and what we believed would be a desperate battle. People generally are quite willing to postpone the discharge of a disagreeable duty, and soldiers in the field are no exception to the rule. Troops enough to hold the bridges had been sent across the river, and when we lay down at bed-time it was with a grim determination to do our whole duty when the time for action should arrive.

About eight o'clock on the morning of the 12th we marched down to the river, crossed, and, a short distance to the left of the bridge, brigade line was formed, where we remained for several hours. Our batteries on the opposite side kept up a desultory fire, which was answered by the enemy, a few of their shells exploding near enough our line to wound a few men. Later in the day we moved further down the river, and formed a junction with Franklin's troops. This brought the regiment into a hollow, which in a measure protected us from the enemy's fire, but the night was passed by most of us in a very anxious frame of mind. There seemed to be an endless amount of confusion among the troops; line upon line of stacked muskets occupied the streets in the lower end of the city, many of the men lying beside their arms,

while others were roaming about or sleeping in the houses. A number of buildings which had been set on fire by the Union shells were burning, and all through the night the batteries kept up a steady fire on the enemy's position. We were not at all anxious to "pitch in," yet were ready and willing to take the chances of "a bullet or a billet," as the fortunes of war might decide.

About eight o'clock the next morning, Saturday, the 13th, our artillery opened a furious cannonade, under cover of which our troops advanced to the positions from which they were to make the assault. The Ninth corps, occupying that part of our line below the town, between Hazel and Deep Runs, was ordered to be in readiness to support the attacks of either Franklin on our left, or Couch, who commanded the Second corps, on our right.

At noon the assault began by Meade's division of the First corps, which effected a lodgement on the enemy's right, but, not being properly supported, the effort was almost a failure. Couch had moved on our right, and our Second division was sent to his support, Ferrero's brigade making a gallant charge and suffering heavy loss. The troops moved forward bravely, and as soon as they gained the open plain, were met by a terrific fire from the guns of the enemy ; the storm of shot and shell was fearful, and wrought sad havoc in the advancing ranks. Our troops pressed forward, however, until they came within range of the enemy's infantry, and there their advance was checked. Flesh and blood could not withstand the terrible shower of iron and lead that now poured into their already decimated ranks, and the men were obliged to lie down behind such slight shelter as the rolling ground afforded. The bravest of our troops held their ground, while others fell back in disorder, and suffered heavily again in their retreat across the open ground.

About three o'clock in the afternoon our division was

sent across Deep Run to support Franklin, but his advance had been checked, and thus were we saved from the fearful slaughter of the day. At about four o'clock General Getty's Third division of our corps was sent to the right to help Couch, where they did some excellent work and suffered great loss. Our light batteries, too, crossed to the help of the infantry, and the losses sustained by the artillery also attested the severity of the engagement. Several of our officers obtained permission to leave the ranks in order to obtain a view of the field on our right, and on their return reported that, while our troops were doing all that flesh and blood could do, they thought it would be impossible to hold the heights, even if they were carried, owing to the range of hills in the rear held by the enemy, and commanding those in front. When Sumner's assault failed, orders to prepare for action reached General Burns, and our division was about to march in Sumner's direction when, much to our relief, the order was countermanded.

We lay on our arms till about four o'clock Sunday morning, at which time we marched back to the city, where the whole corps was massed. Burnside had determined to renew the assault, and to lead the Ninth corps in person in a grand charge on the enemy's lines, the First division to lead in the attack. Late the night before, Colonel Leasure, commanding the Third brigade, had been informed that his command was to lead the charge, and was asked to submit a plan of attack. His plan contemplated sending his own regiment — the Roundheads — before daylight to secure a position, in skirmishing order, near the enemy's lines, while the other regiments of the brigade — the Thirty-Sixth Massachusetts and Forty-Fifth Pennsylvania — should close up in immediate support, these in turn to be followed by the other brigades of the division, and by the other divisions of the corps. Just at daylight the charge was to be

made. But with this plan Leasure sent his solemn protest against the terrible sacrifice of life such an assault would entail in his brigade if his plan was adopted. This protest was endorsed by Generals Burns, Willcox, and Sumner, and caused General Burnside to hesitate, but it was not until both Generals Hooker and Franklin had added their disapproval of the plan that it was abandoned. The Roundheads had secured their advanced position, and the corps was under arms, but no orders for an assault were received; thus we remained till night-fall, when we marched back to the point where we had spent the previous afternoon and evening. Throwing out a strong picket to guard against an attack, we rested through the night.

The 15th was passed without anything worthy of note occurring till after dark, when fifty picked men under Captain Lusk and Lieutenants Armour and Menzies were ordered to advance as near the enemy's lines as possible without drawing their fire, and hold the position till further orders. We supposed at this time that Burnside had re-adopted his plan of attacking with the Ninth corps, and that our detail was to form a part at least, of the "Forlorn Hope," and even now, after these many years, we recall to mind the religious services held that evening, which tended still more to make us think of the possible dangers of the morrow

After the detail left, the regiment settled down for the night, but a little before midnight we were turned out and marched to the ponton bridge, and on our arrival there found the troops crossing to the northern bank.

The great battle was over and the Union army had suffered a terrible defeat. Sand and loam had been thickly spread on the bridge in order to deaden the sound of horses hoofs and the tread of the men. We reached our old camp ground in due time and threw ourselves down on the cold ground to spend the balance of the night.

Meanwhile the detail, which had left the regiment early in the evening, proceeded on its way to the front. The men moved quietly through the lower end of the city and out on the plain between it and the enemy's works. It was very dark, and as they marched noislessly along, the camp fires of the enemy, which could be distinctly seen, served as a guide towards his lines. When within a hundred yards—as near as could be guessed—of his pickets, our men halted and lay down flat on the ground; orders were passed in whispers and every man felt as though the success of the enterprise depended on his own individual courage and bravery This position was maintained till within an hour of daylight, when orders were quietly given to withdraw by the left flank, and to preserve the utmost silence, as life depended on the secrecy of the movement.

It now began to dawn upon the minds of our party, that they were covering the retreat of a portion of our army; this was confirmed when on entering the city, not a living person but themselves was to be seen or heard; neither was any one seen till the bridge was reached, and then only a couple of men belonging to the engineer corps, who stood with axes in their hands, and when the last of our men stepped on the bridge, the ropes that held the bridge to the shore were cut, and as the rear passed over, each succeeding anchor rope was severed, allowing the bridge to swing down to the northern bank. It was daylight when our men reached camp, feeling quite proud of the confidence placed in their courage and prudence, which caused them to be selected for such an important and delicate task.

When morning dawned the enemy's skirmish line advanced to the river bank, and the Rappahannock was lined on either side by the pickets of the contending armies. Five days later the ponton bridge was taken up, the Highlanders serving as the covering party in our immediate front.

Winter had now fairly set in, and the army settled down to the usual routine of field duty in the presence of the enemy. We soon became tolerably well acquainted with our opponents, and the picket duty was not very dangerous. Christmas was observed—as a day of the month—but there was no "hilarity" among the men. On the 26th we began the erection of log shanties for winter quarters, which served to keep us busy and occupy our minds for a while. Brigade, division, corps and grand division reviews and inspections occurred, and the army was kept in a condition for immediate action.

When New Years day of 1863 appeared, the camp presented quite a cheerful appearance. Special efforts had been made by our officers, and by the help of some generous friends in New York, they were enabled to receive their friends in a hospitable manner, and to fitly celebrate the occasion. A large hospital tent had been fitted up, and all the "fixins" were present for a proper observance of the day. Two long tables were tastefully decorated and loaded with the best that could be obtained from Washington, the feast being crowned by a huge bowl of steaming hot whiskey punch.

While liquor was contraband of war at this time, that fact did not prevent the issuing of invitations to all the leading officers of the army, several of whom and a host of minor rank, responded to the Highlanders' courtesy, and if they were surprised by being confronted with the contraband article, they asked no questions, for conscience sake, but drank the hot toddy, smacked their lips and asked for more. Songs and toasts wound up a very enjoyable occasion. Neither were the private soldiers of the regiment forgotten, for all who wished—and there were not many who refused—had a little something to "wash down" or "keep out" the Rappahannock fog. The night closed upon a red-letter day in our calendar.

Nothing of any importance occurred after the New

Year celebration till the 20th. The weather had been clear and cold, the roads were in fine condition and all indications pointed to a continuance of pleasant weather. Rumors had been in circulation for a week or more of another advance across the river. The failure of the December assault had not shaken the faith of the Government in Burnside's ability, and he finally determined on crossing by Banks' Ford, some five miles above the city, with the bulk of his army, and attacking the enemy in flank and rear, while the Ninth corps should cross in front of the city and assault Marye's Heights.

On the morning of the 20th Franklin's and Hooker's troops began their march to the appointed rendezvous, and as they passed our corps, still in our comfortable quarters, they cast many reflections on Burnside, for apparently favoring us over the other portion of the army We would gladly have changed places with them, however, as we would have much preferred meeting the enemy on an open field than risking another assault on the frowning batteries in rear of the town. But the promise of fair weather which the morning gave proved delusive, for at sundown the clouds began to gather, and before midnight one of the worst storms we had ever experienced broke over us. The troops on the road were obliged to endure the pitiless rain without shelter, and when morning of the 21st broke, the mud was so deep that it was nearly impossible to move wagons or artillery We had been ordered out before daylight, but almost immediately the order was countermanded and we returned to our tents. The movement of troops was suspended, and later in the day came the orders for them to return to their former quarters; but it was several days before the artillery could be moved. On the 22d the rebel pickets amused themselves at our expense, by placing sign-boards along their bank, with the inscription "Burnside Stuck in the Mud." Thus began and ended the "Mud Campaign."

Of course many looked upon the storm as a positive disaster, while the more timid thought it was an interposition of Providence to save us from another and more disastrous defeat, for now the river was so swollen that the fords were impassable, and not even ponton bridges could be thrown; and so the timid ones reasoned that had the army got safely over and been defeated, the rebels would have driven the survivors into the river or made them prisoners of war.

This last failure caused a prolonged howl from the military critics of the north, and Burnside's "Mud Campaign" was the subject of jest for both pen and pencil, from one end of the land to the other. After the defeat of December, Burnside had tendered his resignation; it was now renewed, but the President preferred to retain his services in the field, and merely relieved him from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and placed Major-General Joseph Hooker in that unenviable position.

Little of consequence occurred from this time till our removal to Newport News, about the middle of February. There was a good deal of sickness among some of the other regiments, and many men died from disease. A rather ghastly joke was perpetrated on our drum corps, which had been called upon frequently to attend the funerals in a neighboring regiment whose own corps was incapacitated for duty One evening our boys were requested to attend the following morning, and assist in the burial of a man who was not expected to survive the night. The boys went over at the time appointed, with muffled drums and becoming solemnity, to perform the sad duty; but in a few minutes returned, exciting considerable mirth, as they passed through the camp, by explaining the cause of their sudden return: "Every thing was ready," they said, "for the funeral except the corpse—*the man had n't died!*"

In every regiment there was a class of men—few in

number, fortunately—who, upon the least possible pretext, would absent themselves from regular duty, but whose specious pleading and comical excuses for absenteeism generally sufficed to shield them from incarceration in the guard-house. Brave fellows generally, they would lag behind on the march, to see what they could pick up; or, push on ahead of the column, in order to have the first "whack" at any good thing that might come in their way. During Sherman's march to the sea such men were called "Bummers." Had not the officers' mess been frequently and substantially benefited by these fellows, doubtless their "blarney" would not have saved them from the punishment they so richly deserved.

One day such a character presented himself at headquarters and asked to see the Colonel. On being admitted, he was asked, in a somewhat stern manner, to explain the cause of his two or three days' absence, without leave, from duty. "Now, Colonel, I'll tell ye. Ye see, 'Bob' told me, a day or two ago, that ye were very short of provisions; that ye had n't had an egg or a chicken for a long time. And I says to meself—that's too bad; I'll go and see if I can't find something nice for the Colonel to eat. Some nice new-born eggs, or a fat hen, would be just the thing; and I was bound to get either one or the other. But it tuk me a long time, Colonel; and all I could get was these." Suiting the action to the word, he began pulling some eggs out of his pockets, till he had laid a dozen or more on the Colonel's table. The fellow had doubtless been on a spree somewhere, and had "found" the eggs at some sutler's and brought them in as a peace offering, to propitiate offended military discipline.

On another occasion this same "bummer" presented the Captain of his company with a tub of butter; the scene at the presentation being thus described by that officer: "While sitting in my tent reading one day, a

head was poked in between the flaps, and the owner informed me that if I was not too busy, there were some friends who desired to talk with me. Having signified that I was at their service, the spokesman, in very complimentary terms, informed me that he and the others had been out on leave for a few hours, and while at the railroad station, a train had arrived from Acquia Creek with a large lot of sutlers' stores from Washington; that among other things was a supply of very nice butter; and being aware of the fact that we had not been able to procure any for a long time, and from a desire to show their kindly feelings towards me, he and the other boys had procured a lot and they desired to present me with a nice tubful. The complimentary remarks of the speaker, full of the blarney with which he was always loaded, naturally made them acceptable, even if unaccompanied by the butter, which was still more acceptable; and my thanks having been duly returned to the delegation, they left the tub and withdrew. When, a few weeks later, I learned in some way that these men, displeased at the exorbitant prices asked by the sutler for his goods, had appropriated to their own use, without paying anything, the butter and numerous other delicacies, I was unable to remember that the butter had not tasted as good as though purchased at a dollar a pound."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM FREDERICKSBURGH TO KENTUCKY.

LEAVING the Army of the Potomac.—At Newport News again.—By Water to Baltimore.—By Rail to Parkersburg, Va.—Down the Ohio.—Louisville.—Lebanon.—Grand Entertainment by the Drum Corps.—Green River.—Columbia.—Second Anniversary.—"Jimtown."—Back to Columbia in the Rain.—Lebanon and the "Alhambra."—Going Further West.

ON the 12th of February we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice. At six o'clock on the morning of the 14th, after a hurried breakfast, we boarded the cars, and at ten o'clock arrived at Acquia Creek. We found the whole corps in motion, and speculation was rife, as usual, as to our destination. We embarked on steamers, and at four o'clock P. M. of the 15th moved down the river, anchoring near its mouth at dark. At daylight on the 16th our voyage was resumed; Fort Monroe was passed in due time, and, sailing up to Newport News, we landed and went into camp. "A" tents had been provided and we were soon comfortably installed in our new quarters. The 18th proved rainy, and but little out-door work was accomplished.

The wound received by Colonel Farnsworth on the 30th of August had rendered him unfit for further field duty, and news of his resignation now reached the regiment. At this time the reports showed four hundred and forty-one officers and men present for duty.

On the 20th our regular round of camp duty began:

snow and rain alternated with pleasant weather, and our spare time was fully occupied in building log foundations for our tents. The relief from outpost and picket duty in the presence of the enemy was fully appreciated by us, and with plenty to eat we were rapidly becoming fat and lazy. The appointment of a regimental sutler coming up during our stay here, the officers unanimously recommended Mr. John McKenzie, formerly orderly-sergeant of Company I, and who had been severely wounded at Bull Run, in 1861, losing a leg by amputation while a prisoner in the enemy's hands at Richmond. He, with Sergeant Shearer and others, had been parolled in October of that year. McKenzie brought important letters and information from Richmond to President Lincoln and Secretary of War Cameron, which he delivered in person, and General Cameron showed his appreciation of McKenzie's services by offering to pay for an artificial leg for the crippled Highlander. The leg was procured, and in a kind note accompanying his check, the Secretary expressed his continued interest in the men of the Seventy-Ninth.

On the 21st Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison started for New York, leaving Major More in command of the regiment. Inasmuch as the Colonelcy was vacant, we all hoped that the eagles might perch on the shoulders of our gallant Lieutenant-Colonel, who, since the James Island campaign, was looked upon by us all as a brave and skilful leader. On this day, too, Captain Laing arrived from New York, with a squad of recruits, and a few old members, returning from sick leave. While on dress parade in the evening, our old friends, the Eighth Michigan, paid us a handsome compliment. They marched to our parade ground, and forming line directly facing the regiment, salutes were exchanged, and after the commands had been brought to order arms, the Rev. Geo. Taylor, chaplain of the Eighth, stepped between the lines,

and stated, that having written an ode, dedicated to his regiment, he proposed reading it to them; but on learning that it contained some flattering allusions to their friends, the Highlanders, they had refused to hear it read, unless in the presence of both regiments. Hence their visit.

The ode was then read. It contained, in chronological order, a brief history of the engagements in which the Eighth had participated, the part which interested us most being that relating to the battle on James Island:

"Fell? They had all fallen
At south'rn rebels' feet,
But for the Seventy-Ninth New York,
Which covered their retreat;
Into the thickest of the fight
The Highland braves rushed on—
Covered and saved the heroic Eighth,
And more than victory won."

After the reading, cheers for the "Gallant Eighth" were given; they were returned by that regiment, which then withdrew to their camp.

Camp bulletins respecting the ultimate destination of the corps were circulated daily We knew that Newport News would not long be our abiding place, and that as soon as Spring opened we would find active work somewhere. Although we often thought of General Burnside, and wished to be with him, none of us dreamed that we were destined to serve again under his leadership. At one time we were much worked up by the report, in some of the New York papers, that Burnside was to relieve General Hunter at Port Royal, and that the corps was to be sent there; and, although we had been "glad to get out of the wilderness," no doubt the men would have been pleased to return, not to James Island, but to Beaufort. General W F Smith, who was now in command of the corps, seemed determined to make it a model—if drill could accomplish that result—and thus be prepared for whatever service was in store for it. General

Dix reviewed the corps on the 25th, and brigade drills were frequent.

On March 3d, the division was reviewed by General Willcox, and on the 11th we turned out to assist at the presentation of a stand of colors to the Eighth Michigan. Shortly after this it was announced in general orders that Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison had been appointed Colonel, Major More Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain Simpson Major, commissions to date from the 17th of February The first two appointments pleased us. On the night of the 17th, orders to prepare three days' rations, and be ready to move at a moment s notice, warned us that our comfortable quarters must soon be abandoned. By midnight the rations were cooked and distributed, our knapsacks packed, and all ready for the command to fall in ; but it did not come ; so we lay down again, and were not disturbed till daylight, when we learned that the cause of the sudden alarm was owing to an attack by the enemy near Suffolk, on the Blackwater. We remained during the 18th in expectancy of orders to move, but none came, and at night we retired as usual. At four o'clock on the morning of the 19th, however, we were turned out, and found that the cooks had been up since midnight, preparing five days rations. This was soon stored in our haversacks, and after swallowing a cup of coffee, we made our way to the wharf, where we found the steamer John Rice in waiting. About noon, and during the prevalence of a heavy storm of rain and snow, we boarded the vessel, which then steamed in the direction of Fort Monroe. We soon turned about, however, as the storm increased to such a degree that it was impossible to navigate the ship. We lay off Newport News till the next morning, when Colonel Morrison came on board, the eagles glittering on his shoulder-straps. Lieutenant David G. Falconer, of Company B, also arrived. This officer had received a wound at Antietam which resulted

in his losing a leg above the knee. Doctor Palmer, of Philadelphia, however, had furnished him with a very good substitute, and the gallant officer, leaving his young bride—only a few days his wife—returned to serve his country again in the field. He had received a staff appointment, and managed his "store leg," while on horseback, in a very creditable manner.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 21st we again sailed down Hampton Roads, and the weather being pleasant our journey was continued up the Chesapeake Bay. Annapolis was passed at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 22d, and about three o'clock Baltimore was reached. As the vessel drew near the wharf a large crowd of people was noticed gazing curiously at us, some of whom put off in small boats and inquired if we were "Southern prisoners." The temptation to indulge in a practical joke, at the expense of the rebel sympathizers, was at once embraced. We replied in the affirmative, and gave the numbers of several Georgia and South Carolina regiments as being represented on board. The boats returned to the shore and we soon noticed a number of people leaving the crowd, but who soon after returned with baskets and packages, filled with refreshments for the poor "Southern prisoners." By this time the vessel had been made fast to the dock, and our "friends" waited till we should step on shore before bestowing their bounty. As we marched down the gang-plank, with colors flying and arms in our hands, they looked astonished at first, and then, as the truth gradually broke in upon them, they tried to get out of the way But the crowd, too, saw the joke, and burst into a hearty laugh at their discomfiture. Baskets and packages soon disappeared.

When line was formed an order from General Burnside was read, which was the first intimation we had of our destination. The purport of the order was, that

inasmuch as we were to pass through a friendly country to our destination, he hoped we would conduct ourselves as gentlemen, etc. When the General found what was expected of him in his new field of operations—the Department of the Ohio—he requested that the corps might be sent to his department, and as we were lying idle at Newport News the request was granted, so far as the two divisions were concerned. Getty's division had been sent to Suffolk, and did not again join the corps. Eastern Kentucky at this time was being constantly raided by small bodies of the enemy and by bushwhackers, and the green troops that Burnside was then forming into what was afterwards known as the Twenty-third corps were not able to cope with Morgan and his rough riders.

We found a train of freight cars in waiting, on which the Twentieth Michigan was already embarked; the Highlanders filled the remaining cars, and by five o'clock the train was moving west over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. We found ourselves very much crowded; board seats had been placed in the cars, and while there was room for us to sit down, we could not stretch ourselves out to rest; the ends of the cars, too, were dark, but daylight was soon admitted, as the butts of our muskets punched holes in the sheathing. Hammocks were improvised from our blankets and slung from the sides of the cars, and by the time darkness settled over us we were as comfortable as our cramped quarters admitted. Harpers Ferry was reached at four o'clock on the following morning, the 23d, where coffee and fresh bread awaited us. It was so dark that nothing could be seen distinctly, but in the short walk from the cars to where the rations were served out we could *feel* that there was no lack of mud. By the fitful glare of a few camp-fires could be dimly seen the blackened and ruined walls of the public buildings destroyed during the

war; but "ten minutes for refreshments" soon slipped by and the train pushed on. By daylight we entered the coal regions and soon passed several small villages, seemingly deserted. The country was blighted: the border States fared badly during the war, no family being secure in the possession of either home or movable property. One army entered and took what it wanted, the other followed and secured what was left, and the inhabitants were ground between the upper and nether millstones.

At Martinsburg we found a truly "Deserted Village." When Jackson and Banks were playing "tag" up and down the Shenandoah Valley, this town was almost totally destroyed, the iron railroad bridge was blown up, and an immense amount of public and private property given to the flames. Several woe-begone looking citizens, who still clung to the place, gave us an outline of their sufferings, and the recital made our hearts ache. A very tender chord was touched, too, when little children were seen going about among the men, begging for crackers! Poor little things! They looked the very pictures of poverty and famine! How they smiled, as some generous, big-hearted soldier emptied the contents of his haversack into their aprons or skirts of their dresses, and told them to "hurry home with that and then come back for more." No doubt the thoughts of little ones of their own, in their comfortable Northern homes, made our men feel more deeply for the sufferings of the poor ones here.

Our progress thus far had been very slow; we were less than a hundred miles from Baltimore; we had a long, heavy train and a poor, wheezing engine, and "hot boxes" caused frequent delays. Five miles out of Martinsburg a wash-out was encountered, but an hour or two's hard work, by as many men as could be used to advantage, repaired the damage. Parkersburg, on the

Ohio river, was reached at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 24th, and there, among a fleet of vessels, we found the steamer Majestic, to which the Highlanders were soon transferred. These Western river boats were a novelty to the most of us; flat bottomed, broad of beam, bow and stern rounded alike, and with upper works that towered above the hull like the stories of a house, were new to us New Yorkers, who had been accustomed to the sharp prows and graceful lines of our Hudson river or Sound steamers. But if these side-wheelers looked strange, what shall be said of the little stern-wheelers? They looked, as some one expressed it, like "animated water falls," moving about from place to place, forcing before them the flat bottomed hull, so light of draught that it has been said they could "sail on a heavy dew."

The Second and Twentieth Michigan were assigned quarters with the Highlanders on the Majestic — rightly named — for she was by far the largest and handsomest boat. We found ample room on her broad decks, and at ten o'clock in the evening the lines were cast off and we moved down stream. Before retiring for the night the boat was thoroughly inspected, as were also the two horizontal engines, one on either side of the boat, each independent of the other, moving a paddle wheel, so that by "going ahead" with one and "backing" with the other the boat might be turned as if hung on a pivot. The river was quite narrow and the water of a yellow, muddy color, and we found it was used to make both steam and coffee; it tasted better than it looked, however. Early the next morning we were astir and watching the shore on either hand for new and interesting sights. Several villages on the Ohio shore were passed, the names of which were painted on sign posts, stuck in the ground near the water's edge; the villages themselves, for obvious reasons, being located some distance back. It was no uncommon occurrence for the river,

during high water, to take off a slice of territory, large enough for a farm, and carry it down stream, to be deposited, perhaps, on the opposite shore at some convenient point. Considerable enthusiasm was manifested by the inhabitants as we passed by, which was responded to by those on board. But little was seen on the Virginia shore.

We left Parkersburg under orders to report to General Burnside at Cincinnati, where we expected to land and partake of the hospitality of the people there, but on reaching that city, about midnight, we found that orders had been issued forbidding the landing of any more troops, and that all possible haste must be made to reach Louisville. Stopping only long enough to coal up, we proceeded on our way, greatly disappointed in not being able to partake of the collation prepared for the Highlanders by the owner of the Gibson House, and other friends of the regiment.

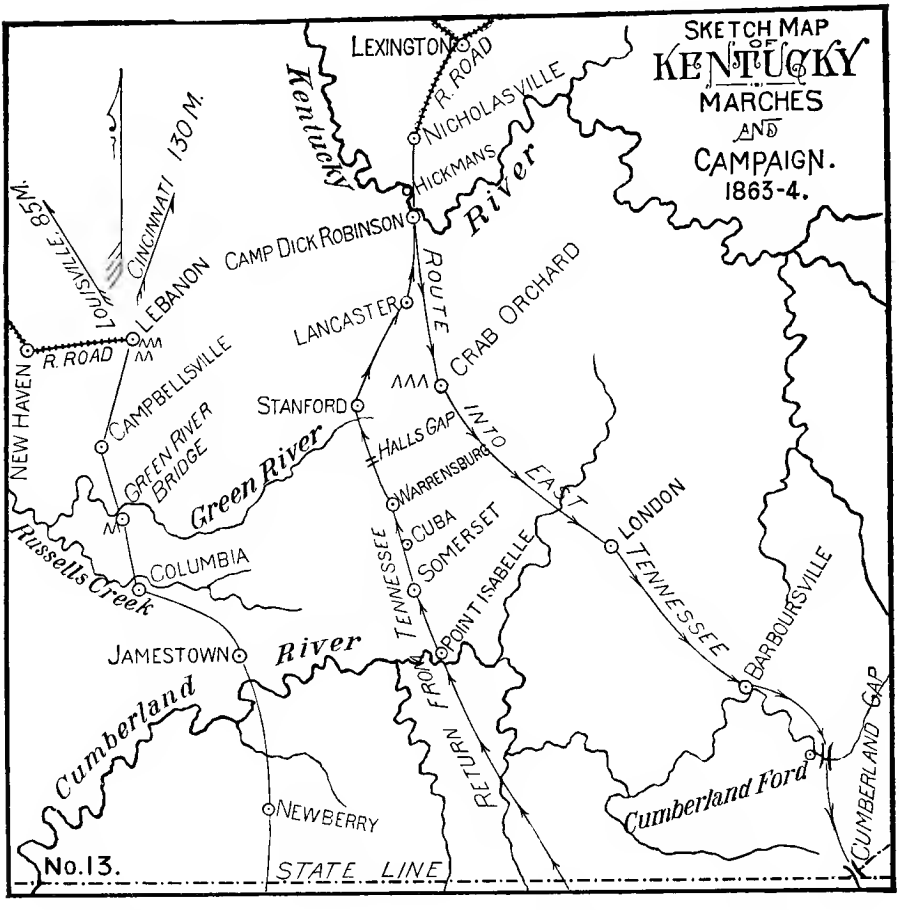
Daylight of the 26th found us moving rapidly down stream, and a little before noon the black smoke rising from Louisville's many chimneys proclaimed that our river journey was nearly ended, and on rounding a bend in the river the city itself lay before us. Very little attention was paid by the citizens to our landing; no doubt it had become an old story with the people, and yet we were not forgotten, for on marching to the rooms of the Soldiers' Relief Association, we found that a bountiful collation had been provided. After partaking of this, and giving three rousing cheers—proposed by our brigade commander, General Poe — "for the loyal women of Louisville," we marched through Broadway to the eastern outskirts of the city, where our shelter-tents were pitched. The men were soon busily engaged in washing and cleaning up generally Without waiting for tattoo, most of the men laid down for a good night's rest, but a few, whose pockets were not quite empty, went into town to

"see the elephant," and took all night to observe the animal.

On Friday morning, the 27th, a few more went down to look for their comrades, although the Paymaster was about, and they were warned not to absent themselves. Their disgust can be imagined when, on returning in the evening, they found those who had remained in camp handling the four months' pay, just received, and the Paymaster gone. Their comrades were generous, however, and the unfortunate ones soon borrowed enough to tide them over. Colonel Morrison, well knowing what the consequences would be if the men were paid off while so near the city, had vainly endeavored to persuade the Paymaster to wait until the troops moved further south on their journey The consequences *were* deplorable in the extreme. Although a strong guard had been placed about the camp in the afternoon, and no passes were granted, yet, before midnight, the majority of the men found their way into the city It would be merciful, perhaps, to draw the curtain over this, a most unfortunate episode in the career of the Highlanders. The "scarlet woman" was abroad in the city, and between this Scylla, and the Charybdis of Rum, few who went into town that night escaped suffering, either in pocket or person ; some were even swallowed up and never appeared in the regiment again.

On the morning of Saturday, the 28th, while the men in camp were packing up, preparatory to moving, the place was filled with peddlers, who, having heard of the paymaster's presence, were ready to take their share of the soldiers' money Our officers were vigilant, and many a bottle of whiskey, found beneath an innocent layer of biscuit or cookies, was confiscated and the vender ignominiously ejected, or sent to the guard-house. During the forenoon many of the revellers returned to camp in carriages ; being in no condition to walk, they

were escorted by their frail companions, who, now that the soldiers' money was in their possession, had no further use for the poor inebriates, yet mercifully conducted them safe (?) to camp. As evening approached, we still remained in camp, and it was ascertained that a collision on the railroad was the cause of the delay This gave



our provost-guard time to scour the city, and pick up a few more of the stragglers.

At ten o'clock on Sunday morning, with the Eighth Michigan, we marched to the station, and were soon on our way to Lebanon, where we arrived about five o'clock

in the afternoon. Here we found the inhabitants considerably excited over the advance of the enemy under Morgan and Wagner, who were reported in possession of Danville, about thirty miles distant to the north-east. Horses and cattle were being driven in by the farmers from the surrounding country, and hurried towards Louisville. Our presence soon reassured the people, however, and when they saw the Second, Seventeenth and Twentieth Michigan, under General Poe, march off towards the threatened point, and the Eighth Michigan and Highlanders left behind to take care of the town, confidence was once more restored. Thinking it not worth while to put up our shelter-tents, we bivouacked in an open field near the station, and the experience of one of our number is a fair sample of the way in which many of us spent the night. "At tattoo the weather was mild and the ground quite soft. I spread my rubber blanket on the ground and rolled my woolen one about me, drew my cap down over my ears, and placing my knapsack under my head for a pillow, laid down and was soon asleep. During the night the weather suddenly changed, and about three o'clock in the morning I awoke shivering with cold; my teeth were chattering and limbs aching. I noticed several men about the camp-fire trying to warm themselves, and proceeded to join them, but on trying to pick up my knapsack and rubber blanket, found they were both *frozen fast to the ground*, and there I was obliged to leave them until the morning sun thawed them out. The cooks were up early, and after getting down a quart of steaming hot coffee, I too was sufficiently thawed out to live, move, and have a being." Ice had formed nearly half an inch thick, and the night was voted the coldest we had ever experienced in an open bivouac.

After breakfast we marched to the camp-ground lately occupied by the Sixteenth Kentucky, who had gone to

the front, and whose quarters we were to occupy till their return. Colonel Morrison was placed in command of the post, and Captain Belcher of the Eighth Michigan was made Provost Marshal. Four or five passes were granted to each company daily, the men conducted themselves in a gentlemanly manner, and the regiment was soon in great favor with the townspeople. By the 4th of April the enemy had been driven beyond the Cumberland River, and the troops began to return from the front. General Manson relieved Colonel Morrison of the command of the post, and when General Poe arrived, a brigade camp was formed and the Highlanders took their place in that body Thirty of our comrades, who had been left behind, "absent without leave," at Louisville, also joined the regiment, and the men soon began to feel the influence of the firm, yet kindly supervision of our commanding officer.

Company, battalion and brigade drills, with the usual picket and guard duty, kept us well employed during the remainder of our stay at this pleasant town. While on picket we made the acquaintance of many of the farmers in the vicinity, and learned a good deal about their habits and mode of life. It may have been owing to the peculiar condition of affairs at that time — when, sowing in the spring, the husbandman had no assurance of being able to harvest his crop, or of its being allowed to grow to maturity — that their operations seemed to be carried on in a manner that would have driven a New England farmer into bankruptcy in a single season. But the needs of these simple people were few, and if they obtained enough "hog and hominy" to eat, a little good "bourbon" to drink, and Kentucky jeans to wear, they were satisfied. One old citizen in particular, paid frequent visits to our camp. He was a staunch Union man and had one or two sons in our army He was missed for awhile, and on his revisiting the camp,

was asked the cause of his absence; he replied that he had been sick, was "some better now, but *powerful weak* yet." One evening, while on picket, a few of us were entertained by a couple of darkies, with banjo playing, songs and dances, but as our ideas of plantation melodies had been formed by what we had seen and heard at Christy's or Bryant's in New York, we failed to appreciate the efforts of our entertainers, although the poor fellows did their best.

The U. S. Senate having failed to confirm the appointment of Colonel Poe as Brigadier-General, that officer now resigned, and returned to his position in the Engineer corps, and was placed on General Burnside's staff as chief of that department, with rank of Captain. Colonel Morrison assumed command of the brigade, and his place at the head of the regiment was ably filled by Lieutenant-Colonel More. On the 9th General Manson reviewed all the troops stationed at Lebanon, and the Highlanders received a good share of the compliments of the reviewing officer. In the evening a large portion of the regiment were allowed to attend an "Old Folks' Concert," given by a traveling company; and on the 14th a "Variety Entertainment," which filled the hall to overflowing at twenty-five cents a ticket, suggested to our drum corps that if people would flock to see such a "one-horse show," they would get up something worth listening to. They began at once to rehearse, and in the course of a week, flaming posters and small hand-bills announced for the evening of the 23d, a

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT
BY THE
DRUM CORPS
OF THE
SEVENTY-NINTH HIGHLANDERS,
N. Y. VOLS.,
For the Benefit of the Military Hospital.
Admission 25 cents. Reserved Seats 50 cents.

When the evening arrived, Shuck's Hall was packed, and the boys gave a very creditable performance, which consisted of martial music, pantomimes, songs and dances. About two hundred and fifty dollars was realized for the charitable object; and "by request"—so the bills stated—the program was repeated on the following evening, for their own benefit—that of procuring new uniforms, and the boys were gratified by securing over one hundred and fifty dollars for that purpose.

Soldiers are not more easily satisfied with their surroundings than are people in civil life. When in active service we often wished for a quiet life in camp; and, now that we had been enjoying such a life less than two weeks, we began to long for a change. We were not particular what—a scout, skirmish or reconnoissance—and our desire was soon gratified. On Sunday, the 26th, three days' rations were issued, and orders, requiring us to be ready to move at three o'clock on the following morning, put us all in good humor. At five o'clock on the morning of the 27th we were on the road, in heavy marching order, headed South. The day was warm, our knapsacks heavy, and having been in camp so long we were soon fagged out, and all extra clothing was thrown away to lighten our loads. We halted within two miles of Campbellsville, where we bivouacked for the night. Daylight of the 28th found us up again, and after partaking of a good breakfast of beef-steak, broiled on our ramrods over the fire, coffee and crackers, the march was resumed. We had our marching legs on by this time, and at noon reached Green River. The bridge had been destroyed, so we forded the stream, and camped on the high bluffs on the southern bank. During our stay here, which lasted till the 11th of May, we were busily employed. Colonel Morrison wrote to the district commander, General Boyle, offering a detail from the Highlanders to rebuild the bridge, which being accepted, the

work began as soon as the tools arrived. When the regiment moved, the detail remained to finish their work, during which time they were attacked by a force of Morgan's cavalry; but with the assistance of a detachment from the Twenty-Fifth Michigan, they succeeded in driving them off, and completed their work before returning to the regiment. While at Green River a number of furloughs were granted, the fortunate holders making their way North via Lebanon and Louisville. Heavy rains during the 5th, 6th and 7th raised the river some six feet, when it became a rushing torrent and interfered seriously with the bridge builders.

On the morning of the 11th the Highlanders, with the Second Michigan, left camp in light marching order, for the purpose of reinforcing the other regiments of the brigade, who had been attacked by the enemy at Jamestown, a village near the Cumberland River. Columbia was reached—a distance of fourteen miles—in four hours, where we learned that the enemy had been driven back across the Cumberland, by the Twentieth Michigan and Colonel Jacobs' Kentucky Cavalry. Nothing further of importance occurred during the afternoon or the next day.

On the 13th we celebrated the second anniversary of our term of service, and a ration of whiskey led many of the men to think that the occasion was properly observed. In the afternoon reports from the front caused us to form line of battle; but as the enemy did not appear, we stacked arms and awaited further developments. At tattoo all was quiet, and the men lay down to sleep and were not disturbed till three o'clock on the morning of the 14th, when we were formed in line, remaining so till daylight. Nothing special occurred till the 18th, when reports of the enemy's advance, confirmed later in the day by the arrival of farmers, driving their stock before them, led us to believe that a fight was near

at hand. We filled our cartridge boxes and prepared for action, but night came without any further news of the rebels.

On the evening of the 26th the Third brigade arrived from Middlebury, and at seven o'clock the next evening our brigade started for "Jimtown." About two miles out we met a squad of horsemen, bearing a flag of truce. We were drawn up in line, and flankers thrown out, to guard against any surprise or trick of the enemy. Our

"Look here, Gin'ral; nights are cold. We're tired of sleeping out in the swamp, with nothing to eat, and that sort of thing; so we want to go in for the Union, and *have our meals reg'lar*"

visitors proved to be some of Morgan's men, who had become "tired of fighting for the Confederates," and wished to give themselves up. They told some tough

stories of their hardships and sufferings in Rebeldom, and said they believed the Southern Cause was hopeless. They had been conscripted and pressed into the rebel service, much against their will, and embraced the first opportunity for leaving that service. Very little credence was placed in their story, but they were sent to the care of the Provost Marshal at Columbia, and we continued our march. It was a beautiful evening; the moon was full, and we enjoyed the march in the cool night air. We marched thirteen miles that evening and bivouacked in a field by the roadside, our cavalry forming a line of videttes, the infantry an inner line of pickets; and thus we rested till the morning of the 28th. "Jimtown" was reached early in the forenoon, where the infantry halted, while the cavalry pushed on to the river, four miles beyond. They soon came in sight of a body of the enemy, who beat a hasty retreat, our men galloping after, and coming within rifle shot just as the "Butternuts" were crossing the river. A lively fire was opened by our men, and several of the enemy killed and wounded. Several prisoners were captured—among them the Captain of the rebel troop—who were brought back to town by our victorious troopers.

During the absence of the cavalry, Colonel Morrison had formed the infantry on a commanding position near the town, and the two guns brought with us were placed in battery commanding the approaches. The cavalry returned about dusk and reported the enemy all across the river, and not likely to trouble us that night. The weather looked quite threatening at this time, and those who had shelter-tents put them up, while the others sought cover in the barns and outbuildings near by; the latter were the more fortunate, for about ten o'clock rain began to fall, and continued without intermission during the night. Regarding the appearance of the town, an extract from a letter written at the time will

suffice: "Jamestown, or, as the natives call it, 'Jimtown,' while a smaller place than Columbia, is a much prettier place naturally, but it was almost deserted. Those families who could afford to, had moved to Louisville, or other points within our permanent lines, leaving their property to the tender mercies of the troopers of both armies. * * * There are two hotels, or taverns, in the place, but no guests; a court house, but no sessions of court, either circuit or local; three or four stores, but no merchandise; a church, but neither pastor nor congregation. Very little farm work had been attempted, or was possible, as nearly all the horses and stock had been driven off. What can be more dreary or desolate than such a place?"

The morning of Friday, the 29th, found us much refreshed by a good night's rest. Our cavalry videttes reported that several small bodies of the enemy had been observed hovering about the outposts, and after breakfast they were sent out to scour the neighborhood and go as far as the river; they succeeded in capturing five more of the "Butternuts," whom they brought into town and lodged in the jail. Several scouting parties of infantry were also sent out, who secured several prisoners, two of whom were captured within a hundred yards of one of our outposts. One of these latter said he had "drawn a bead" on one of our pickets, but was afraid to fire lest he should be chased so hard that he could not escape; he thought that if captured he would be hung, or, as he expressed it, "Capture sure, and hanging certain." This fellow was only sixteen years old, and yet was said to be "the greatest horse-thief in Russell county" When taken he was riding a handsome stallion, worth at least five hundred dollars, that he had stolen from a farmer who lived about a mile from town. This prisoner was a sample of the guerillas that infested the borders during the war. Many of them were doubt-

less regularly enlisted in the Confederate service, but the majority were mere bushwhackers, who took advantage of the unsettled times to prey on the people; rebels or Unionists, it made no difference to them so long as plunder could be obtained.

Rain fell at intervals during the day, and towards night it came down in torrents; the unfortunate ones on picket duty were to be pitied. On the morning of the 30th, however, the sun rose bright and clear, with prospects of a fine day Company K, which had been on picket during the night, was relieved by Company B, but just as the latter were preparing a good dinner, from some produce that had been obtained as the result of a successful forage, a company from one of the regiments of the Third brigade relieved them, and the Highlanders rejoined the regiment, which they found in line ready to march back to Columbia. Just as we started, the sky, which had been for some time overcast, assumed a more leaden hue, and the thunder began to roll — all betokening another violent rain storm. We thought of the eighteen miles' march, and wished ourselves back in the barns at Jamestown. Two miles out the storm broke over us in all its fury; the rain came down in a perfect deluge, wetting us to the skin almost instantly. There was no shelter at hand, and even if there had been we could not have availed ourselves of it, as our orders were imperative — to report at Columbia without delay

The rains of the previous days had rendered the road soft and muddy; now it became miry and slushy The soil was a heavy red clay, which stuck to our shoes and made the traveling laborious. Had it not been for the excitement produced by the double-quick step, and those in the rear shouting "go on," while those in front called to those behind them to "keep up," it would have been difficult for us to have gotten along at all. At a point about ten miles from Jamestown — having made that

distance without a halt – we stopped long enough to boil a cup of coffee, after which the march was resumed. Although the rain had almost ceased, darkness soon made it impossible to pick our steps, and we were compelled to wade through it all, splash, splash, like a drove of cattle. Occasionally a man would lose his footing and measure his length in the soft mud, his companions crowding and almost trampling upon him before he could regain his feet. Many of the men, unable to keep up, were compelled to drop out and rest; our clothing clung to our bodies, chafing the skin and rendering us very uncomfortable. Camp was reached about nine o'clock, when dry clothing and a cup of hot coffee made us feel better, after which we laid our weary limbs down to rest. The stragglers kept coming in during the night, while many did not put in an appearance till daylight the next morning.

On the 1st of June the Eighth Michigan and the Highlanders were ordered to report to Colonel Morrison for detached service. What a charm this "detached" service had for the men when they were engaged in an arduous campaign! Visions of garrison or provost duty at some comfortable place flitted before our imagination; we thought we were in for a "big thing," and were correspondingly elated. Our "castles in the air" soon tumbled down, however, for on the morning of the 4th the whole brigade was ordered to hold itself in readiness to march at a moment's notice. At six o'clock in the afternoon we left Columbia, in heavy marching order, and at two o'clock the following morning reached our old camp at Green River; here we had a short nap, and at five o'clock were off again. The roads were in good condition, and at six in the afternoon we halted for the night, within eleven miles of Lebanon. Daylight of the 6th found us on the road again, and the town was reached at nine o'clock. A party of the regi-

ment took possession of the "Alhambra," and having plenty of money in their pockets, enjoyed a "good, square meal," with all the "fixins." At three P. M. we left on the cars and reached Louisville at eleven. Here again a number of the men remained behind for another spree, while the good boys, about midnight, followed the command over to Jeffersonville, where cars were in waiting, on which we embarked, and at daylight the train moved west.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

CAUSE of the Sudden Movement.—By Rail to Cairo.—Entertainment by the Way.—Burnside's Peripatetic Geography Class.—Cairo.—Perils of Mississippi Travel.—Young's Point and the Canal.—Vicksburg.—Negro Refugees.—Up the Yazoo.—Milldale.—In the Trenches.—The Michigan Piper.—An Excursion up the Yazoo.—Flower Hill.—What General Sherman Said.—The Surrender.—Orders to Pursue Johnston.

WHY this sudden movement to the west? On the 3rd of June, General Burnside, who was at Lexington, expecting to start on the following morning on the march over the Cumberland mountains into East Tennessee, for the deliverance of that loyal territory from rebel rule, received dispatches from Washington, saying that General Grant was greatly in need of troops to assist in the siege of Vicksburg, and inquiring what troops could be spared from his department. Burnside's plans had been prepared in conjunction with Rosecrans and Thomas, and this new and unexpected call was a sad blow to his hopes and aspirations; but Burnside was a patriot, first, last and always. He might have sent the Twenty-Third corps, then newly organized, but appreciating the work that would be required at such a place as Vicksburg, he promptly replied that he would not only send the Ninth corps, but that he would also accompany it himself. The Government would not listen to his leaving his own department, however, so the two divisions, under command of General John G. Parke, were sent, and Burnside waited patiently till their return before putting his own plans into operation.

At nearly every stopping place on our westward journey the people gathered at the stations, received us enthusiastically and treated us generously At Seymour, which was reached at eleven o'clock, coffee and cakes were distributed, and at Washington, Indiana, where we arrived at five in the afternoon, we received a perfect ovation. The vicinity of the station had the appearance of a fair-ground; the citizens were there, arrayed in holiday attire, the female portion displaying the red, white and blue in many and pleasing devices. A bountiful collation was served, to which we did ample justice, after which some speechmaking was indulged in; then the drum corps serenaded our hosts, and just as we were about to reënter the cars bouquets were distributed by the ladies. Verses from patriotic songs or loyal sentiments were written on cards attached to the bouquets, and in each case the donor's name was appended. After giving three-times-three hearty cheers for the loyal and generous women of Washington our journey was resumed. When the flowers we received had withered and been forgotten, the cards containing the sentiments and names of the fair ones were no doubt preserved, for it was noticed that the mail-bag leaving the regiment contained many letters bearing female addresses, and directed "Washington, Ind."

Half-past three o'clock on the following morning, Monday, the 8th, found us at Sandoval, Ill., where we changed cars to the Illinois Central railroad, and at eight o'clock reached Centralia, where we had breakfast. We were now on the broad prairies — as far as the eye could reach, north, south, east and west, the land was as level as a floor. Burnside's "Peripatetic Geography Class," as the corps was now called — and it certainly deserved the designation — was fast becoming proficient in both political and physical geography Our first lesson was taken among the hills and valleys of Virginia; then we

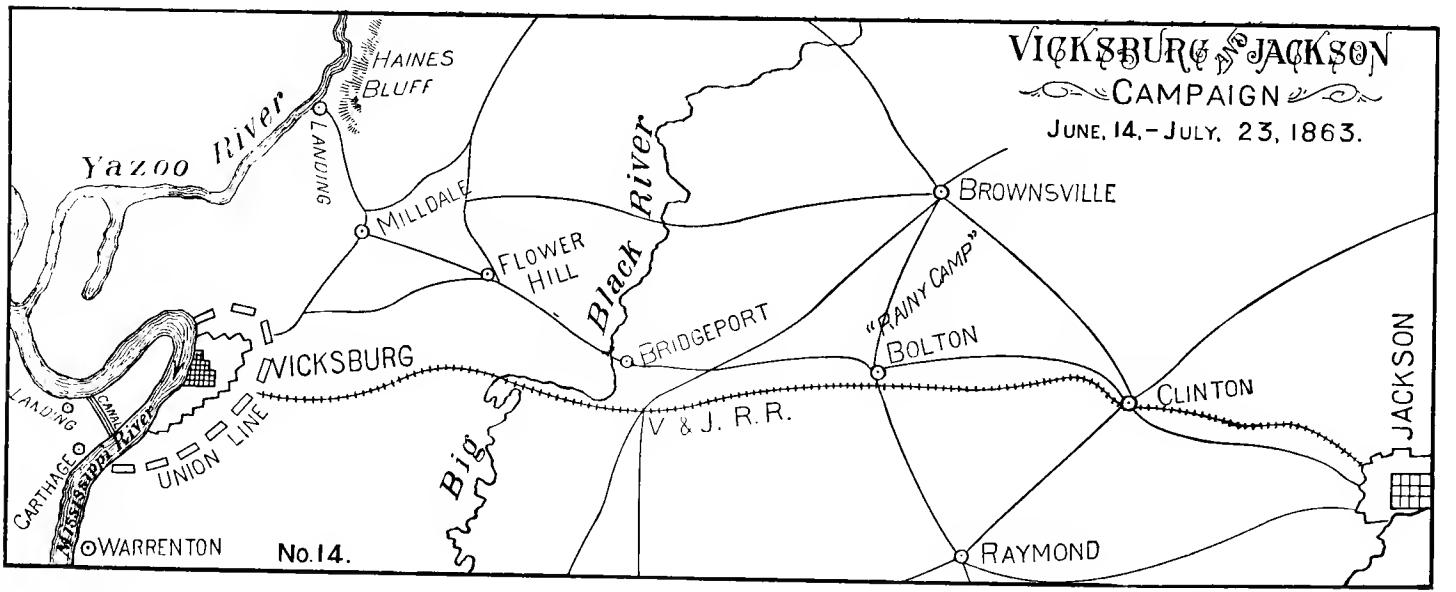
were "promoted" to the sea coast and swamp islands of the South; back again for review to Virginia; then into Marvland, where we studied the rugged slopes and stone walls of South Mountain, and the heights and hollows of Antietam; then for a winter's course among the snow and mud of Virginia again. Our next course took us through the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, and along its many water courses, where we had an opportunity of dipping into geology and mineralogy, by examining the caves and picking up the petrifactions found in the beds of the streams in the lime-stone region. We had now entered "Egypt," but instead of the pyramids the deep alluvial soil of the prairies was a curiosity, and now we were fast approaching the great artery of the continent, the Mississippi, and would doubtless soon learn something of the "Father of Waters," and the islands and bluffs that dotted its surface or lined its shores. The Yazoo, that "River of Death," the Big Black, with its miasmatic and poisonous banks and lowlands, were yet in store for us.

While waiting to enter the cars at Centralia, the sign: "Strawberries and Cream," displayed in a shop window, proved an alluring temptation, and the shopkeeper's heart was gladdened by the loose change left in return for those toothsome and unusual luxuries. We reached Cairo at five P M. — Cairo, the City of Magnificent Expectations, destined by its founders to be the metropolis of the Mississippi Valley Situated at the junction of two great rivers, what was to prevent its becoming the principal city? Its very location: for one night the great river carried off a huge slice of its territory, and the next covered the original site with its turbid waters. So the great city is yet in embryo; but it formed a very good depot as a base for military operations. We found that most of the corps had preceded us. The steamboat Edward Walsh received the Highlanders, and at nine

o'clock on the morning of the 9th our southward journey was continued.

Columbus, Ky., was passed at noon, and Island Number Ten at five P. M., and at half-past seven the boat was tied up for the night at a wood-pile. The shore on either side being infested by guerillas, it was deemed imprudent to travel at night. At daylight of the 10th we were off again, and in order that we should not miss any of the pleasant experiences of Mississippi travel, the boat soon grounded on a sand-bar, and we had the pleasure of assisting the crew to "pole her off." Memphis, Tenn., was reached at six o'clock in the evening, and here we remained till the 12th. Great activity was manifested about the levee. A part of Porter's mortar fleet was moored along shore, and we gazed with a good deal of interest on the curious-looking iron-clad tubs. It was reported by some of the boys, however, that all the "Iron-clads" were not moored in the river. We learned that about 7,000 negro troops were quartered near by, while 5,000 more were up at Island Number Ten. Truly, the work of arming the blacks was making good progress. The boat having been "wooded up" and thoroughly cleaned during our stay, the journey was resumed on the morning of the 12th. Helena, Ark., was passed at noon, and as usual, a wood-pile was the stopping place for the night.

A sharp lookout was kept for guerillas, and several false alarms were raised; but on Saturday, the 13th, shortly after daylight, the transport in advance was fired into, and we were formed in line, with muskets loaded, ready to fire a volley should occasion offer, but our boat was not molested. Milliken's Bend was reached at dark, where we remained for the night, and early on the morning of the 14th landed at Young's Point, La., near the north end of the famous canal that had been intended to deflect the current of the river, and make Vicksburg an


VICKSBURG AND JACKSON
CAMPAIGN
JUNE, 14.– JULY, 23, 1863.
Yazoo River
HAINES BLUFF
LANDING
MILLDALE
FLOWER HILL
Black River
BROWNSVILLE
"RAINY CAMP"
BOLTON
BRIDGEPORT
VICKSBURG
LANDING
CANAL
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
UNION LINE
V & J. R.R.
CLINTON
JACKSON
CARTHAGE
WARRENTON
Big
RAYMOND
No. 14.

inland city The bed of the canal was found to be several feet *above* the level of the river, and we thought it no wonder the Mississippi refused to so revolutionize the laws of hydraulics, as to run up hill in order to accommodate a few Yankee military engineers. The canal had no doubt been dug with a view to being used during the spring freshets—this was our afterthought.

From our bivouac behind the levee, we had a good view of the bluffs upon which Vicksburg was situated, and by the aid of field-glasses, a portion of the city, with some of the fortifications, were clearly discerned. Although somewhat hardened by our past experience in the field, the sight of the doomed city made a deep impression on our minds. The accounts we had read of cities besieged, and the sufferings endured by the inhabitants, came vividly to mind. We imagined we saw Priam's Gate, and the old king seated in his chair, while Helen, standing beside him, pointed out the various leaders of the beleaguering host. But the Union troops were more merciful than the ancient Greeks, and when this Troy fell, there was no occasion for the modern Æneas to bear upon his shoulders, through the flames, the form of an old Anchises.

The mortar fleet, moored to the banks of the river, both above and below the city, kept up a continuous fire. Day and night the shells were bursting over and in the city After dark we watched the course of the shells, distinctly traced by the burning fuses. The report, as they left the mortars, was almost deafening. We would frequently count the moments till we heard the second report which indicated the bursting of the shells, and then wonder if any one had been killed. Admiral Porter, who examined the works after the surrender, says: "I saw, myself, the great strongholds at Sebastopol of the Malakoff tower and the Redan, the day after they were taken by a combined army of 120,000 men; and

these strongholds, which have become famous in ballads and story, never in any way compared with the defences of Vicksburg, which looked as if a thousand Titans had been put to work to make these heights unassailable."

At four o'clock on the morning of the 15th we marched along the line of the canal, the distance of a mile, to its southern extremity, near which we found a large camp of colored troops, and scattered about, along the line of the canal especially, were thousands of negro refugees—the old, the lame and the blind; men, women and pickaninnies—and amid such surroundings! These poor people—slaves no longer—had brought with them such an assortment of personal baggage as was never before seen, even in a Baxter Street second-hand furniture shop. Fragments of Brussels carpets, old blankets, lace curtains, bedquilts, cane-seated and sofa-bottomed chairs, pieces of broken statuary that once graced the parlors of happy homes, and numerous other things, classed by Mrs. Partington as articles of "bigotry and virtue," lay scattered about in indescribable confusion. As to their dress:

> "There were some in rags, and some in tags,
> And some in velvet gowns."

Some of the old men were clothed in ill-assorted portions of the dress suits of their masters; some had on blue coats with brass buttons—hatless and shoeless, perhaps, while others wore little else to cover their nakedness besides plug hats and old blankets. Some of the wenches were decently dressed in the coarse plantation homespun, or the cast-off clothing of their former mistresses, while the busts of others were but scantily covered by old silk waists, which failed to conceal the fountains from which their infants drew nourishment, and which hung pendant, like well-filled haversacks. It was a motley sight. "What is to become of them?" was the natural inquiry

At noon we went on board a transport for the purpose of crossing over to join the army in the trenches in the rear of Vicksburg, but were immediately ordered on shore again. Grant had troops enough at that point, and the corps was ordered to proceed up the Yazoo and report to General Sherman at Haines' Bluff, where his command was engaged in watching the movements of the enemy under General Joseph E. Johnston, who had been endeavoring to raise the siege by an attack on Grant's rear. The situation was peculiar—thirty thousand of the enemy *in* Vicksburg trying to get out, while nearly as many more were *out*, trying to get in, the Union army, Janus-faced, between the two fires, preventing the consummation of either purpose. Grant's operations were a masterly piece of strategy unequaled during the war.

Late in the afternoon we returned to Young's Point, remaining there for the night, and early the following morning, the 16th, embarked on the transport, William E. Ewell, and sailed up the Yazoo, landing the next morning at a point two miles below Haines Bluff. After getting our own baggage ashore, we assisted Benjamin's battery to land, and then marched about three miles to Milldale, where our tents were pitched and camp established. The weather was hot and sultry Adjutant Ranlett, in the "History of the Thirty-Sixth Massachusetts," says: "In many places the soil was so dry and parched with the heat, that it seemed to have cracked open like a blistered skin beneath the tropical rays of the sun. The wind blew from every point of the compass, bringing clouds of dust along with it. Gnats and flies made night hideous, and drove sleep from the weary Venomous snakes and other reptiles infested the woods and thickets. Lizards soon became no novelty, and even the resort of keeping them out of one's boots, by wearing them day and night, would not prevent their crawling down one's back occasionally, causing a sensation like an animated icicle."

We missed the clear streams of Virginia and Kentucky, and the sea breezes of the Atlantic coast, but this was a part of our "experience," and, as the boys said: "It's all in the three years." We remained here till the 29th, the time being spent in ordinary camp duties, supplemented and aggravated by hard work in the trenches, the intense heat rendering out-of-door labor not only arduous but dangerous. The 26th was one of the hottest days of that very hot June. We worked in the trenches from sunrise till sunset, the working party being divided into two reliefs, and while one plied the pick and shovel for an hour, the other rested, but remained near their arms in order to fall in at a moment's notice, and protect the working party Over one hundred and eighty yards of rifle-pit, ranging from two-and-a-half to four feet deep, was the result of this day's work, and as we had only two hundred men in the two reliefs, it was considered, under the circumstances, a big day's job.

The steady boom, boom, of the mortars and siege guns could be distinctly heard at all hours of the day and night. One morning, just before daylight, a terrific cannonading woke us all from sleep, and for a moment we thought our own position had been attacked, but it was only an advance of a portion of the besiegers' lines, by which movement Grant secured important advantages.

A letter written on the 27th, contains the following: "Our men are all in excellent health, the climate not yet having had an opportunity of getting in its work. There is a good deal of grumbling at our quartermaster and commissary, however, on account of the quality of our food, and the men threatened to give the latter a ducking, the other day, if he did not furnish us with better rations. We manage to confiscate a pig or a sheep now and then, which helps our government fare. Blackberries and wild plums are now ripe and found in great abundance. We also have a new 'institution' attached to the regiment

—nothing less than a Scotch 'piper' from Michigan, who joined us on our way down here. He has a full suit of the kilts and often so entertains us with his alleged *tunes* on the pipes, that we have several times threatened to 'fire him out,' and not allow him to perform again till he learns how "

A good deal of excitement was caused by the news of the rebel invasion of Pennsylvania; the absence of reliable information of recent date rendered the situation more uncertain; we did not know but that our own homes might be invaded. The Pennsylvania troops with us were especially worked up, and would have been glad of the opportunity of going home to help drive the invaders back into Virginia. We felt certain, however, that the enemy would not long remain in the Keystone state, and equally certain that he would be driven back with such punishment as would render the chances of his repeating the experiment extremely small.

For the purpose of examining the river north of Haines' Bluff, Generals Parke and Potter, with the members of their staffs, and escorted by Company G of the Highlanders, embarked on a small gun-boat and sailed about eight miles up the stream, where they encountered a strong rebel cavalry picket, who fired on the boat and then galloped off. The gun-boat fired a shell or two after the retreating horsemen, while Company G landed and destroyed the camp equipage, at the same time capturing nine head of cattle, which were driven on board. The boat then proceeded up stream till the mouth of the Big Sunflower river was reached, where further progress was arrested by obstructions sunk in the channel. After remaining here for three or four hours and noting the surroundings, the boat returned, the men reaching camp about nightfall, well pleased with their excursion.

On Monday, the 29th, we moved at nine A. M., marching about four miles to Flower Hill. The day was very

warm, the roads dusty and water scarce, and although the distance was short, our knapsacks felt as though filled with lead, before the march was accomplished. Immediately on our arrival we began the usual digging and delving, building batteries and rifle-pits. The sick list began gradually to increase, and we wished many a time we were back in Kentucky or even Virginia. In the evening the men would gather about a smouldering camp-fire, where a smudge was maintained to keep off the gnats and mosquitoes, and discuss the progress of the campaign, the coming Fourth of July, and the probable fall of Vicksburg.

On the evening of July 3rd, it was reported that Grant had sent word to Sherman, to the effect that Pemberton was ready to surrender the city, upon terms that might be agreed upon by a commission from both armies, and that Grant had informed the Confederate commander that he need not trouble himself about a commission, as nothing but an unconditional surrender would satisfy him; that Sherman in response had complimented Grant on his success thus far in the siege, adding that should the place fall by the Fourth, it would be the greatest Fourth of July the country had ever known since the memorable one of 1776. On the morning of the Fourth, a ration of whiskey to "the day we celebrate" was served out. Just before noon the news of the surrender was announced, and at the same time we were ordered to get ready in light marching order and be prepared to start at a moment's notice.

General Sherman, in his "Memoirs," says: "Vicksburg surrendered, and orders were given for at once attacking General Johnston. The Thirteenth corps (General Ord), was ordered to march rapidly and cross the Big Black at the railroad bridge; the Fifteenth by Messingers, and the Ninth (General Parke), by Birdsongs' Ferry—all to converge on Bolton."

Grant's orders to Sherman were simple. Badeau's "Military History of U. S. Grant," says: "Make your calculations to attack Johnston and destroy the road north of Jackson. * * I want Johnston broken up as effectually as possible. You can make your own arrangements."

In the order to pursue Johnston, so soon after the fall of Vicksburg, and in the simple orders of Grant to his able and trusted lieutenant, Sherman, in whom he had such confidence, we have a glance at the character of our able and honored commander. An army of 30,000 men is surrendered to him! Does he sit down to glorify over it and receive the congratulations of the country, as would most commanders? No! No! Apparently forgetting self, he realizes that more work is to be done, and that speedily, and therefore at once sets about to accomplish it. He had secured an advantage and now as always he proposed to follow it up.

CHAPTER XX.

THE JACKSON CAMPAIGN.

AFTER Johnston.—Strength of Union and Confederate Forces.—Hot Weather and Sunstrokes.—Crossing the Big Black.—Doctor "Green Corn."—How we Obtained Drinking Water.—A Thunder Storm.—Rainy Camp.—Approaching Jackson.—Capture of Adjutant Gilmour.—Reckless Darnig of the Second Michigan.—Siege of Jackson.—Retreat of the Enemy.—Destroying Public Property.—Mississippi Pork.—A Serenade.—Return to Jackson.—To Milldale.—Results of the Campaign.—"Starving the Rebels Out."—Corn is King.—Morrison's Brigade.—Embark for the North.

WE headed a little north of east, towards the crossing of the Big Black, on the Brownsville road, and marched about six miles on the afternoon and evening of the 4th, and remained in our bivouac till one o'clock the next afternoon, when we marched two miles further. News of the battle of Gettysburg reached us as we halted, and gladdened all our hearts. Vicksburg and Gettysburg! Surely the Fourth *was* "such a one as the country had never known since the memorable one of 1776."

Johnston's army had recently been reinforced, and now consisted of four divisions, under Generals Loring, Breckenridge, French, and Walker, and a cavalry corps under General W H. Jackson, and numbered about 55,000 men. Sherman's army was composed of the two divisions of the Ninth corps, to which was attached one division of the Sixteenth corps, the Thirteenth and Fifteenth corps, and a division of the Seventeenth corps, in all about 48,000. A division of the Sixteenth corps

was left at Haines' Bluff and other troops were left at points in our rear as we advanced, in order to guard against cavalry raids by the enemy

Cannonading in our front on the morning of the 6th told us that Johnston was contesting our advance. The division of the Sixteenth corps had the lead on that day; at ten o'clock we started, and were soon crossing the Big Black on a temporary bridge at Birdsongs' Ferry on the Brownsville road. The day was extremely warm, and many of our men fell out of the ranks while passing through a corn-field, just before reaching the river. It seemed hotter there than at any place we had passed through; the ground was low and moist, and under the burning sun, was literally steaming. Drinking water was very scarce, our surgeons had warned us not to drink the water of the Big Black, and our sole reliance was on the cisterns attached to the dwelling houses, while reports freely circulated, led us to believe that the enemy had rendered even these unfit for use.

In relating his experience of this part of our march, one of our comrades says: "I never knew what it was to be overcome by the heat before. On approaching the river I began to feel giddy; my head swam as I walked, and my body swayed from side to side like a drunken man; black spots floated across my vision, and I soon realized that if this feeling continued, I should be overcome; the thought frightened me and brought me to a realizing sense of my danger! What! Drop down in the corn-field, and die like a dog? No! I wouldn't! By a vigorous exercise of will-power, a determination to fight off the dread enemy, I escaped. Stepping out of the ranks for a moment, I gave myself a good shaking, twisted my body first to one side, then to the other, and at last felt that the crisis was past. But a violent thirst succeeded; my mouth and throat were dry and parched, and not one of my comrades had a drop of water. As

the river came in sight, I determined to take the risk and drink some of the water; I thought I should die if I did n't, and was afraid I might die if I did! What a dilemma! As we passed over the low bridge, so low that by stooping down I could touch the water, I dipped up a cup-full, and before the opposite shore was reached, had drank over a pint.

"My burning thirst was quenched, but in its place came a series of griping pains in my stomach and bowels that fairly doubled me up; I was obliged to lie down on the ground, and rolled over and over in my agony. A fit of vomiting and purging succeeded, however, which relieved me, and my head soon felt better; but it was a narrow escape. I caught up with the regiment about two miles beyond the river, and during the remainder of the campaign was not troubled in the least. I had become acclimated and felt that I could stand anything."

During the march the men indulged freely in green corn; it was just about fit to eat when properly cooked, but our march was a rapid one, and after the sound of cannon was heard we outstripped the commissary wagons, and had little time for cooking, so the men ate the corn raw; this brought on bowel troubles, and rendered many of the men totally unfit for service. Our assistant surgeon was put to his wits-end for remedies. His stock of medicines had given out, and now, when approached by a sick man for something to help him, he would say: "I have no medicine, eat some green corn!" Whether "*Similia similibus curantur*" was the doctor's theory of medicine or not, his prescription, quantity excepted, was certainly Homeopathic. His advice reminded us of the physician, who, when a letter-carrier (whose vocation was unknown to the doctor) applied to him, said: "What you need is some vigorous exercise; take a good brisk walk every day and you will soon

be all right." From the frequency with which our surgeon gave his prescription he was irreverently dubbed "Green Corn," and that appellation stuck to him for a long time afterwards.

When the regiment was not in the lead it was customary for two or three men from each company to shoulder the canteens of their comrades and push on ahead, hoping to secure water from some of the cisterns before it was all taken by the troops in front. Frequent altercations occurred about these "oases," and frequently a water-carrier would return bare-headed, having lost his cap down the cistern. At one point on the road our water party met us with empty canteens, and the explanation that "The d—d rebels have put kerosene oil in the wells." At other places the pumps had been removed, and it was only by "borrowing" clothes-lines that the precious fluid could be obtained. Occasionally a small pond of surface water would be discovered, where the horses, and men too, might have been glad to drink, but even these were polluted by the putrid carcasses of animals, which we sometimes hauled out and then made use of the unwholesome water. The enemy evidently believed in the old adage: "All 's fair in love and war."

But we were soon to have plenty of water, and pure water, too, from a source which the enemy could not reach to contaminate. Just about dusk the heavens opened and the rain fell; it was such a storm as few of those who witnessed it will ever forget; even the "oldest inhabitant" of the region could not remember one more severe. For an hour or more the rain fell in torrents; the lightning struck in many places near us, while the peals of thunder and blinding flashes were almost incessant. The road soon became so deep with mud that the artillery found it difficult to move, and the road was blocked. But the lightning saved many a man's life, no doubt; the road was narrow, and gullies,

six to eight feet deep, had been worn on either side by previous rains; these were now filled to the level of the road by the rushing, roaring water, and formed a dangerous pit-fall for any who might make a mis-step. The lightning enabled us to pick our way over the road and through among gun-carriages and caissons, now stalled in the mud.

Many of us wore rubber ponchos over our shoulders, and in order to obtain drinking water and fill our canteens, the lower edges of the ponchos were held by the man behind the wearer, and formed into a funnel; our canteens were held under these and soon filled with the best drinking water we had tasted since leaving Kentucky What did we care for a drenching in that warm climate! We would have been willing to endure one every day for the sake of a plentiful supply of nature's beverage.

About midnight we reached Bolton, forming a junction with the other corps of Sherman's army The rain had ceased, and when arms were stacked we set about making fires to dry our clothing, and had just begun to see the steam rise from our soaked garments when, without a moment's warning, down came the rain again, and in such a volume that the fires were instantly extinguished. Twice fires were started only to be put out by the rain, but after a while we managed to boil a cup of coffee and partially dry our clothes. We remained in our bivouac till three P. M. of the 7th, when we again resumed our march. We marched till ten o'clock in the evening and then halted for the night.

During the afternoon a detail of two officers and fifty men was called for, to perform guard duty at corps headquarters. Captain Armour and Lieutenant Watson, with Company C, and a few men from other companies to make up the requisite number, were detached for that duty, and constituted the guard until the whole regi-

ment was detailed for that purpose, in the following November.

On the 8th we only marched six miles, and at eight P. M. bivouacked within a dozen miles of Jackson. At daylight of the 9th we were off again, passing Joe Davis' plantation (brother of Jeff.), where a large quantity of cotton was burning, and at nine in the evening went into bivouac. Seven o'clock on the morning of the 10th found us on the road again, and at three in the afternoon we reached a point within sight of the city Jackson, the capital of the State, is situated on the west bank of the Pearl river. The region is a fertile one, and the fields about us had been under good cultivation up to the time Grant's army visited it in the Spring. In our front, between us and the city, was a ridge of land which the enemy had fortified. The State Lunatic Asylum occupied a commanding position on this ridge, and as the corps moved forward our skirmishers passed through the grounds surrounding the institution. The poor inmates, those in whom a little reason was left, seemed much exercised when they beheld us from the windows, and uttered many execrations against the Yankees. As we advanced, the enemy's main line fell back into the intrenchments nearer the town. General Welsh, who was in command of the division, formed his troops in line, expecting that a charge would be ordered and the enemy's works carried by assault.

Our brigade, the Third, was on the left of the line, while the First was on the right, the Second being held in reserve. The Forty-Fifth Pennsylvania and the Highlanders were deployed on the skirmish line in front of their respective brigades, and thus we advanced. We soon came in contact with the skirmish line of the enemy, near the track of the Mississippi Central railroad; they fell back, and, darkness coming on, our line was halted.

After the Highlanders had been located for the night, Adjutant Gilmour was sent back to hurry up the cooks, in order that we might have some coffee before lying down; he missed his way, and thus describes what followed: "When I had passed the line of skirmishers I turned, as I supposed, to the rear, and had not ridden far when I was confronted by four mounted troopers and the challenge 'Who comes there?' It was now dark, but I supposed the challenge came from our own men, so I replied:

"'Adjutant Seventy-Ninth New York.'

"'All right. Advance.'

"On approaching nearer I found myself in front of four leveled revolvers, and welcomed with the information:

"'You 're my prisoner.'

"'The deuce I am. Who are you?'

"'Sergeant —— Third Missouri Cavalry Have you any arms, Adjutant?'

"'Nothing but my pistol.'

"'Well, hand it here.' And as I made the motion to draw my weapon the sergeant continued:

"'Stop, I 'll take it myself. Have you any money or valuables?'

"'Thirty dollars and a watch.'

"'Well, you 'll want them, but the horse and pistol are mine.'

"As I dismounted I was comforted with the assurance that 'that 'ere horse is worth two thousand dollars, Confederate scrip.' I was at once taken into Jackson and soon brought before General Johnston, and had to go through a second ordeal of cross-questioning more pointed than the first.

"'What 's your rank?'

"'Adjutant, Seventy-Ninth New York.'

"'How many men are there in your regiment?'

"'About a *thousand*, sir.'

"'To what corps is it attached?'

"'Ninth Army Corps.'

"'Who 's in command of the troops?'

"'*General Grant.*'

"'How many men have you got in front of the city?'

"At this question I hesitated, and having already told a couple of whoppers, I thought I would give an equivocal answer, so replied in as dignified a tone as I could assume: Your name is General Johnston, I believe. Mine is Adjutant James Gilmour. Do you take me for a fool or something worse? I can tell you so much, General: that there are men enough in front of you to eat you up, and if you 'll take my advice, you 'll clear out of here as quick as possible.'

"'Here, guard, remove your prisoner.'"

The story of how the Confederate Provost Marshal—into whose hands he now fell—was foiled in his desire to get a pair of fine boots, worn by the Adjutant, and his imprisonment and several attempts to escape, the last of which was successful, form an exceedingly interesting narrative.

But we got our coffee. The cooks having prepared the cordial a short distance in rear of our line, came up with it, steaming hot, about an hour after the Adjutant's departure. The Eighth Michigan were sent out on the picket line in front of the brigade, and the Highlanders lay down to rest in perfect security

By daylight of the 11th our lines in front of the city were established. General Ord with the Thirteenth corps rested his right on the Pearl river, below the town. Steele with the Fifteenth (Sherman's old corps) and the division of the Seventeenth corps held the centre, while our corps with the division of the Sixteenth extended to within about two miles of the river north of the city The troops were now formed for the anticipated assault.

The Second Michigan were deployed on the skirmish line, and the brigade advanced, driving in the enemy's skirmishers, until they took refuge behind the defences on the outskirts of the city Several handsome residences were located on the rise of ground, along which the defensive works were built, and lines of earth-works extended through lawns and flower-gardens. As we continued to advance, the enemy opened with artillery, while on our side Benjamin's battery, from a position in our rear, fired shells into the enemy's lines. The Second Michigan, as brave and daring a regiment as there was in the service, through a misunderstanding of orders, charged on the enemy's intrenchments in skirmishing order and actually reached the earth-works, but the brave fellows were not supported, as the division commander had not received orders to storm the works at that time, and they were obliged to retreat, bringing back with them their wounded. On our right the First brigade advanced to within three or four hundred yards of the enemy's works, and there established a line. This was accomplished by noon, and our skirmishers, many of whom were posted in the open field, worked lively in digging holes with their bayonets, throwing up the dirt with their tin plates, in order to form a slight protection from the bullets of the enemy, which were now flying about our ears. Several men in the regiment were wounded, but none killed.

About three o'clock in the afternoon a heavy thunderstorm passed over and gave us a good drenching. We maintained our position till ten o'clock the next morning, the 12th, when our division was relieved by the Second, under General R. B. Potter. We retired about three hundred yards to the rear, and the Highlanders bivouacked between Benjamin's and Edwards' batteries. The twenty-pounders were throwing percussion shells into the enemy's works, and by standing behind the

guns, in the direct line of fire, we could see the iron messengers as they sped on their way Twice during the afternoon we were formed in line, in anticipation of an assault, but no orders to advance were given. Details of the surrender of Port Hudson cheered our hearts at this time. Another shower, too, furnished us with plenty of fresh water, and when, at night, we lay down beside our muskets, we felt happy, and quite confident of the success of our present campaign.

Severe fighting had occurred on the extreme right of our line during the day Through a misinterpretation of orders, General Lauman, who commanded the division of the Seventeenth corps, which had been sent from Steele to reinforce Ord, made an unsupported attack, resulting in a loss of over five hundred men.

The 13th passed quietly—for us. It is true that shot and shell landed pretty close to us at times, but this did not prevent the men from washing their clothes, and doing a little foraging in the rear. At three o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th the brigade was sent to the front again, and the Highlanders occupied the skirmish line. We took some empty cracker boxes with us, which, when filled with dirt, made excellent "individual" rifle-pits. A flag of truce from the enemy, asking for an armistice in order to allow them to bury their dead and care for the wounded, was received soon after our arrival on the line, and a period of two hours was granted for that purpose, during which time we greatly improved our rifle-pits. At dark we were relieved by the Twenty-Ninth Massachusetts and we returned to our bivouac. During the night our batteries fired occasional shots, but no demonstration occurred to disturb our slumbers.

On the morning of the 15th the enemy brought a heavy siege gun to bear on Benjamin's battery, and before we moved out of the way, several of the big shot

scattered the dirt about our ears in a very disagreeable manner. The artillery fire continued all day, and it began to look as though we were in for an all-summer's job, unless more energetic measures were adopted to drive the enemy out of the city The weather was warm, the climate unhealthy, and we were anxious to get through with the campaign. Officers and men suffered alike, and owing to the sickness of General Welsh and other senior officers in the division, the command for a time devolved on Colonel Morrison.

General Johnston, not being prepared to stand a siege, was anxious for Sherman to assault, believing that his position would enable him to repel the attack, and perhaps afford an opportunity for a counter attack which would drive us back. Finding that the Union commander was too wise to do what his opponent wished, Johnston, on the 15th, telegraphed to Richmond that he would be obliged to abandon the place, and on the 16th issued his orders to that effect. About noon of this day Colonel Morrison was ordered to make a reconnoissance as far as the Pearl river, north of the city Our lines were not established in that direction, and occasionally the enemy's scouting parties appeared on our flank, but not in sufficient force to necessitate our fortifying that part of the line. After marching a mile or so the regiment was halted, and Company I, under Lieutenant Clark, was sent out in advance, with orders to proceed as far as the river, and to send back for reinforcements in case any were needed. The company had gone about a mile or so when they encountered a cavalry picket of the enemy, who beat a hasty retreat, our men continuing a short distance further, when the river was reached. Colonel Morrison rode forward, and with Lieutenant Clark and his company marched a short distance up the stream, encountering another cavalry picket, which also made good their retreat. The object of the expedition

having been accomplished, the regiment returned to camp in time for dress-parade.

Very little firing occurred during the night, and early on the morning of the 17th it was reported that the enemy had evacuated the town. Ferrero's brigade of the Second division was on the skirmish line at the time, and when it advanced the report was confirmed. The big gun that had annoyed us was found to be a thirty-two pounder. It fell into our hands, together with a number of small arms, and about one hundred and fifty prisoners, who had been asleep—so they said—when their army left. The railroad shops and several public buildings had either been destroyed or were found burning, and a large amount of cotton had also been fired. Bales of cotton had also been used in the construction of breastworks, but it seems the material proved as great a delusion, as when used in the economy of the female toilet.

Sherman now proceeded to further carry out Grant's instructions, and at ten o'clock, our First division in advance, the corps started for a point on the railroad north of the city Grant's Mills, about eight miles up the river, was reached, where we bivouacked for the night. We destroyed a large section of the railroad, burned one or two bridges and such other public property as might render aid and comfort to the enemy. About fifty prisoners were captured, most of whom we thought were willing victims. The 18th was spent by our division on the banks of the river, while other portions of the corps were sent further up to destroy more of the railroad. We now considered the campaign virtually over, and were as happy a lot of men as could be found in the army We bathed in the river, washed our clothes, foraged—just a little—and had a "good time" generally Some may remember a chase that was had for a pig during the afternoon, and that, after the carcass had been dressed, the boar meat smelled so "loud" it was

about to be abandoned, when, fortunately for our foragers, men from another regiment were met, with whom the "whole hog" was traded for half of the sheep's carcass which they carried; and how, on meeting them the

next morning, our men were informed that "If all the Mississippi pork tasted like that," they "did n't want any more of it!"

Division headquarters had been established in the door-yard of a house occupied by a family, the members of which, during our stay, kept themselves strictly secluded. In the evening we heard female voices in the parlors, singing "patriotic" southern airs. "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Dixie" seemed to be their favorites, and by the time they finished, several hundred men had gathered about, who listened in respectful silence. We applauded our entertainers by a clapping of hands, and then came our turn. We opened with "The Star Spangled Banner," and sung it with a will, too; the tune had been a stranger in that part of the country for a good while, and we felt like giving it a good send-off. When that was finished, "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," followed, and we wound up—at the suggestion of the

division commander, who thought that it might be crowding the mourners to prolong the concert—with "John Brown's Body." Over twenty-two years have elapsed since that evening, yet it seems as but yesterday when we recall the scene. What a volume of sound we put into that chorus! We felt every word of it, and could sing "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!" with a right good will.

We slept sound during the night, and at nine o'clock on the following morning, the 19th, began our return march, reaching our camp ground in front of Jackson at noon. After dinner we visited the town and were much amused by a tobacconist, who tried hard to sell us some of his "Killikinnick" for "*ten* dollars a pound, Confederate money, or *one* dollar in greenbacks." We could n't catch him as we did the "True Southerner" at Fredericksburgh.

Reveille at half-past two on the morning of the 20th woke us up, and an hour later we were in line on the road. After an eighteen-mile march—a long tramp, and a hot one after the sun rose—we bivouacked for the night. The next day was the second anniversary of the First Bull Run, and during the forenoon the tedium of the march was relieved by reminiscences of the days when we were "green." The heat this day was intense, and at ten o'clock the column halted and remained in bivouac till four in the afternoon. At five o'clock we passed Bolton—or "Rainy Camp"—our stopping place on the night of the 6th, and at eight o'clock halted for the night, bivouacking in a corn-field near the Big Black. Our wagons had not come up; we had no coffee and only half rations of crackers, but as the corn was handy we plucked and ate that: the stalks, too, when cut and laid in the furrows, made a cool and comfortable bed. If Zadoc Pratt had been one of our number, he might have been tempted to modify his encomium on leather,

and to exclaim—as many of us did—"There 's nothing like corn!"

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 22d we left our bivouac, and at noon crossed the river. While working our way through the bottom lands, and the immense corn-field in which many of our men dropped out on the 6th, we felt like travelers in the desert, and strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of some friendly shade. Most of the men stopped to rest, but a few pushed on till they caught sight of a tree on a little rise of ground half a mile distant. It was like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and every nerve was strained to reach the desired haven, that we might spend a few moments beneath its friendly shade before the column should pass.

Early in the afternoon we halted in a piece of woods, near which was a pond of surface water. We embraced the opportunity to wash our underclothes, and while the articles were hanging on the bushes to dry, spent the time sporting about in the water. A heavy shower visited us here, and those not already in the water hurried off their clothes, put them under shelter to keep dry, and jumped into the water to get out of the wet. We were like a parcel of school boys enjoying a vacation; the pond was very shallow and the presence of so many active bodies soon roiled the water, but that did n't matter; we played leap-frog and tag until the rain was over. On resuming our march on the morning of the 23d, we found the rain had laid the dust and the road was in excellent condition. At nine o'clock we reached Flower Hill, and by noon were at Milldale.

As to the result of the Jackson campaign, General Sherman, in his memoirs, says: "In the attack on Jackson, Mississippi, during the 11th–16th of July, General Ord reported the loss in the Thirteenth Corps seven hundred and sixty-two, of whom five hundred and thirty-

three were confined to Lauman's division; General Parke reported, in the Ninth corps, thirty-seven killed, two hundred and fifty-eight wounded, and thirty-three missing; total, three hundred and twenty-eight. In the Fifteenth corps the loss was less, so that in the aggregate the loss reported by me at the time was less than a thousand men, while we took that number alone of prisoners."

Badeau, in his "Military History of U S. Grant," says: "The result of the entire Vicksburg campaign was, the defeat of the rebels in five battles outside of Vicksburg, the occupation of Jackson, and the capture of Vicksburg and its garrison and munitions of war; a loss to the enemy of forty thousand prisoners, at least twelve thousand killed and wounded, and thousands of stragglers, who were never collected and reörganized; in all an army of sixty thousand soldiers. Grant's loss in the entire series of battles and assaults, including the casualties of the siege, was twelve hundred and forty-three killed, seven thousand and ninety-five wounded, and five hundred and thirty-five missing; total, eight thousand, eight hundred and seventy-three."

It is needless to say that the Highlanders felt proud of the humble part performed by them in the campaign so auspiciously closed. It did seem good to realize that we not only whipped the enemy, but that our success was so well followed up that the final account showed such a large balance in our favor. How different from our Virginia and Maryland campaigns!

It may be remembered that one of the favorite recipes, proposed by some of the Northern papers at this time, to end the rebellion, was to "starve the rebels out." If this idea ever entered the minds of any of the Highlanders, observations made during the campaign just closed served to correct the erroneous impression. On our arrival we had noticed the immense fields of corn

and the absence of "King Cotton," as well as other crops usually grown in the South, and in answer to our queries, were informed by the planters that it was by the direction or advice of the Confederate government. "Plant all the corn you can find room for; if you have not help enough the army will assist you. The corn is needed to feed the army and the people." So corn was planted and enthroned as king.

"Cotton and Corn were mighty kings,
Who differed at times on certain things,
To the country's dire confusion:
Corn was peaceable, mild and just,
But Cotton was fond of saying 'you must;'
So, after he 'd boasted, bullied and cussed,
He got up a revolution.
But in the course of time the bubble is bursted,
And Corn is king, and Cotton was worsted."

Every available spot of ground was covered and we saw enough growing during our campaign which, if harvested, would support the whole rebel army for a year; and this was only in a small portion of the State. The thought naturally occurred that if other sections had done their share, the idea of "starving the rebels out" was absurd. The men who could maintain a martial spirit by subsisting on "hog and hominy," and that prepared in the rudest manner, were no mean antagonists, and must be killed or captured in order to end the war.

On the 28th, the following order was read to the regiment:

"HEADQUARTERS, FIRST BRIGADE,
FIRST DIVISION, NINTH ARMY CORPS.

"GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 1:

In compliance with General Order, No. 48, from Division Headquarters, the undersigned hereby assumes command of the First brigade, consisting of the following regiments: 1st, Seventy-ninth N. Y Vols.; 2nd, Eighth Michigan Vols.; 3rd, Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Vols.; 4th,

Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Vols.; 5th, Twenty-seventh Michigan Vols. Regimental commanders will send all reports to these Headquarters accordingly

By order of D. MORRISON,
Colonel Commanding.

Official. JOHN WINDSOR,
Capt. and A. A. A. G."

Colonel Morrison, as has been noted, had, at various times, been temporarily assigned to the command of a brigade, and now that one had been assigned to him in general orders, we felt that sterling merit was receiving its just reward. The general officers of the corps had already recommended Colonel Morrison to a Brigadier-generalship, but the roster of that rank was already so full that the appointment was withheld till the close of the war.

While lying at Milldale the camp hospitals were full, and while the proportion from the Highlanders was small, even that was perceptibly felt in our thin ranks. On the 2nd of August, General Grant's congratulatory address was read to the Ninth Corps, and by its provisions "Vicksburg" and "Jackson" were to be inscribed on our flags and guidons. At two o'clock on the morning of the 6th, the reveille awakened us, and at four o'clock, together with the Eleventh New Hampshire, Thirty-fifth Massachusetts and the Fifty-first New York, the Highlanders embarked on the steamer Planet, and at nine in the evening started on our return northward to take part in the deliverance of East Tennessee.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM MISSISSIPPI TO EAST TENNESSEE.

CINCINNATI and Covington.—Nicholasville.—Crab Orchard.—Imprisonment of Provost Marshal Belcher.—Grapes and Mineral Water.—Off for Tennessee.—The Army Mule.—Wild Cat Mountain.—Massachusetts Men.—Cumberland Gap.—Fording Clinch River.—Perils of Mountain Travel.—Biscuit and Tobacco Juice.—Snuff Dipping.—Strawberry Plains.—Knoxville.—Parson Brownlow.—General Burnside.

NOTHING of any special importance occurred on our trip up the Mississippi. Colonel Morrison, with the other regiments of his brigade on the steamer Hiawatha, had preceded us, but we found plenty of friendly comrades among the regiments on board the Planet. General Welsh and staff were with us, the General sick with fever. Cairo was reached at seven o'clock on the morning of the 12th, and at four in the afternoon we left on the cars, reaching Cincinnati at half-past three on the morning of the 14th. We marched to the market at seven, and after waiting till ten o'clock, got our breakfast. We then crossed the river to Covington, Ky., where we joined the brigade, and when our tents were pitched, we began to wonder—What next?

At seven o'clock on Monday morning, the 17th, we broke camp, and at noon were on the cars of the Lexington and Covington railroad. Paris was passed at five o'clock and Lexington at midnight, and at half-past three the next morning we arrived at Nicholasville, the terminus of the railroad. (See map No. 13.) We marched four miles out on the Crab Orchard turnpike and camped

in a beautiful grove, where a plentiful supply of good water was found. While here the news of the death of General Welsh was received, and General Ferrero was assigned to the command of the division. A number of our men who had stood the Mississippi campaign without faltering, now gave out and were sent to the hospital; the reaction had taken place, and the seeds of disease sown in July germinated in August. Our ranks when on parade were very thin, less than two hundred men being in line. Before leaving, however, the sick men began to show marked signs of improvement. At five o'clock on the morning of the 27th we were on the march, headed south, and reached camp Dick Robinson at noon, where we remained till the next morning.

Captain Belcher, of the Eighth Michigan, had been provost marshal for some time, and was as well known to us as any of our own officers. Several of the Highlanders had felt the weight of his authority at various times and were anxious for a chance to square accounts with him, and at camp "Dick" the opportunity occurred. A number of our men had visited "the cave well," so called because of its being located in a cave, the mouth of which was so contracted that, in order to enter, a person was obliged to crawl on hands and knees. On the representation of some of the Highlanders that the cave contained, besides the beautiful spring of clear sparkling water, some beautiful specimens of stalactites and stalagmites, Captain Belcher was induced to enter. He was no sooner in, however, than the narrow entrance was blocked up with large stones, rolled there by some of the wags, and the doughty Captain was kept a close prisoner until some one, out of sympathy for his condition, liberated him. Of course it was never discovered who played the practical joke, and the Captain made a virtue of necessity and was silent.

Crab Orchard was reached at eleven A. M. on the 29th,

and our camp was pitched near some mineral springs, about three-quarters of a mile from town. If, as we now believed, we were going to march over the mountains into East Tennessee, it was absolutely necessary to first get the men in condition to undergo the fatigue of such a journey ; it was thought the waters might check the Mississippi fever, from which many of the men still suffered. Before the war the place had been a famous resort for invalids, and we found a number of springs in which iron seemed to predominate, but whether the men drank very much of the "loud" tasting waters does not appear. One day a little party of us gathered at a spring, adjoining which was a vineyard — the grapes ripe, or nearly so. We ate and drank, and drank and ate, till we considered ourselves thoroughly dosed, but did not repeat the operation at any of our subsequent visits, being satisfied with the grapes alone.

On the 10th of September, when ordered on the march, there were less than two hundred men in line, the other regiments being even in a worse condition. Eight hundred from the First brigade of our division were left in charge of the surgeons. We were obliged to shoulder our knapsacks, and also to carry in our haversacks eight days' rations of crackers, besides three of meat.

Just as the march began, Lieutenant-Colonel More left for New York to enjoy a few days of rest, but when he reached home found his services in such demand that there was really no rest for him. At the time of his arrival, drafted men and substitutes were being sent to the army, many of whom—professional bounty jumpers—deserted before the front was reached. The authorities, well knowing the character of our "Old War Horse," seized upon him at once, and by representing that he was the only officer in the city who could handle such a turbulent lot, he was persuaded to turn in and help. Two trips were made to Charleston Harbor before the Colonel was relieved from

this unpleasant duty, and then only because of his appealing to the Secretary of War to be allowed to return to his regiment. The Colonel relates that on the first of his trips, he had a lot of the hardest looking recruits it was ever his lot to muster — regular bounty jumpers, nearly all — many of them desperate characters; they were on board the vessel ready to sail, but the government had not yet appointed the commanding officer. The authorities were waiting for just such an officer as our Lieutenant-Colonel.

When informed of the character of his charge, he said: "Give me a good guard of regulars and I will deliver the recruits at their destination, alive or dead." And he delivered them, although he was obliged to shoot one or two on the voyage. On his second trip he had no trouble whatever; his reputation was enough to insure the utmost obedience on the part of his heterogeneous command. This duty kept Colonel More absent from the regiment during the ensuing campaign, and the command devolved mostly on Captain Montgomery, Major Simpson being at times much indisposed, and, as active operations in the field developed, almost totally unfit for duty

To return to our narrative: Eight miles was the extent of our march on the 10th, and short as it was many were compelled to lag behind. The road was bad and filled with small stones, among which we were obliged to pick our steps. The Highlanders, having the right of line, escaped the clouds of dust which those in the rear were compelled to breathe, and which renders a march on a hot day very unpleasant. On the 11th, however, we caught it. We were the extreme rear regiment of the division, and were obliged to see all the teams up, and that none of the men were left behind. Nothing more exasperating than marching behind a wagon train can well be devised. Very often a mule would give out, or the team become stalled in a rough part of the road; in

such cases we were obliged either to put our shoulders to the wheels and help them out, or wait till the broken-down animals could be replaced. Occasionally a wagon would upset; if an axle or wheel was broken the contents would be transferred to the other wagons, and the wreck abandoned. The poor animals suffered terribly on this march, the loads being heavy enough for a six-mule team on a good road, while our wagons were each drawn by only four half-starved animals.

Our route lay up the side of Wild Cat Mountain. It was like going up a flight of stairs; the road-bed was solid rock, and the men were often obliged to use their muskets like alpenstocks to help them climb the hill. The mules did their best, but several teams gave out completely, the men being obliged to haul the wagons up by means of ropes. We passed the battle-ground where, on the 21st of October, 1861, the Confederates, under Zollicoffer, attacked and were defeated by the Union forces under General Schoepf. When we reached camp that evening at eight o'clock, and found that the two or three wagons we had left stuck in the bed of a stream a mile or two in the rear, contained the knapsacks of those who had been on guard the night before, and all our camp-kettles and coffee, we were very much disgusted. Too tired to think of going back after them, we lay down on the bare ground beside the fires, and without either coffee for the inner, or blankets for the outer man, slept more or less soundly till three o'clock on the following morning, the 12th. The night had been quite cold, and those who had slept "out of doors" presented a rather demoralized appearance.

The wagons had not come up, and the prospect of starting on the march without our coffee was not pleasant; neither was it necessary as long as the Eighth Michigan was near by As soon as those generous fellows learned of our destitute condition, kettles and coffee

were at our service, and we were able to start at the proper time fully refreshed. Ten miles was the extent of our journey this day, and that was accomplished by noon. Halting near a spring of fine clear water, we were told to make ourselves comfortable, as we would probably remain for a day or two, and as the wagons came up in the afternoon, we were soon lying down under our shelter-tents enjoying the rest.

The rations of meat brought from Crab Orchard gave out here, and there being little prospect of our getting any more from the commissary, the men foraged to supply their needs, although strict orders had been issued against such pillaging. Shortly after a party had returned to camp with the carcass of a pig, the owner was seen at headquarters, and it was learned he had demanded pay for *four* pigs that "a party of the Seventy-Ninth New York rigiment had killed." A strict search was made throughout the camp but no fresh pork was found, and the farmer was told that he must have made a mistake in the "rigiment."

During the night a heavy rain-storm visited our camp, and as our "shelters" had been pitched in a very temporary manner, many of the men awoke to find themselves lying in puddles of water. Sunday was spent in drying our clothes, and at four o'clock on Monday morning, the 14th, we resumed our march. Early in the day we were informed by some of the natives that a large number of rebel prisoners, who had been captured at Cumberland Gap, were on their way north in charge of some Ohio troops, and that we would soon meet them. About noon they appeared, two thousand of them, and both columns happening to halt near each other, an opportunity was given for a little social intercourse. All of their officers who would give their parole had been allowed to go to their homes; but a few, and among them their commander, General Frazer, had declined the offer and

accompanied their men. Many of the enlisted soldiers acknowledged they had been fighting in an unjust cause, and declared they were ready to come back into the Union and take the oath of allegiance. One North Carolinian said he would never fire another gun in the rebel service as long as he lived; that he found out he "was wrong in fighting against the Union," and that about thirty of his regiment, who were with him, were "ready to take the oath to support the old Union and assist in putting down the rebellion." This seemed to be the sentiment of a great many, while others among them were still as staunch rebels as ever.

Most of the poor fellows were hungry, and we shared our crackers with them; they had been living principally on flour rolled into dough and baked on stones before the fire, or toasted on the ends of ramrods. Their gray uniforms were in fair condition, but they had no extra clothing. Considerable amusement was provided when some of them asked if there were "any Mass'chusetts men" in our command. They had "heerd tell about Mass'chusetts men," and were anxious, apparently, to see whether they really did wear horns and tails! We explained matters to the men of the Thirty-Sixth Massachusetts, and soon a half-dozen of the tallest of that regiment—one, whom we had dubbed "the infant," being nearly seven feet, while his companions were all over six feet tall—were presented to the Confederates, with an apology for being compelled to show the *small ones*, the big fellows being at that moment away on some special duty!

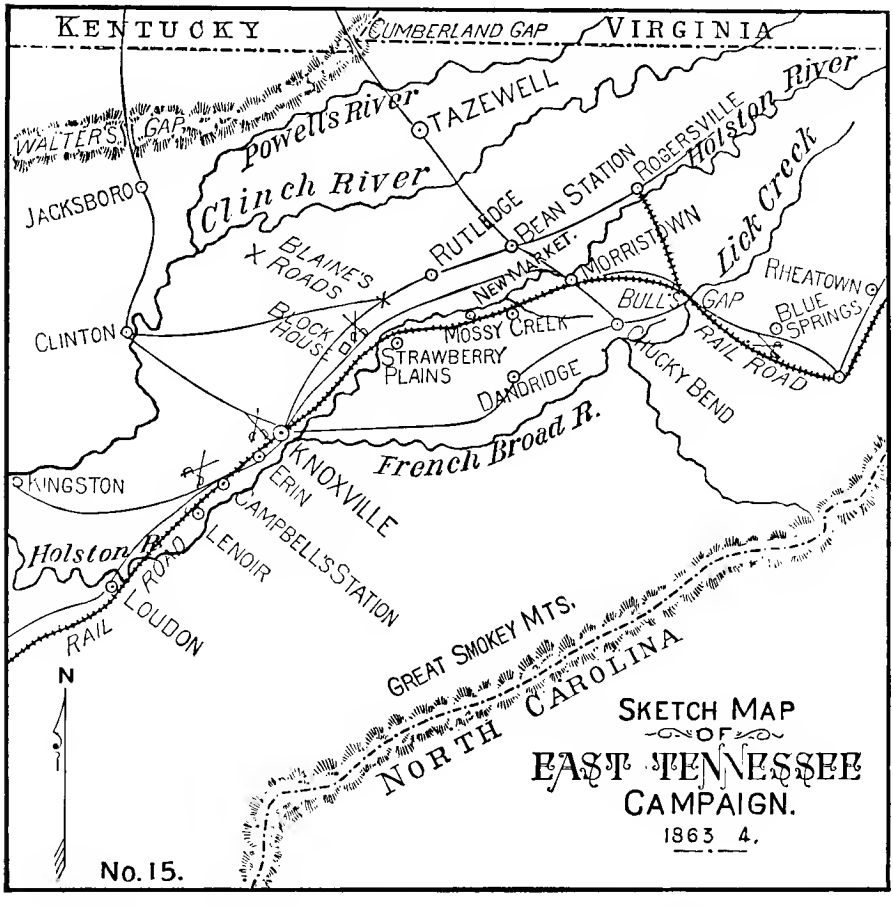
A brief *résumé* from "Burnside and the Ninth Corps," will serve to explain the condition of affairs at this time. On the 16th of August, when the Ninth corps had arrived at Cincinnati, General Burnside, with the Twenty-Third corps, started from Lexington, and, crossing the mountains by unfrequented roads south of Cumberland Gap,

had occupied Knoxville, Kingston and Clinton without fighting a battle. General Buckner, the Confederate commander, seemed completely bewildered by the suddenness of Burnside's movement, and as the Union troops entered Tennessee at several different points, he supposed the force much larger than the reality In his haste to get out of the way and join Bragg in the vicinity of Chattanooga, the garrison at Cumberland Gap, left to its own resources, had fallen an easy prey to the Union troops.

After bidding good-bye to the prisoners we marched a few miles further, and at three P. M. went into bivouac. Starting at five o'clock on the 15th, Barboursville, on the Cumberland river, was reached at half an hour after noon, and there we remained till the morning of the 16th, when we followed along the north bank of the river, and at noon reached Pague's Mills, a point within six miles of Cumberland Ford. We remained here till the 19th, a heavy rain on the 17th having rendered the river unfordable till that time. Crossing the river, we marched about four miles up the valley, and at noon halted near the village of Cumberland, ten miles distant from the Gap. We were off bright and early on the 20th, and although the road was rough and steep, we trudged along cheerfully, believing that when the summit was reached the rest of the way would be easier.

At eleven o'clock the Gap was reached, where we halted for a few minutes to enjoy the view While pure sentiment did not enter very largely into the consideration of our surroundings, we could not help admiring the wild and picturesque scenery through which we passed. Adjutant Ranlett, before quoted, says: "The march was relieved of much of its tediousness by the grandeur of the scenery. As the regiment moved from one height to another of the range of hills, the scene in every direction was magnificent, and when at length the Gap was

reached, there was a universal expression of admiration. The range of hills and the valleys of the Tennessee stretching away as far as the eye could reach, the Great Smoky Range of North Carolina bounding the southern horizon, it seemed incredible to all that this place, a perfect Gibralter, should have been surrendered as it was.



Fortified extensively with bomb proofs, it seemed as if a few resolute men could hold it against an army, and so they could; but, alas for the South! Frazer was no Leonidas!"

By the side of the road on the summit, the stone mark-

ing the southeast corner of Kentucky, the southwest corner of Virginia, and the northern line of Tennessee, was observed, and many of the boys "stood in three States at once" by placing themselves on top of the stone. We marched about two miles beyond the Gap and bivouacked in Tennessee.

On Monday, the 21st, we marched about eighteen miles, passing through Tazewell, which showed very plainly the ravages of war. Many of the best houses had been owned by Union people, who had been driven away and their homes burned to the ground. At nine o'clock on the morning of the 22d we forded the Clinch river, and the water being from two to three feet deep in places, we were obliged to strip, and carry our clothes over on our shoulders. In order to protect our feet from the sharp stones, our shoes were kept on. They received a thorough soaking, of course, and as we climbed the Clinch mountain they were twisted out of shape; the leather seemed to be about as porous and pliable as blotting-paper.

Wild Cat we thought was a rough mountain, but the one we were now ascending was indeed a Clinch(er). The ascent was accomplished without accident, but at an immense expenditure of strength in pulling the wagons to the summit. Before the attempt was made to lower them on the other side, the troops were allowed to get well down into the valley out of the way Ropes were then attached to the rear axles, a hitch taken around a convenient tree, and the end held by a dozen or more men; in this way the work progressed from ledge to ledge till it was accomplished. On two occasions the rope broke, and the wagons, with mules attached, rolled down the precipice and were dashed to pieces. A battery wagon, filled with tools, was lost in this way, but, fortunately, the horses had been removed and thus escaped. About six miles beyond Clinch mountain we came to the

Holston river, which was also forded, but the country was level now, and the perils of mountain travel were left behind. At half-past eight in the evening we bivouacked at Morristown, a village on the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad. We had marched nearly twenty miles during the day and were glad to lie down. The wagons failed to put in an appearance and so we had no coffee. Our crackers had all been eaten, but we were too tired to forage, and after swallowing a big drink of water and taking an extra hitch in our waist-belts, we rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down to dream of what a nice supper we might have had.

The wagons came up with our camp kettles and coffee on the morning of the 23d, but there were no crackers, and the men soon scattered about the town, looking for biscuit, which we bought for twenty-five cents a dozen—not a high price, when the scarcity of wheat flour was taken into account. Right here may be a good place to mention a custom of the women of East Tennessee, but which, unfortunately, was not confined to that section of the South: One of our men had called at a house and engaged a couple of dozen biscuit, and having nothing particular to do, thought he would wait till they were baked. As he chatted with the "lady of the house" while she prepared the flour for the baking pans, he saw her turning towards the fire-place occasionally, but thought nothing of it till he noticed two dark streaks reaching down from the corners of her mouth. She again bent her head over the fire-place, and the watchful Highlander saw ejected into the ashes nearly a gill of tobacco juice! It was the first time he had ever noticed a woman chewing tobacco, and it almost turned his stomach. But that was n't all. With the back of her hand she "wiped off her chin," and without wiping her hand resumed the kneading of the dough! That was too much! Hastily rising, he left the house, saying he would call again for the biscuit—but he did n't.

Smoking was a universal custom, even among young girls. As we marched along the roads they would stand in the door-ways of the houses, watching us, and pulling away on the little red-clay or corn-cob pipes, just like the men or older women. Snuff-dipping was indulged in, too, by the older women, and whenever or wherever two or three met, one was sure to bring out her little tin box and, with a short stick, chewed at the end to make it brush-like, dip into the snuff, and rub the "macca-boy" about over her gums. The box was passed around the party, who followed the example of the one who "treated," but each individual used her own stick. It seemed to be a point of etiquette that the snuff-sticks, like tooth-brushes, should not be transferable. A woman, at whose house one of our number stopped for a drink of water, tried hard to buy or trade for the Highlander's briar-wood pipe. She first offered twenty-five cents for it, and when that was refused, raised the bid to fifty. She "'lowed" she would "like a pipe like that," but inasmuch as the Highlander had paid seventy-five cents for the article, and had spent some time in coloring it, he declined the trade. She finally asked for a "chaw o' plug terbacker," which was given her, and the Yankee passed on. The natives generally smoked and chewed the natural leaf, each family raising their own supply. If any room was left in their little kitchen-garden after the tobacco was planted, then they would also raise a few vegetables—but tobacco seemed to be the staff of life.

The defeat of General Rosecrans at Chicamauga on the 20th, now caused Burnside to hurry forward troops to his support. The Twenty-Third corps was started, their places being taken by ours, and at two P. M. of the 24th we were ordered to proceed with all possible haste to Knoxville. Three days' rations of raw flour were served out on starting, but we had no convenient means of

preparing it to suit our delicate stomachs. A month later we would have been glad of raw flour or anything else that would have helped to sustain life. "Well, if we've got to do our own baking, we'll take our own time whenever it suits us." So said the foolish boys; some of us managed to trade off the flour for biscuit or corn-bread before leaving town, and with haversacks well filled started on the march. At the end of a fourteen mile tramp, we reached Mossy Creek station at eight P M., and at five o'clock the following morning were off again, passing through New Market at eight, where a number of us hired a wagon to carry our knapsacks to Knoxville Twenty-five dollars was the price paid, the individual cost being about twenty-five cents. Strawberry Plains, a place with which we were to become better acquainted later in the campaign, was reached at ten o'clock, and here we stopped for dinner.

At the moment of our arrival a grand feast was in progress, given by the inhabitants of the neighborhood to the men of the Twenty-third corps who had been stationed there, but were now ordered away; it made us feel as though we were in "God's country" again, to see the people treating Union soldiers in this manner, but we were obliged to tear ourselves away from such pleasant associations, and at noon our march was resumed. When our bivouac was reached at five o'clock, the wagon with our knapsacks had not arrived; neither had it put in an appearance by bed-time. Those of our comrades who had carried their own knapsacks were comfortably asleep under their shelter-tents, but a few of us found a stack of straw into which we crawled, and were soon sound asleep, nor did we awake till the bugle sounded the "assembly" at seven o'clock the following morning, the 26th. We found the men had been up for an hour or more, and had eaten their breakfast, but not wishing to be deprived of ours, we concluded to wait long enough to

broil a chop and prepare some coffee. By some means or other a quarter of mutton was in our possession, and we thought that a portion of it would carry better in our stomachs than in our haversacks.

Knoxville was reached at one o'clock in the afternoon, our camp pitched about a quarter of a mile east of First Creek, and we were soon engaged in the ordinary duties of the camp. The day after our arrival, one of our men had occasion to use some white cotton thread, and on inquiring the price at a store in town, was asked twenty-five cents a spool for it! This beat sutlers' prices, and showed how the necessaries of life had appreciated in value by reason of the long blockade under which Knoxville had suffered.

We had all heard of Parson Brownlow, the staunch Unionist, Editor and Preacher. A Union paper was already being published in town, which contained the announcement that the "Parson" was expected to arrive soon, with a complete outfit for resuming the publication of his own paper, the first number of which he expected to issue on the 15th of October, that being the second anniversary of the suppression of the *Knoxville Whig*, his former publication. The character of the resuscitated journal may be indicated by the new title, for to the old "*Knoxville Whig*" was to be added "*And Rebel Ventilator*." The fighting Parson made a decidedly interesting and lively paper, and the men enjoyed reading it. Brownlow believed in personalities, and when he had any thing to say regarding measures or individuals, he spoke "right out in meetin'." Those who were instrumental in his persecution and banishment were soundly belabored—whether they remained within our lines or not. It will be remembered that the "Parson" became Governor of the State in 1865, was elected to the U. S. Senate in 1869, and died at Knoxville in 1877.

On the 29th, General Burnside visited our camp, and

received a cordial greeting; few Generals in the army so endeared themselves to their men as did Burnside: even his style of beard gave a name to the cut, which was adopted by many of the men, while those whose beards were not yet grown mentally vowed to adopt the style as soon as the hirsute appendage made its appearance.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.—BATTLES OF BLUE SPRINGS AND CAMPBELL'S STATION.

ADVANCE of the Enemy from Virginia.—We go by Rail to Rogersville Junction.—Lick Creek.—Advance to Blue Springs.—The Charge.—Enemy Routed.—Failure of Colonel Foster's Cavalry to Intercept their Retreat.—March to Rheatown.—Our Return.—Chaplain Kennedy.—Campbell's Station.—Driving the Enemy.—Loudon.—A Foraging Expedition.—Loudon Evacuated.—Lenoir.—Highlanders at Corps Headquarters.—Winter Quarters.—Cremation.—Recruiting in East Tennessee.—Another Foraging Expedition.—Orders to Evacuate Lenoir.—Confusion.—Burnside's Arrival Restores Confidence.—Longstreet's Advance.—Chaplain Kennedy's Adventure.—Battle of Campbell's Station.—Gallant Action of Morrison's Brigade.—The Line of Battle.—Enemy Repulsed.

THE Twenty-Third corps was recalled before reaching Rosecrans, and returned to Knoxville in time to take part in an expedition to the East. The enemy was reported advancing from Virginia and threatening our communication with Cumberland Gap, and on the 3d of October our troops set out to intercept and drive him back. Our brigade, as the advance guard, left on the cars at eight A. M. and reached Rogersville Junction in the afternoon. The distance was only fifty-five miles, but the road-bed and rolling stock were in such a demoralized condition that the men were often obliged to get out and help the engine, by pushing the cars on the upgrades. Rogersville Junction is at Bull's Gap, through which the railroad makes its way over the low mountain range. On Sunday the 4th we advanced about five miles to Lick Creek, a tributary of the French Broad River,

where pickets were posted and preparations made to either receive or attack the enemy. We learned from prisoners captured by the cavalry that a large force of the enemy were at Blue Springs, a few miles distant, strongly posted and determined to hold their position.

Colonel Morrison was ordered to hold the line of Lick Creek, but not to bring on an engagement until the rest of the troops—now being pushed forward by General Burnside—should arrive. They came up on the 9th, and Burnside at once assumed the offensive; extra ammunition was issued, and on the morning of the 10th the entire command moved forward. When our cavalry encountered the enemy, the latter fell back on their reserves and maintained a lively fire on our skirmishers. We expected to be sent in at once to drive the enemy from their position, but Burnside wished to do more than whip them; he hoped to capture the greater part of the force, and while we held our ground in front, Colonel Foster's brigade of cavalry was dispatched to seize and occupy the roads in the Confederate rear, and thus cut off their retreat. Our position was maintained till the middle of the afternoon, by which time it was supposed Colonel Foster had reached the desired points, when an advance was ordered. General Burnside rode to the front and ordered Ferrero's division to "advance and clear out that piece of woods," where the enemy seemed to be the most strongly posted. Our brigade was immediately brought up and the Forty-Fifth Pennsylvania thrown out as skirmishers and flankers.

The route led up a ravine; the Highlanders were at the head of the column, and the intention was to get as near as possible to the enemy's position before forming in line for the charge. Not a shot was fired at us until the skirmish line came within twenty yards of the enemy, who were concealed by the brush, when they poured a heavy volley into the head of our column, then

only a few paces in rear of our skirmishers, which resulted in the wounding of eighteen of our men, Company B, on the right, suffering the most. The command: "Brigade right into line, double-quick, march!" was at once given, and as rapidly executed. A fence ran along each side of the ravine up which we were marching, and across it, a little beyond the head of our column, was another fence, behind which the enemy was posted. As the brigade swung into line, the command, "Charge bayonets!" was given, and as we neared the fence behind which the enemy lay, Colonel Morrison, who was on the right of the line, shouted: "Over the fence, boys, and at them!" With a cheer the men went over the fence, driving the enemy before them, and capturing a large number, who seemed dazed by the sudden onset. But jumping fences and charging on the enemy had disarranged our line; many of the men, under the excitement of the moment, pursued the fleeing enemy until recalled by orders to halt. The line of battle was now re-formed and the Forty-Fifth Pennsylvania again thrown forward on the skirmish line, and thus the brigade advanced through a belt of woods to a clearing beyond, when the enemy's artillery, from their fortified position in the edge of the woods, on the opposite side of the clearing, opened on our lines. Their position being developed, the brigade was halted until the remainder of the division came within supporting distance.

These movements consumed the little remaining portion of daylight, and when the line halted it was growing dark. The enemy's artillery kept up a steady fire for some time, being directed mostly to our rear. When the troops were all in position it was too dark for any further advance, and we began to throw up temporary breastworks for protection during the night, after completing which we were ordered to lie on our arms and be ready to renew the attack early the following morning. A sec-

tion of Roemer's battery was brought up during the night, and everything prepared for an early assault.

At daylight of the 11th, the Eighth Michigan on the skirmish line, we advanced only to find that the enemy had abandoned his position during the night. Colonel Foster had not reached their rear in time to intercept their retreat; he found the roads obstructed, and when at nightfall the Confederates discovered his movement, they decided to abandon their position. We were ordered forward, but as the rebels had a start of nearly ten hours, we soon realized that infantry could do little in the pursuit. The cavalry and mounted infantry of the Twenty-third corps took up the trail, and many of the enemy were killed or captured. We followed in support, and marched as far as Rheatown, some nineteen miles, where we halted for the night. On the 12th, the cavalry reported the enemy so scattered that further pursuit would be useless, and on the morning of the 13th the return march began.

Late in the afternoon we bivouacked near the battle-ground, and while sitting around the camp-fires after dark, we learned of the arrival of a new chaplain. Every decade seems to have its "Boy Preacher," and the Highlanders were now to enjoy the ministrations of the Boy Preacher of that time. The Rev Crammond Kennedy had been appointed by the Governor of New York to succeed Chaplain Wyatt, who had been left sick with fever at Memphis, on our journey down to Vicksburg during the summer, and who had died there. When the new appointee set out to join the regiment, he expected to reach it without any serious difficulty Chaplain Kennedy started for Chattanooga, whither it was supposed the Ninth corps would be sent to reënforce Rosecrans after his defeat at Chicamauga. On reaching Stevenson, Alabama, the terminus of railroad communication, and having no horse, the Chaplain expected to enjoy the priv-

ilege of a forty mile march to Chattanooga, but on reaching Battle Creek, five miles on the road, he fortunately met, in an officer bound for the same place, a "brither Scot," who kindly placed a spare horse at his disposal, and the journey was resumed in a more comfortable manner.

While on this journey he had his first experience with the enemy in the form of a bushwhacker, who, in the dusk of the evening one day, popped his head over a fence by the roadside and drew a bead on the Chaplain's friend, who was then a few rods in advance. An instant alarm from the Chaplain caused the bushwhacker to suddenly disappear before firing a shot, and the party reached Chattanooga without further molestation. On arriving there, about the beginning of October, he learned that the regiment was "somewhere in the vicinity of Knoxville." His subsequent journey on horseback through a country infested by bushwhackers, and traversed by foraging parties of the enemy, showed the pluck of the young "Soldier of the Cross." He was unattended except by a little "contraband," whom he had taken into his service at Chattanooga, and for whom an occasional mount was obtained on some of the abandoned horses that were roaming at large. The last of these reënlisted veterans — "Uncle Sam," the Chaplain called him — gave out in sight of Knoxville, but the Chaplain had taken such good care of his own horse "Billy," that he brought him in as fresh as a lark. The General commanding in the city expressed his astonishment at the performance.

Spending a day or two at Knoxville, where he visited the hospital and the wounded of the regiment who had been sent there from Blue Springs, the Chaplain determined to push on and report for duty at regimental headquarters. On being brought to Colonel Morrison at the entrance of the tent, in the half-light of the camp-fire, he announced himself as the new Chaplain. Morrison

looked at him a moment, as if in doubt: "The new Chaplain, are ye? Well, you 're a young one. But come in; you 're welcome." The Colonel called a meeting of the officers on the spot, and when the Chaplain's story was told he was at once "elected" to the vacant position, without a dissenting voice

The new chaplain was one of a multitude of college boys, many of them studying for the ministry, who, throughout the loyal States, as the war continued and assumed grander proportions, abandoned their books to take a hand in saving the Union and destroying slavery For, although the war was not waged for emancipation by the government of the United States, it was nevertheless true from the commencement of hostilities that the armed enemies of the Union were the champions of slavery, and that the maintenance and extension of the so-called "divine institution" were cardinal principles with the "fire-eaters" who precipitated the rebellion.

When the war broke out, Chaplain Kennedy, who was then about eighteen years of age, was a student at Madison University, in Hamilton, New York. As public meetings were held in the village, and the excitement deepened and spread with the "news from the front," one student after another enlisted, and the principal of the preparatory academy marched off to the field as colonel of a regiment of volunteers.

Some verses which were printed in 1861 as "The Nation's Prayer," are reprinted below to give an inkling of the patriotic and religious enthusiasm which was one of "the signs of the times," and to show how heartily our new chaplain had espoused "the cause."

THE CHAPLAIN'S HYMN.

I.

Before Thy throne we bow:
O God, our shield be Thou
From Treason's rage!

In faith we look to Thee,
Our strength in Heaven we see,
Defender of the free,
In every age !

II.

Our follies we confess,
O Lord, forgive and bless !
Let Mercy's light
Illumine this dark hour,
When war-clouds o'er us lower,
And Thine eternal power
Defend the right !

III.

Protect our armies, Lord,
And when they draw the sword,
In Freedom's name,
Strike Thou for them the blow,
O'erwhelm the vaunting foe,
And bury Treason low
In deathless shame !

IV.

Our Pilgrim Fathers sleep,
The ocean, broad and deep,
Beside their graves :
When Thine archangel cries,
Forbid that they should rise
To crowns in Paradise
From soil of slaves !

V

Let Liberty arise,
Her glory fill the skies,
The world be free !
Let all adore Thy name,
And children lisp Thy fame,
And Earth and Heaven proclaim
The jubilee !

By noon of the 14th, we were on the cars at Rogersville Junction, and Knoxville was reached late in the evening. General Burnside was very complimentary to the First brigade. He said it had "accomplished more in half an hour than a whole division had done in a day"

On the 18th of the month General Grant assumed command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, which was made to include the departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland and the Tennessee, and the subsequent operations in our department (the Ohio) were under his general direction. On the 19th we were ordered to prepare for the march, and on the following morning at seven o'clock the troops were in motion. We expected to march to Chattanooga. Late in the afternoon we passed through the little hamlet known as Campbell's Station, distinguished as the birthplace of Admiral Farragut, and soon to be further noted as the scene of a spirited engagement between the Union and Confederate forces. We bivouacked a short distance beyond the railroad station, and on the morning of the 21st the sound of artillery in the distance showed that our march was being contested, or that our advance guard was pursuing a retreating enemy At four in the afternoon we halted a mile or so beyond Lenoir, where we remained till three o'clock the next afternoon, and then moved towards Loudon, where the railroad crosses the Holston river. At six o'clock we crossed on a ponton, the railroad bridge having been destroyed, and entered the town, where we spent the night.

The mounted troops of the command had been engaged all day in a running skirmish with the enemy, who were driven back several miles. We remained at Loudon till the 28th, the time being occupied in strengthening our position by the erection of earthworks and rifle-pits. Portions of Bragg's army were scattered along the line of the railroad, holding the country between us and Chattanooga, where the Army of the Cumberland was pratically besieged, and we supposed our movement was intended to create a diversion in its favor. General Grant was also at Chattanooga, and was taking active measures to attack the enemy and retrieve the losses sustained by the defeat at Chicamauga.

In order to supply our animals with grain and forage, the quartermasters were obliged to scour the country in all directions, and on the 27th a party of us were sent out for that purpose. After making several calls without accomplishing our errand, we came to a house occupied by a Scotch family named Alexander. Two women and an old man were the only persons at home, the husbands of the women being in the Confederate service. They had nothing in the way of corn or fodder for us "Yankees," but, as we had been informed to the contrary, we thought it our duty to search the premises. In the barn, under a pile of corn-stalks, we found over a hundred bushels of corn in the cob. Taking about half of this, and a couple of wagon loads of stalks, we returned to camp. According to instructions, a receipt was offered which had been signed in blank by the proper officer, and according to which the holders were entitled—at the close of the war, or before, perhaps—to the market value of the articles taken, provided they could prove that they had been good Union people during the war, and had never rendered "aid or encouragement" to the enemies of the Union. It is remembered yet, the looks of scorn and contempt with which the elder of the two ladies received the paper, after reading which she tore it in pieces and stamped upon the fragments in the most approved and dramatic manner. She looked, too, as though she would have enjoyed treating us in the same way

When we returned to camp in the evening, we found that half rations had been issued to the regiment, but as our haversacks contained two or three days' supply of biscuit, and in addition we had a number of chickens and young pigs "purchased" during our expedition, short commons did not trouble the foraging party.

On the 28th Loudon was evacuated by our troops. We tore up several miles of railroad track, throwing many

of the rails into the river, heating and bending others, while several locomotives were either run off the abutment of the bridge into the river, or otherwise rendered unfit for use. Many of the inhabitants came within our lines and accompanied the troops to Lenoir, to which place the corps had been ordered. We did not know at this time, nor until the evacuation of Lenoir, the causes which led to what seemed to us such a sudden and mysterious movement.

It will be remembered that on the 7th of July, three days after the fall of Vicksburg, Captain Armour with his company and other men, to the number of sixty, were detailed as guard at corps headquarters. Additions to the guard had been made from time to time, owing to which, and to other causes incident to war, the regiment was at this time so reduced in numbers that Colonel Morrison, who was in command of the brigade, recommended that what remained of it might also be assigned to duty as headquarters guard. His recommendation was approved, and for the next four weeks we were relieved from the usual outpost and picket duty

On our arrival at Lenoir, we were ordered to fix up our quarters for a permanent camp, and we began at once the erection of log huts, each squad trying to outdo its neighbor in the workmanlike construction of substantial winter quarters. The building of fire-places and chimneys, out of the materials available there, required the greatest amount of skill, and upon these much ingenuity was displayed. As we had many practical masons and carpenters in our ranks our quarters soon presented a very neat and tasteful appearance. An incident occurred in one of the huts, on the occasion of its first occupancy, that will serve to show with what care the men guarded against a great camp evil: It was discovered that a change of underclothing, laid off by one of the occupants, was foul with lice. The one who made the dis-

covery promptly placed the bundle on the fire. It was considered almost a capital offence for a member of the regiment to allow himself to remain filthy, after once discovering that he "had 'em," and the only reason that the owner of this particular lot was not cremated with the other live stock, was the fact of his being absent on guard duty when the discovery was made.

A handsome stand of colors that had been received from New York, and which, owing to our migratory habits, had remained in the packing case, was presented to the regiment by Colonel Morrison on the afternoon of the 29th.

While quartered at Lenoir, recruiting parties were sent to different points east of us, for the purpose of enlisting the East Tennesseeans in order to fill the ranks of depleted regiments. Lieutenant Dingwall was sent with a squad to Morristown for that purpose, but the natives did not take kindly to the "foreign" regiments. "Yer gwine too fur from home for we 'uns to jine yer rigiment," was almost the invariable reply, when a man was asked to enlist in the Seventy-Ninth. The eastern regiments were not as popular with the people as those raised in the West, nearer home. Not one could be induced to join our ranks, and the squad returned empty-handed. That the natives did not lack patriotism, however, was proved by the fact that several regiments were organized from this section of country; but yet they seemed to prefer acting as a sort of home-guard—not a very high type of patriotism, perhaps.

Just before Lieutenant Dingwall left Morristown, quite an alarm was created by the appearance of a number of stragglers, who reported themselves as being all that was left of a brigade which had been on duty at Rutledge, where they were attacked by a superior force of the enemy. They presented a very demoralized appearance, but were at once pressed into the ranks, and during the

night a rifle-pit was dug and preparations made to receive the enemy, whom the frightened fellows announced as right on their heels. The night passed, however, without any alarm, and the next morning our men set out on the return to Lenoir.

By the 8th of November, corn and fodder had become so scarce that it was found necessary to extend our foraging limits, and on this date a detachment of about a hundred men from the regiment, under command of Captain Armour, escorting a train of about twenty-five wagons, was sent out into Roane county, where we learned that those articles were still plenty. It was just such an expedition as we were aching for, our duties at headquarters having shut us off from the opportunities that the other regiments enjoyed, of looking out for themselves while on picket duty in the country. There was just danger enough from the roving bands of the enemy's cavalry to give zest to the expedition, and the prospect of returning well laden with the good things we would be sure to pick up on the way, was pleasing to those who had been on short rations for so long a time. Was it Wellington who said that "An army travels on its belly"? Neither marching nor fighting is done to the best advantage on empty stomachs.

About noon our expedition reached a ford on the Clinch river, but the water was too high for crossing and we were obliged to go two miles further down to a rope ferry, where we found a dilapidated flat-boat, and began crossing at two o'clock in the afternoon. We were obliged to detach the mules from the wagons, as the boat was neither large enough nor strong enough for both wagon and animals at the same time; the river was not very wide but the current was swift, and it took us till five o'clock to get our train over. The rope was rotten and broke twice during the operation, and we were obliged to use poles in order to ease the strain when

the middle of the current was reached. Three miles beyond the river, we bivouacked for the night, and when we halted it was found that the boys had picked up enough poultry and "sich" on the road to give us all a royal feast. We posted a strong guard about our quarters and the night passed quietly It was cold, and ice formed a quarter of an inch thick, but a good chicken breakfast, washed down with plenty of hot coffee, prepared us for duty, and at eight o'clock we resumed our march, down the valley towards Kingston, until we reached the extensive plantation or farm of a Mr. Gallagher, who was reported to be a red-hot secessionist; we found him to be a red-headed one, at any rate. His neighbors had been plundered by the rebels because of their well-known Union sympathies, while he had thus far escaped.

On reaching his place we found quite a village of barns and sheds, the buildings well stocked with corn, oats and hay The proper officers interviewed Mr. G., and informed him of our errand, who, when he realized the situation, acknowledged that he could n't help himself, and that he supposed we would take what we wanted anyway After filling half of the wagons with corn and oats and the remainder with corn-fodder, hay and straw, and eating our dinner, we were ready to return. During the time we were filling the wagons, the proprietor watched our proceedings with a good deal of interest, occasionally giving vent to his injured feelings by remarks more forcible than patriotic or polite. We tried to purchase hoe-cake, biscuit and poultry at the house, but were met by such churlish refusals from the inmates that we determined to help ourselves; we did not enter the house, the people were not molested, and that we went off without leaving twenty-five or thirty dollars in greenbacks, in exchange for the poultry and young pigs we carried with us, was entirely their own fault.

Although our wagons held a good deal of grain and fodder, we left as much behind as would have filled double the number. The ferry was reached at three P. M.; the day had grown colder, and when we began getting the teams over it looked as though we would have an all-night's job on our hands. Many willing hands made quick work, however, and by eight o'clock the teams were safely across. Huge bon-fires had been kindled on either bank, which shed a lurid light on our operations, and as we pulled and poled the old boat back and forth, the scene was quite romantic.

It was decided to wait till morning before returning to Lenoir, and those who had blankets rolled themselves up and lay down by the fires to sleep. Three or four of us, who were not so supplied, started in search of shelter. The night was extremely dark, and objects a rod distant could not be distinguished. Taking two or three blazing brands from the fire we soon discovered a little cabin by the roadside, apparently deserted, which we entered, and soon had a cheerful fire blazing on the hearth. While one of the party looked through the house to be sure there were no other inmates, the rest of us prepared coffee. We had forgotten to bring anything from the wagons but our haversacks, and these contained only a few crackers and some corn dodgers. While discussing the advisability of going back for a chicken or two, we heard our companion calling: "Say, fellers, come here, quick!" and on responding found him in an adjoining room or shed, standing with his torch raised, and pointing to some objects above his head. There, on the top of an old door that hung by only one hinge, roosted three or four hens! It seemed providential. One of our number was an expert in handling sleeping fowls, and in a minute or two the whole brood was lying on the floor without an alarm being raised. We ate so heartily of broiled chicken half an hour afterwards that when we

stretched ourselves on the floor, with our feet to the fire, we almost felt the pin-feathers sticking through our skins! But it was a cold night after all, and we were awake before daylight, and a good fire was soon ready by which to prepare our breakfast.

When it was light enough to see, one of our number started in search of some milk. The house was only a few rods distant, and when he returned he said that while waiting for the milk he overheard one of the inmates "wonder the hens haint been 'round yit." He did n't wonder a bit, and innocently asked if he could buy two or three and a couple of dozen eggs; he got the eggs, and was told to call again in an hour or so and they would have the chickens ready We had a rousing good breakfast, soon after which the train was under way, and Lenoir was reached at noon.

On the 11th the regiment was called upon to throw a ponton bridge across the river, and although the day was very cold and the water almost at the freezing point, the work was accomplished so expeditiously as to call forth the praises of General Potter, the corps commander. It now appeared to us that our quarters at Lenoir would be permanent, and on the 12th a number of us traveled a mile or more for the purpose of procuring boards with which to floor our huts and to construct sleeping bunks. By bed-time of the 13th we had everything in good order, and congratulated ourselves on being so well fixed. We retired that night in a very comfortable frame of mind, but our dreams were sadly interrupted. Long before daylight of the 14th we were routed out with the unwelcome and unexpected intelligence that the enemy was advancing in force; our pickets at Loudon had been driven in, and we were ordered to "pack up and be ready to move at a moment's notice."

A thunderbolt from a clear sky would not have aston-

ished us half so much as did the order to move. We were disgusted. Why could n't the "rebs" behave themselves and let us enjoy our snug quarters for a while? In a few minutes it was announced that we were to evacuate Lenoir and fall back to Knoxville! Shortly after daylight all was confusion: a party was sent to destroy the machinery contained in the cotton mill that had been set in operation after our occupancy of the place, and in which a large number of the inhabitants had found remunerative employment; we were also ordered to burn everything we could not carry with us, and as the batteries were short of horses, teams were taken from some of the baggage wagons and the wagons with much of their contents destroyed. No little amusement was created by the burning of a number of trunks which the officers had purchased at Knoxville, for the better accommodation of their effects during our occupancy of winter quarters. Many of the log shanties were set on fire, and in a short time it looked as though a general conflagration was about to take place. Bodies of troops, looking somewhat demoralized, were hurrying from the front, and their report of "the enemy right on our heels" did not tend to allay the excitement. At nine o'clock rain began to fall, and our cup of misery seemed full. There appeared to be as much alarm among general and staff officers as among the men, and the wish was often expressed "that General Burnside were here."

At eleven o'clock, when the excitement was at its height, an engine rattled into the station; Burnside stepped from the cab and was greeted with hearty cheers. In a few minutes the scene was changed; the retreating troops were ordered back to the front, and preparations made to at least fall back in an orderly and dignified manner. The rain ceased in the afternoon, and at dark we erected temporary shelters and lay down, trusting that the morrow would bring about a more hopeful condition of affairs.

A short account of the general situation at this time will serve to explain more intelligently our subsequent movements: After the battle of Gettysburg, the Confederate General Longstreet had been sent with a strong force to reënforce General Bragg, and had arrived in time to take part in the battle of Chicamauga. Burnside's occupation of East Tennessee was a constant menace to Bragg's right flank and rear, and notwithstanding the fact that the Army of the Cumberland had been reënforced by the Eleventh and Twelfth corps under General Hooker, and also that a strong force under Sherman was moving from Vicksburg for the same purpose, Bragg thought himself able to defeat the Union army without the aid of Longstreet. Flushed with success, the Confederate commander fell into the natural error of undervaluing his enemy's prowess. So Longstreet was detached and ordered to drive Burnside out, while other movements of the enemy from Virginia were made in order to create a diversion in favor of the real movement from the southwest. The movements from Virginia were met by General Willcox, whose headquarters were at Morristown. As soon as General Grant learned of Longstreet's departure from Bragg's army he telegraphed Burnside, and informed him that he would endeavor to create a diversion in his favor by an attack on Bragg. On the 12th Burnside telegraphed Grant that he would try and hold Longstreet in his front until the Army of the Cumberland was ready to strike.

On Friday, the 13th, a portion of Longstreet's force had attacked our outposts at Loudon, and a brisk engagement was fought, resulting in some loss on both sides. The enemy was driven back, and as our skirmishers advanced General Potter accompanied the line for the purpose of more clearly observing the situation. Chaplain Kennedy had already exhibited considerable pluck of the kind not usually displayed by, or expected

from, non-combatants, and being at the front at this time he accompanied General Potter with the advance, but in attempting to return to his regiment alone, he lost his way He had ridden nearly down to Hough's Ferry, which by an air line is little more than a mile from Loudon, but by the windings of the river is more than six miles. It was dusk ; the chaplain knew he had lost his bearings, and while he was watering his horse at a brook, a woman appeared on the bank above him, who, with warning voice and gestures, implored him to go back, adding that there were thousands of rebels down by the ferry, and that a party of four had just stopped at her house to inquire for a Yankee officer that had been observed prowling about. Kennedy at once turned back, but, on reaching the road, observed in a field to the left, and posted behind a rail fence, the four rebels who had been looking for him. The chaplain was in a tight spot ; he could not retreat, for the bulk of the rebel force was at the river ; his only chance was to run the gauntlet of the fire of four rifles. As he drew near at a steady gallop he was ordered to halt, but, throwing himself along his horse's back and giving him the rein, he dashed by, the bullets from the rifles flying harmlessly over his head. When he reached the brow of the hill, a little ways beyond, he turned and waved his cap, in token of farewell, and pushed on until our lines were reached.

When he reported what he had seen and heard, the officer in charge of our outposts, realizing that the enemy's crossing at Hough's Ferry would turn our right flank, and that the attack at Loudon was merely a feint to cover that movement, conducted the chaplain to General Burnside, who was then at the front. As soon as the chaplain made his report, orders were issued directing the immediate evacuation of Loudon, and thus our force at that point was saved from almost certain

destruction. Burnside at once telegraphed Grant that as his flank was turned and the position at Loudon rendered untenable, he would concentrate his forces and fall back on Knoxville, and thus draw Longstreet as far from Bragg as possible. With his small force, Burnside could hope to do little more in the open field than to hold Longstreet in check long enough to give us a chance to put Knoxville in a condition for defence, and his plans were made accordingly

On Saturday morning, the 14th, the advance of Longstreet's force crossed the river at Hough's Ferry, being opposed by a part of General White's division of the Twenty-Third corps, who gallantly resisted the enemy and during the afternoon drove them back nearly to the crossing place. Darkness alone ended the engagement, and the next morning our men were ready to renew the fight, but Burnside ordered them to fall back. Our First division was on the field at the time, and Colonel Morrison's brigade brought up the rear, keeping the enemy at a respectful distance until line was formed a little southwest of Lenoir.

Sunday morning opened clear and cold. Our duties at corps headquarters included the guarding of a number of prisoners captured the day before, and from them we learned that Longstreet, to whose command they belonged, was now in our front and meant "to clean us out of East Tennessee," and that as the Union army at Chattanooga had been so thoroughly whipped in the battle of Chicamauga, no help could come to us from that quarter and our fate was sealed. As we had met Longstreet's veterans on other fields, we realized that "foemen worthy of our steel" were before us; yet, such was our confidence in General Burnside and the troops under his command that we were not at all disconcerted. We lay down to rest late at night, but were warned to be ready to jump at a moment's notice. About two o'clock

on Monday morning we were awakened by a heavy volley of musketry, many of the bullets whistling through the tree tops. We arose hastily, struck tents, formed line, and, stacking arms, awaited further developments. At five o'clock, accompanied by a section of Edwards' battery, we began our march towards Knoxville. It was dark and disagreeable; the mud was deep and the road full of wagons and artillery, which we were frequently obliged to help out of the mud holes. At daylight we were only two miles from our starting point. The enemy followed closely as soon as daylight appeared, and firing on our left indicated that they were on the Kingston road, endeavoring to reach the cross-roads at Campbell's Station before us, and cut off our retreat to Knoxville; but as we had the inside track little apprehension was felt of their being able to accomplish their design.

Our Second division, under Colonel Hartranft, reached Campbell's Station first, and was at once deployed across the Kingston road, over which the main body of the enemy were advancing, while Colonel Humphreys with his brigade brought up the rear on the Loudon road, over which we were marching. As we reached the cross-roads the artillery moved rapidly to the high ground east of the station, and the Highlanders were placed in support of Benjamin's battery From our point of observation the whole field could be observed, and General Burnside established his headquarters just in rear of the battery

The movements of Morrison's brigade are well described by Captain Burrage in the "History of the Thirty-Sixth Massachusetts." He says: "On reaching the junction of the roads Morrison ordered us into an open field on our left, and the Thirty-Sixth was directed to take position in rear of a rail fence, with our right resting on the Kingston road. The Eighth Michigan was on our left.

The Forty-Fifth Pennsylvania was deployed as skirmishers. Meanwhile the rest of the troops on the road from Lenoir, and those which had preceded us, were moving to a position selected by General Burnside, a little way beyond the village of Campbell's Station; and we were left to cover the movement.

"Unfurling our colors we awaited the advance of the enemy There was little delay In our front there was an occasional shot and also on our right, but it was soon evident that the enemy were moving to our left, in order to gain the cover of the woods and obtain a more favorable position for attack. Moving off by the left flank, therefore, we took a second position in an adjoining field. Finding now the enemy moving rapidly through the woods and threatening our rear with increasing numbers—Hood's division (of the enemy) that had followed us from Lenoir being now up—we executed a left half-wheel, and, advancing on the double-quick to the rail fence which ran along the edge of the woods, we opened a heavy fire. * * * From this new position the enemy at once endeavored to force us. His fire was well directed, but the fence afforded us a slight protection. * * * For a while the enemy was held in check, but at length the skirmishers of the Forty-Fifth Pennsylvania, who were watching our right, descried a body of rebel infantry pushing towards our rear from the Kingston road. Colonel Morrison at once ordered the Thirty-Sixth Massachusetts and Eighth Michigan to face about and establish a new line in rear of the rail fence on the opposite side of the field. We advanced on the double-quick, and, reaching the fence, our men, with a shout, poured a volley into the rebel line of battle, which not only checked its advance but drove it back in confusion. Meanwhile the enemy in our rear moved up to the edge of the woods which we had just left, and now opened a brisk fire. We at once crossed the fence, in order to place

it between us and his fire, and were about to devote our attention again to him when orders came for us to withdraw, it being no longer necessary for us to hold the junction of the roads, as all our troops and wagons had now passed."

In order to show the importance of the work performed by our brigade in saving the Third brigade of our division, which had just had a severe tussle with the enemy further on the left, the following extract from "Recollections of the East Tennessee Campaign," written by Will. H. Brearley, of the Seventeenth Michigan, is given: "Heavy volleys of musketry were heard in the direction of the Kingston road, and it was evident that Morrison's brigade were engaging the troops Longstreet had sent to intercept us. However sanguine the enemy were of accomplishing that plan when it was designed, it was soon proven to be a difficult one to demonstrate, for the old First brigade 'did n't drive worth a cent,' and proved to be a sufficient barrier till we had passed the junction."

Most of these movements were witnessed by us as we lay behind Benjamin's guns, and our hearts thrilled with delight at the gallant action of our brave comrades. Our position was a strong one, and could be maintained at least until the main body of the enemy came up, and as every minute's delay was to our advantage, the troops, as they came up the hill, were placed so as to support the batteries, now all in favorable positions to repel the attack. Our division occupied the right of the line of battle, General Julius White's division of the Twenty-Third corps the center, and Hartranft's division of our corps the left, a small cavalry force guarding the flanks.

About noon the enemy advanced in a double column against our right center, but were driven back by our batteries which opened with shell and case-shot. So destructive was the fire of our guns that the enemy did not come within range of our rifles. Our extreme right

was then attacked, but Christ's brigade and Buckley's battery objected so strenuously that the attempt to turn that flank failed. But a more determined effort was being made on our left which necessitated our falling back to a point which had been selected, a mile or so in our rear. During this movement the enemy poured a heavy fire from their artillery upon our lines, which did little damage, however, and at four o'clock the new line was formed: but before the enemy could attain a favorable position from which to renew the attack, darkness put an end to the engagement. Thus ended the battle of Campbell's Station, of the result of which we all felt proud, inasmuch as we fought against a greatly superior force, on a retreat, and our lines had not been broken.

Longstreet recognized the importance of a victory at this point, for, in his report he says: "If General Jenkins could have made his attack * * * or if he could have made it after the enemy had taken his second position, we must have destroyed his force, recovered East Tennessee, and in all probability captured the greater portion of the enemy's forces." General *If* again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN [CONTINUED]. SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE TO NOVEMBER 28TH.

ARRIVAL at Knoxville.—Letters from Home.—Ordered to the Front.—Selected to Garrison Fort Sanders.—Engagements on the Armstrong Hill.—"Keep Cool, Fire Low, and Be Sure and Hit Something Every Time."—Death of General Sanders.—The Siege Established.—Knoxville, its Location and Defences.—Diary of the Siege.—Experience on the Picket Line.—Cotton Bales for Protection.—The Brick House.—A Midnight *Sortie* by the Seventeenth Michigan.—Short Rations.—"Do You Want a Bite?"—Bullets Flying Over the Fort.—Railroad Shops Burned.—A Grand Display.—Colonel Hawkes' *Sortie*.—A Peculiar Case.—"Shooting a Man to Save His Life."—"My New Boots!"—Confident of Our Ability to Hold the Fort.—Drawing the Enemy's Fire.—"We 're Happy Because It Can't Last."—Enemy's Lines Closing In Upon Us.—Night of the 28th.—Lieutenant Benjamin's Hand Grenades.—Ready to Receive the Enemy.

JUST after dark we resumed our march to Knoxville, General White's division of the Twenty-Third corps bringing up the rear, and at midnight the Highlanders bivouacked within three miles of the city At seven o'clock on the morning of the 17th Knoxville was reached, and we marched at once to our old corps headquarters, where we got our breakfast and received our mail. When the mail-bag was opened a letter was found which caused considerable amusement. The address was in the form of a poetic effusion, and covered the entire front of the envelope, save that part occupied by the stamp, and was as follows:

"Postmaster please let this go free
down to Knoxville, Tennessee,
This three cent stamp will pay the fare
until you find out Captain Gair,

In the New York 79th is he,
his gallant company known as E;
His army corps is numbered Nine
who from the rebels take the shine."

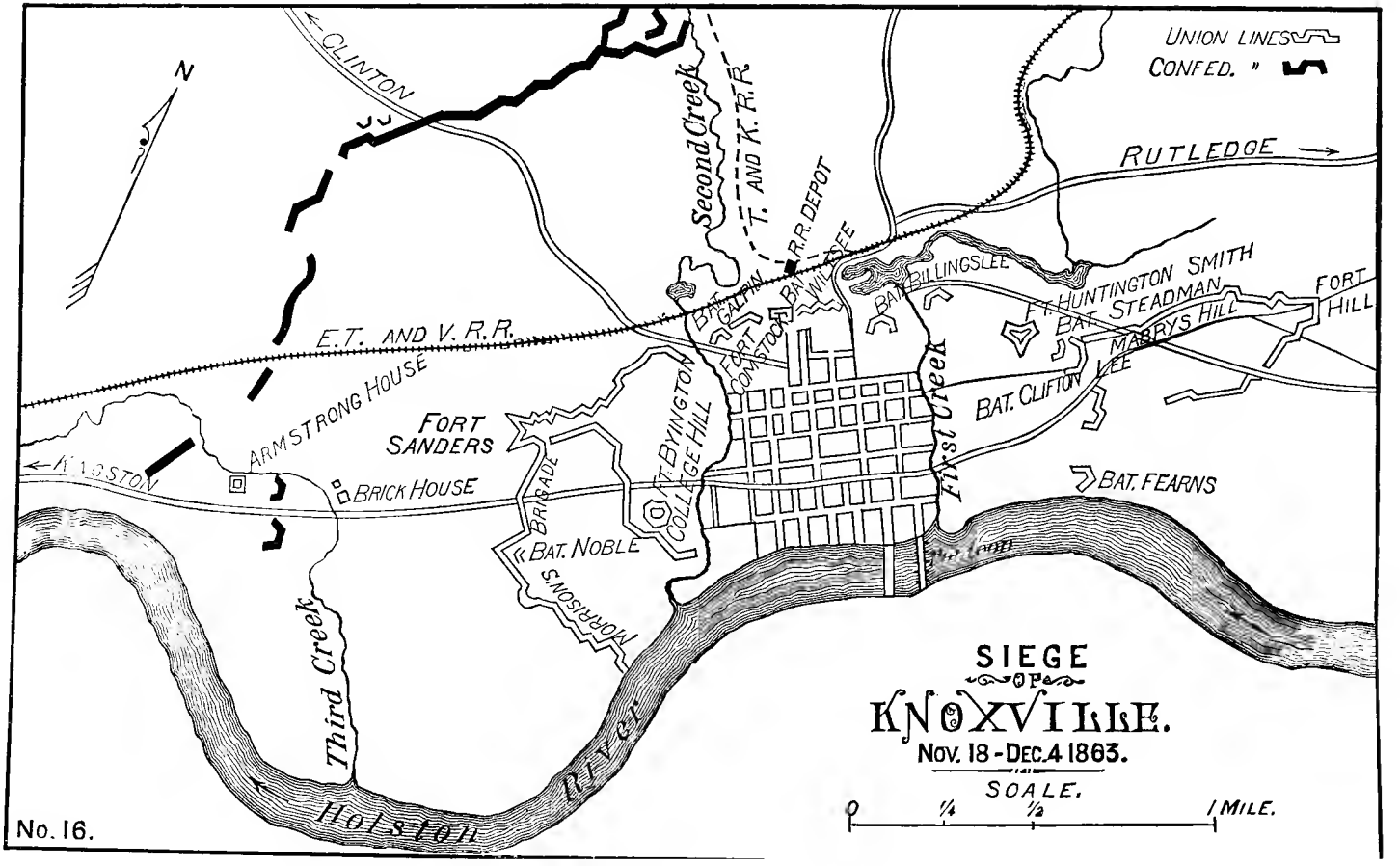
A patrol was sent through the town to arrest all stragglers, quite a number of whom were brought in and sent to their respective commands. At three o'clock in the afternoon the regiment was ordered to report to Colonel Morrison at the front, but, while on the way there, was ordered back again to headquarters, where tents were pitched for the night. Early on the morning of the 18th we joined the brigade at the front, where, however, we remained but a few minutes.

The principal defensive work was a fort half a mile west of the city and near the Kingston turnpike. It had been begun by the enemy during their occupancy of the town and was called by them Fort Loudon. But little progress had been made towards its completion, until it became evident that a retreat from Lenoir was necessary, when Captain Poe had taken measures to put the work in a defensive state. A large number of laborers had been employed night and day for that purpose, and when the troops arrived Lieutenant Benjamin, who was also chief of artillery, had been specially charged with its defence, and he requested that the Highlanders be assigned to duty as the regular garrison. His request being granted, we were ordered there and felt quite proud of the distinction conferred upon us. On reporting at the fort, positions were assigned the various companies by Lieutenant Benjamin. B, H and K were placed in the northwest bastion, the other companies being distributed at various points along the west and north fronts. Captain William Montgomery was in command of the regiment.

When we entered the fort an engagement was in progress, about a mile distant on the Kingston road, between the enemy's advance, under General McLaw, and our

cavalry and mounted infantry, under General Sanders, of the Twenty-Third corps. The latter had been ordered to hold the enemy in check as long as possible, in order that the troops arriving might be placed in proper positions to resist an attack. For several hours Sanders' command held the enemy at bay, but was gradually driven in by superior numbers, until the Confederates came within short range of the shells from our twenty-pounders, when the engagement ceased for a while. In the afternoon the fight was renewed, and as the combatants were in plain sight, about half a mile distant on the hill just below the Armstrong House, we watched the operations with a good deal of interest. Benjamin's guns sent several shells into the enemy's lines, but the opposing forces were so close together that our own men were in as great danger from the shells as were the enemy, and Benjamin's fire ceased.

McLaw had been ordered by Longstreet to push on and force his way into the city, but the task was a difficult one to perform. Reënforcements arriving, the enemy finally drove Sanders from his position, and we were prepared to give the rebels a warm reception, should they come within range of our rifles. General Burnside was looking over the parapet of the fort, watching the engagement, and when he saw Sanders driven back he went from point to point along the west front of the fort, encouraging the men, advising us to "keep cool, fire low, and be sure and hit something every time." But the enemy contented himself with driving back Sanders' force and occupying the crest of the hill. General Sanders, a gallant soldier, was mortally wounded and died a day or two afterwards, and our fort was named in honor of his memory. Just before dark we noticed that the high ground to the northwest of the fort, and about a mile distant, was also occupied by the enemy. Our pickets were now estab-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CLINTON
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RUTLEDGE
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T. AND K. R.R.
R.R. DEPOT
BAT. GALPIN
FORT COMSTOCK
BAT. WILCOX
BAT. BILLINGSLEE
FT. HUNTINGTON
BAT. STEADMAN
SMITH
FORT HILL
MARRYS HILL
E.T. AND V. R.R.
ARMSTRONG HOUSE
FORT SANDERS
BAT. CLIFTON LEE
First Creek
KINGSTON
BRICK HOUSE
BRIGADE
FT. BYINGTON
COLLAGE HILL
BAT. FEARNS
BAT. NOBLE
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lished on the north and west, and about four hundred yards distant from the fort. The enemy had established his picket line about four hundred yards distant from our own. Thus ended the first day of the siege.

Now that our thoughts may be turned from the enemy for a moment, let us look at the situation within the Union lines. Knoxville is situated on the north bank of the Holston river, on a plateau about three-quarters of a mile square, and bounded on the east and west by two streams called respectively First creek and Second creek. To the east of First creek, and a quarter of a mile distant, is an elevation called Temperance Hill, about two hundred and thirty feet above the level, and half a mile north of, the river; on this elevation was built Fort Huntington Smith. To the east of this was Mabry's Hill, of about the same elevation, on the eastern extremity of which, and three-quarters of a mile from the first named fort, was Fort Hill. On the north of the city, beginning at First creek, there were: Battery Billingslee, Battery Wiltsee, Fort Comstock, and Battery Galpin, the latter flanked on the left by Second creek. To the west of Second creek was Battery Zoellner, and about seven hundred yards to the southwest of that was Fort Sanders, two hundred feet above the river. Six hundred yards south of Fort Sanders, and seven hundred yards from the river, was Battery Noble, while Fort Byington, on College Hill, defended an inner line, about six hundred yards east of Battery Noble. Between the river and Battery Noble on the west, or southwest, and the river and Fort Hill on the east of the city, were lines of intrenchments, while other lines connected the forts and earthworks already mentioned. Abattis and *chevaux-de-frise* were placed in front of many of the positions, and in front of Fort Sanders there was also a wire entanglement — placed there by Lieutenant Benjamin — the wires strung from stump to stump in order to ob-

struct and break up the lines of an attacking column. At the beginning of the siege, however, few of the works above mentioned had been begun, but soldiers, citizens and negroes worked night and day till they were completed.

The troops were distributed as follows: Morrison's brigade stretched from the river in an irregular line northwest to Fort Sanders, and the rest of the division from the fort to Second creek. Between that point and First creek the Second division held the line, while White's and Hascall's divisions of the Twenty-Third corps stretched easterly to Fort Hill, and thence southwest to the river. South of the river is a range of hills between three and four hundred feet high, commanding the town, but most of the important points were occupied by portions of the Twenty-Third corps, the enemy having batteries on two points only, and those about a mile and a half southwest of Fort Sanders.

There were no siege guns at any point on our lines. Roemer's light battery occupied College Hill; Benjamin's and Buckley's were in Fort Sanders; Gitting's and the Fifteenth Indiana batteries were placed on the line between Second and First creeks, and Simm's Twenty-Fourth Indiana and Henshaw's and Shield's batteries, with one section of Wilder's, were distributed along the line held by White and Haskell, while the two other sections of Wilder's and all of Konkle's guns were south of the river. Two howitzers were placed at the bridge heads covering the crossing of the river. The East Tennessee and Virginia (or Georgia) railroad skirted the north side of the town and ran in a general southwesterly and northeasterly direction. All interest was centered on the lines north and west of the town.

The only part of Fort Sanders that was at all in a defensive condition when we entered it, was the west and a portion of the north fronts, and even in these no em-

brasures had yet been cut. From Captain Poe's report the following description of the fort is taken: "It is a bastioned earth-work, built upon an irregular quadrilateral, the sides of which are respectively one hundred and twenty-five yards south front, ninety-five yards west front, one hundred and twenty yards north front, and eighty-five yards east front. The eastern front is entirely open and is to be enclosed with a stockade; the south front was about half done; the western front was finished except cutting the embrasures; the north front was nearly finished. Each bastion was intended to have a *pan coupe*." Referring to the assault he states further: "A light twelve-pounder was mounted in the *pan coupe* (of the northwest bastion), and did good service. The ditch of the fort was twelve feet in width, and in many places as much as eight feet in depth. The irregularities of the site were such that the bastion angles were very heavy, the relief of the lightest one being twelve feet. The relief of the one attacked was about thirteen feet, and together with the depth of the ditch, say seven feet, made a height of twenty feet from the bottom of the ditch to the interior crest. From the fort the ground sloped towards the Confederates, making a natural but rather irregular glacis. All trees had been cut away from this glacis, the ground was thickly covered with stumps, the branches of trees had been utilized to form an abattis, and a wire entanglement had been made by stretching telegraph wire from stump to stump."

During our first night in the fort embrasures were cut in the west and north fronts, and guns from Benjamin's and Buckley's batteries placed ready for service. The progress of the siege will be recorded in the form of a diary

Thursday, 19th. Second Day.—We were called up at five o'clock, and at once began to work on the fort. The morning opened dull and cloudy; a heavy mist hung

over the valley that divided the lines, and we could not see our own outposts. When the fog lifted we noticed that the enemy was strongly posted on a range of hills, extending from a point on the river just south of the Armstrong house along our west and north fronts till it reached the line of the Tennessee and Kentucky railroad, running north from the city In a short time the crest of this ridge was lined with men busily engaged in erecting earth-works. This line was about three-quarters of a mile distant on the west and a mile or more at the point of junction with the Clinton road and the railroad just mentioned. Thick woods covered for the most part the slope of the hill, which afforded the enemy good cover. With the appearance of daylight the opposing pickets began firing ; by noon bullets were flying thick, and occasionally one would sing over the fort. In the afternoon we notice that the enemy are moving troops more to our right ; at three o'clock a detachment is sent out to strengthen our line, and the experience of one of our number is here given : "I got behind a fallen tree and within good range of a brick house down in the hollow, just below the Armstrong house. From the two upper windows of the brick house the enemy's sharpshooters were firing on our men ; four of us planned to take care of the house and endeavor to silence the fire, and we succeeded, for after half an hour's work we noticed that their fire had ceased. At nine in the evening an alarm on the line brought us all to our feet in a hurry, and the reserve formed in line ; we heard a crackling in the bushes, as if the enemy were advancing, and we brought our rifles to a 'ready,' determined on having the first shot, but the sound seemed to recede, and on inquiry found that it was a party of our own men, who had missed their way while going to strengthen an outpost."

In the afternoon a flag-staff was raised in the fort, and

when the flag was displayed the men greeted it with hearty cheers ; the enemy also saluted it, with a furious fire of artillery, and although many of their shells burst in and near the fort, they did no damage.

Friday, 20th. Third day.—All quiet during the night. Morning cool and misty Picket firing began as soon as the fog lifted. At nine o'clock the new picket were ordered out ; their appearance caused the enemy to fire with renewed vigor, and there was considerable ducking and dodging before the relieved men were safe in the fort. Gangs of negroes are busily engaged in rolling bales of cotton on the parapets of the fort, for the better protection of the men. The interior crest being only about four feet above the banquette tread, the upper parts of our bodies were exposed to the enemy's fire. The cotton bales were covered with rawhides, to prevent their being ignited by our musket fire. It was announced that strict garrison rules had been adopted for the government of the fort, and that roll-call at five o'clock each morning must find every man at his post. The enemy must have advanced his picket line, for the bullets are now singing over the fort in very unpleasant frequency, which causes all hands, from General Ferrero down to drummer boy, to duck and dodge in a manner not at all creditable to old soldiers. Rain began to fall in the afternoon and continued all the evening, rendering our situation very disagreeable. It was impossible to move about without getting over ankles in mud, and our clothing and accoutrements were soon in a very disreputable condition. There was not room enough for all the men to pitch their shelter-tents, and many of us received a thorough drenching, which added greatly to our discomfort.

The brick house before mentioned was re-occupied by the enemy, and became very obnoxious by reason of the constant fire from its windows on our men, and it was

decided to destroy it by a *sortie*, and the Seventeenth Michigan was selected for the work. From Brearley's account we have the following: "Five men volunteered for burners, who were placed under the direction of Major F W Swift, and were equipped with axes, port-fire, cotton, turpentine and matches. At nine o'clock in the evening the regiment was withdrawn from its position, and passing to the rear and left of the fort, and scaling the breastworks to the right of the Thirty-Sixth Massachusetts, was advanced to the skirmish line, and after stopping a few minutes to re-form, the men began a cautious advance. When within a hundred yards of the enemy's skirmish line, their men discovered our advance and opened fire—our signal for a charge. Our colonel gave orders in a loud voice, as if commanding a brigade, and with cheers, which were full loud enough to convey such an impression to the Confederate skirmishers, the line advanced on a run. Their men fled with very little ceremony, and our regiment, advancing beyond the houses and halting, the burners took possession of the buildings. The brick house had evidently been used as headquarters for the picket reserve. One of the burners, while opening the door, had a Confederate soldier dodge out under his arm. There were evidences of the hasty retreat of the other inmates—in an overturned chair and an officer's sword hanging on a nail in the parlor. In two of the corners of the room blankets were spread out, which had evidently been occupied but a moment before; these with a baking-kettle full of warm biscuit, which was standing on the fireplace hearth, showed how perfect had been the surprise, and how precipitate their retreat.

"It was the work of but a moment to fire the house, but at first it seemed almost a hopeless task to set fire to the log barns. Chairs and tables were brought from the house and broken up into kindling, still the logs, being

damp, did not readily take fire. The house, however, was soon all ablaze, and thinking the work had been completed the regiment began retreating.

"Seeing that without support the barns could not be effectually fired, word was sent to the regiment, which was 'about faced' at once, but mistaking the order to advance to the former position for one to begin firing, a heavy fire was opened which for a time placed the lives of the burners in the greatest danger from our own bullets. The mistake lasted but a few moments, however, and not long after the former position was regained. The buildings having been effectually fired a retreat was ordered. The enemy had evidently been totally deceived, and it was not till the light from the buildings revealed to them our two hundred men full half way back to our lines that they learned that the anticipated attack was, instead, a successful *sortie*. A furious cannonade was at once opened from their batteries, and the *surprise* was transferred from them to us, for it will always remain a matter of surprise to me that but two of our men were killed."

Saturday, 21*st*. *Fourth day*.—Rain was falling at daylight and continued all the forenoon. In the afternoon the men on picket ventured to build small fires, and by lying on the ground and turning themselves occasionally, managed to partly dry their clothing. During the day rations were served out, consisting of a small piece of rather black-looking bread, made from a mixture of graham flour and corn meal. One of the men on picket said: "At dark our rations were brought out to us. Each man received quarter-rations of black bread. It was very coarse-looking, and had we not been very hungry it would have been discarded as unfit to eat. I ate mine at once, and could have eaten more if I had had it; but it was my ration for twenty-four hours, and if my tent-mate, who was off duty, had not procured some

'extras' in town, I would have been hungry enough before the next ration was issued. 'Long Andy' was acting as our company cook on this day, and when he approached the picket line with a couple of haversacks filled with the rations, he was fired on by the enemy Andy was brave, even reckless at times, and the whistling bullets did n't scare him a bit. Putting down his load, he took a chunk of the black bread, held it up at arm's length and shook it at the 'Johnnies,' crying out at the same time: 'You b——s, do you want a bite?' The firing ceased."

It took considerable planning and scheming to keep us in provisions, but by paying a pretty good price we generally managed to secure enough to keep us from absolute want. Our coffee rations were stopped entirely, the small supply on hand being reserved for the sick, and those smart enough or selfish enough to secure, by bribery or stealing, the coveted luxury The men set to work to supply substitutes for coffee. Some obtained wheat, others stole corn from the poor old mules, roasted and ground it, and while it had none of the flavor of "Government Java," did very well for a hot drink. An article labeled "Jeff Davis' Substitute" was sold in town, for seventy-five cents per pound package, which was tried, but found to be simply a mixture of wheat and chicory—as big a fraud as its illustrious prototype.

Sunday, 22nd. Fifth day.—Quiet during the night. Morning cold and foggy At roll-call the new picket was called off, it being deemed more prudent to change reliefs under cover of the darkness, as two men had already been wounded while making the change during the day time. It was found quite difficult to navigate about the fort in the dark, however, owing to the wire entanglement. The knowledge of its presence did not prevent many from measuring their length on the ground as they passed to or from the fort.

At daylight the enemy opened on the fort with their artillery Several shells burst in the fort without injuring any one, but the fusillade had the effect of making us lie close under the parapets and prevented Chaplain Kennedy from conducting divine service. The bullets, too, flew thick and fast all day The picket line of the enemy had advanced nearly a hundred yards, while ours had been correspondingly drawn in. Longstreet was evidently preparing for the assault by pushing his lines as close to the fort as possible, so that by a brilliant dash he might carry the works at the point of the bayonet. But the time spent by him in thus digging his way was not lost by us. Work was being continually pushed on the north front, and the longer the enemy delayed the more slender grew their chances of success.

Monday, 23d. Sixth day.—At daylight we find that the enemy, by pushing forward their lines on our right, have obtained a cross-fire on a part of our picket line on the west front, but by a little digging with our bayonets we managed to deepen our holes and raise our defences, so that we escaped any serious consequences. We frequently drew the enemy's fire by the old dodge : while one of our number held up his cap on the end of his ramrod, two or three more would have their pieces at a "ready," so as to fire the moment a puff of smoke was seen from the enemy's rifle. At five o'clock the cooks came out with our rations, and although it was getting dark there was considerable firing on the lines and Company E's cook was wounded. At eight o'clock in the evening a stampede occurred on the right of our line, caused by some misunderstanding of orders. The tumult was soon quieted, but at nine o'clock a genuine alarm was raised. The pickets of the Second division, which were posted near the railroad shops just north of the town, were attacked and driven in. According to orders, they fired the buildings before retreating, and in

a short time the whole region was illuminated by the flames. The enemy opened with artillery and for a little while we thought that a general attack would be made One of the buildings fired contained a lot of artillery ammunition, left by the enemy when they evacuated the city in August, and which would not fit our pieces, and when the flames reached that, and the shells burst, the explosions threw the burning embers high in air and made a grand display The enemy kept up a continuous yelling, too, which, with the burning buildings, exploding ammunition, artillery fire, and volleys of musketry, made such a racket as we had seldom heard or witnessed.

During the excitement Lieutentant Benjamin and Chaplain Kennedy, were standing at the north front, looking over the parapet, when a shell struck and exploded near by The Chaplain felt a stinging sensation over his left eye, staggered a little, and when Benjamin asked if he was hit, replied, "Yes, but the skin is not broken." The missile proved to be a piece of clay from the parapet, blown out by the exploding shell. We listened intently to notice any demonstration in front of the fort, but all was silent there. At midnight the buildings had been consumed and quiet reigned for the rest of the night. The weather was beautiful and clear.

Tuesday, 24th. Seventh Day.—At daylight rain began to fall, and at the same time the Second Michigan made a charge on the enemy's line north of the fort, in order to drive their skirmishers from an advanced rifle-pit which had been discovered the previous morning, and from which came the flank fire that annoyed us on the west front. The brave fellows pushed gallantly on, and had succeeded in partially accomplishing the work of destroying the rifle-pit when a heavy reserve was brought forward by the enemy, and our men were driven back. The Second suffered severely Further to our right

another part of the enemy's line was assaulted at the same time, and is thus described by Colonel Hawkes, of the Twenty-First Massachusetts, in the history of that regiment: "Lieutenant Hitchcock, of our brigade staff, came to my quarters about four A. M., with orders for me to report at brigade headquarters immediately, hinting that there was work for me to do. I went and received orders to take the Twenty-First Massachusetts, Major Richardson commanding, and the Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania, Major Gilmore commanding, at daylight, and charge the enemy, and retake the ground taken from us last evening. I told the Colonel commanding the brigade that I would do as well as I could. I took my little brigade, and marched by flank to left of enemy Everything was ready at daylight. The order was given 'Forward,' and the two regiments went through. The fire was quite hot, but the boys did not falter. We retook the rifle-pits, driving out the Palmetto Sharpshooters — a gallant regiment from South Carolina—and taking some prisoners."

Our guns in the fort opened fire while these assaults were being made, in order to attract the attention of the enemy and divert his fire, but we were obliged to be very sparing of our ammunition; the supply was quite limited, and would, doubtless, be needed for closer action. Our artillerists would sometimes fret and fume at being obliged to keep quiet while the enemy's shells were bursting about us; the boys wanted the privilege of "jawing back." The bullets flew as thick as usual over and into the fort, and one man of Company C was shot in the neck. The circumstances attending this case are so peculiar as to call for more than a brief mention.

This man, who shall be nameless here, deserted from the regiment about the time we left Louisville in March. While we were in camp at Crab Orchard, just before starting on our journey over the mountains, he was

brought back under guard, having been apprehended and kept in arrest while the regiment was in Mississippi: he was tried by court-martial, found guilty and sentenced to be shot. Pending the approval of the sentence by the proper authorities, he was placed under a regimental guard, and accompanied us into Tennessee. A day or two before the siege was established, orders were received approving the sentence, and directing the execution to take place; but the excitement incident upon the enemy's advance caused a delay, and, after the siege began, more was thought of preserving the lives of our men than of shooting them. When it was found that we were hemmed in by a greatly superior force, and that every man in our ranks "counted," the condemned soldier, and all other military prisoners, were returned to their companies to assist in the defence, and the company commanders instructed to place them on any duty more dangerous than another. Of course, there was not much choice of positions, for as many men were wounded while in the fort as when on outpost duty

Our man was placed on an equality, so far as danger was concerned, with his comrades. He had served several turns of duty, and was one of the most vigilant on the whole line. At the time of being wounded, he was sitting in his tent smoking his pipe. It was just a little before dark, and the firing had almost ceased for the day The bullet struck in the back of his neck, and the man fell on his face, as his companions supposed, dead. Almost immediately, however, he picked himself up, and finding something more troublesome than smoke in his mouth, he quietly spat out blood and the bullet into his hand! It was a minie-ball of the usual calibre, but had been well spent before reaching its billet. The wounded man was sent to the hospital, but it was a long time before he was able to be moved. Finally, an application was made to have him removed to New York, where he

recovered in time. In concluding the narrative, the captain of his company said: "That's what you might call shooting a man to save his life."

During the night the enemy sent a detachment across the river to attack our works there, but were repulsed. They afterwards succeeded in placing a battery on an elevation in such a position as to enfilade the fort.

Wednesday, 25th. Eighth day.—"On picket again, at five o'clock," one of our men writes home: "This was getting rather monotonous; on picket every other night, and when relieved in the morning, we might sleep till noon, unless called out by a general alarm, which occurred altogether too frequently In the afternoon we were obliged to perform such work about the fort as was necessary, and we had little time to wash or mend our clothes, and our uniforms were uniformly ragged and dirty" When daylight appeared, those of us on the right of our picket line noticed that the lines of the enemy had been considerably advanced in that direction. There was no chaffing between the rival pickets, as on former occasions; each side seemed to feel that the situation was too serious for anything but hard knocks. We were much annoyed by the sharpshooters. During the day the battery planted during the previous night by the enemy on the opposite side of the river, opened on the fort, and had their guns been heavy enough, our works would have been completely enfiladed. For fear that proper guns would be turned against us, measures were taken to defilade the fort. Three more of our number were wounded while in the fort, among whom was Lieutenant Watson, who was lying under his shelter-tent when a bullet struck him in the leg. Only a day or two before, he had purchased a pair of new boots, and the bullet made a great rent in the side of one of them. "O, h—l!" was his first exclamation; "it has spoiled my new boots." Wound and blood were alike forgotten;

the one might be cured and the other washed away, but the boot was ruined.

The moon this evening was full, and the night beautiful and clear. As we lay wrapped in our overcoats and blankets, listening and watching for the least movement of the enemy, we could occasionally hear the sound of a pickaxe as it struck a stone. This would at once drive all sentimental thoughts from our minds, and bring us back from reveries of home and friends to the stern realities of our situation. It was cold, too, and, as fires were interdicted, even the striking of a match to light our pipes being prohibited, we found it difficult to keep warm. The sound of the digging told us, in no uncertain tones, that the climax was approaching; that as soon as the enemy got within a proper distance of the fort, the grand assault would be made, and the great question decided — whether we or the enemy should winter in Knoxville. From first to last, however, not a word was heard from a single member of the regiment other than that of perfect confidence in our ability to "Hold the Fort."

Thursday, 26th. Ninth day.—Those who were relieved from picket at half-past five, after eating their scanty breakfast, were obliged to join with those already at work in the construction of a bomb-proof, which was finished at noon. In the afternoon some of us visited the hospital in town, to inquire for our sick and wounded comrades. Sergeants Duncan and Hill, and private Dalrymple, of Company B, had each lost a leg at Blue Springs, and we found that their ingenuity had devised a plan whereby they could dispense with the constant attendance of a nurse, who was needed at the front. The bandages on their legs must be kept moist, and bottles of water, with perforated corks, were hung suspended, neck downwards, over their beds, the water falling drop by drop. We found all doing well, and quite anxious for news from the front. We gave them an account of the siege, and

assured them that we were abundantly able to defend the works. By this time rumors of the defeat of Bragg's army at Chattanooga had reached us, and hopes of a speedy release from our unenviable position took possession of our minds. The usual camp bulletins were not long in flying about; we learned that the right wing of our little army was under marching orders to follow up the enemy, who would, doubtless, retreat towards Virginia. We were all very hopeful, looking generally on the bright side of affairs, and did not borrow trouble, which we realized might come soon enough. Sharp picket firing was kept up all day. A comrade says: "Late in the afternoon I went down to the brook, between the fort and the town, to wash my underclothes. I had only one shirt, and was obliged to sit close to the fire, wrapped in my blanket, while that article was drying." At tattoo all was quiet on the picket line.

Friday, 27th. Tenth day.—Morning opened clear and pleasant. One of our picket posts was occupied by two men, who, to relieve the monotony of the hour, thought they would try to get a shot at the "Johnnies." The incident was thus related: "Campbell held his cap up on his ramrod, while I had my gun levelled, ready to fire; the 'reb's' gun and my own spoke almost simultaneously, and Campbell exclaimed: 'D—n it, I'm hit!' The 'Johnnie' was sharp, and had aimed two feet or more *below* the cap! A slight flesh wound in the arm was the result, and, as it would have been sure death to have tried to gain the fort during daylight, the wound was dressed with a little water from our canteens, and a handkerchief tied about the arm. We concluded not to draw any more fire that day, and lay down close behind our log."

At eight in the evening we heard great cheering — or yelling—within the rebel lines, supplemented with music by their bands. After this quieted down a few words were exchanged with the pickets. "How are you, Vicks-

burg?" was asked, to which we replied: "You hain't got us yet; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Our artillery opening at this moment caused a suspension of the conversation, but at midnight all was quiet. We afterwards learned that the arrival of reënforcements, and a report that Bragg's army had beaten Grant, was the cause of their rejoicing. Rain began falling during the night and the weather grew very cold.

Saturday, 28th. Eleventh day.—Morning rainy and cold. Ice had formed during the night. At seven o'clock rain was still falling. The mud in the fort was six inches deep on the level, and in places was deeper. In the midst of grumblings from the "sore-heads," some lighter-hearted comrade would break out with the refrain, "We 're happy because it can't last." "Why, it 's all in the three years, boys!" another would say, and so we endeavored to make our lot as pleasant as possible, but it was sometimes difficult to do so on empty —or hungry—stomachs.

During the afternoon the enemy was observed moving large bodies of troops towards our right. Their lines had approached closer in that direction than on the west front of the fort, and we looked for an assault in that direction. Night closed in without any demonstration, however, but no one was allowed to sleep. Those who had been out the night before could not help nodding their heads as we sat round our little fires and tried to keep warm. At eleven o'clock a general alarm was sounded—"Fall in, boys! They 're coming! Every man to his post!"

There was but little excitement among us—nothing but a grim determination to do *all* that we were capable of doing. Our batteries fired a few shots, but as the enemy did not appear the fire soon ceased; it was evident, however, that daylight would bring us face to face. We learned that our pickets had been driven in, and were now lying close up to the ditch of the fort, while

the enemy occupied the places from which our men had been driven. Lieutenant Benjamin, in the absence of suitable hand-grenades, had prepared, some time before this, a number of twenty-pounder shells, to be used in case of an attack; the fuses had been cut at twenty seconds, and would explode in a moment or two after they reached the bottom of the ditch. These shells had been laid in a row on the banquette tread at various points on the west and north fronts of the fort, ready for instant use. We often wished—as they were dangerous neighbors—that the "darned things" were somewhere else. The cotton bales had been placed on the parapet, about two feet from the interior crest, which afforded standing room for us to look over the bales; that was a dangerous outlook, however, and we seldom attempted to take observations during the day time. Even on a clear night our heads could be seen against the sky, and the enemy's fire was frequently drawn. Now we ventured to take frequent peeps over the bales and through the embrasures, but nothing could be seen or heard of the enemy, after they had driven in our pickets. We were obliged to remain in our places, under arms, all night. Ammunition boxes had been opened and besides our full pouches, each man had as many cartridges piled up on the parapet before him as he would be likely to need. All the spare rifles that could be found were loaded, and nearly all our pieces were double-shotted. The gunners were at their posts, and the twelve-pounder howitzers in the northwest bastion were double-shotted with grape or cannister, while "number four" stood with lanyard in hand, ready to fire. During the night the Second Michigan and a detachment from the Twenty-Ninth Massachusetts were moved to the north front of the fort, and occupied positions on the right of the Highlanders, from which points they could sweep the ditch with their rifles.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN [CONTINUED.]—SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE (CONCLUDED).—THE ASSAULT AND REPULSE AT FORT SANDERS.

MORNING of the 29th.—The New Picket.—A Last Request.—The Enemy's Artillery Opens Fire.—Watching the Shells.—Advance of Enemy's Infantry.—Pickets Retire to the Fort.—Enemy at the Ditch.—Their Reception.—"Remember James Island!"—The Twenty-Pounder Hand Grenades.—Death of Sergeant Denham.—A Loud Call.—The Second Assaulting Column,—What the Twelve-Pounder Surrendered.—Enemy on the Parapet.—Sergeant Dunn and his Axe.—Sergeant Judge Captures a Flag.—Retreat of the Enemy.—Prisoners Enter the Fort.—"Yees Yankees is Divils!"—A Sad Duty.—The Truce.—Accounts of the Attack from Confederate Sources.—Meeting the Enemy on the Picket Line.—Smoking the Pipe of Peace.—How Deserters were Run in.—Occupying our Old Lines Again.—News of Grant's Victory at Chattanooga.—The Wooden Mortar.—Sherman's Advance Causes the Enemy to Raise the Siege.—"Good-bye, Johnnie."

SUNDAY, 29th. Twelfth day.—Those of us whose turn it was to go on picket at half-past five looked rather sober, feeling sure that as soon as the enemy heard us moving about the glacis we would be fired upon; but the orders we received made even that danger seem slight. We were ordered to advance and occupy the positions from which the old picket had been driven during the night, and which we believed were now occupied by the wide-awake and vigilant enemy! Had it been practicable for us to have charged across the intervening space, we would have felt more sure of driving the enemy from their supposed position, but the wires

precluded any such movement, and we were obliged to sneak along in skirmishing order through the entanglement upon our unseen foe. We thought this was rather fool-hardy, still we were ready to obey orders and make the attempt —

"Ours not to make reply,
Ours not to reason why,
Ours but to do and die."

Just as we were about to leave the fort, Orderly-Sergeant Denham, of Company B, approached his junior, and handing him the roll-book, said: "Bill, put that in your pocket, and if anything happens to me please write to my wife; you will find her address on the fly-leaf."

"Why, Tom, I 'm going out on picket, and the probabilities are that I won't come back alive; as you are to remain in the fort your chances are much better than mine. Put the book in your own pocket, and don't be so blue."

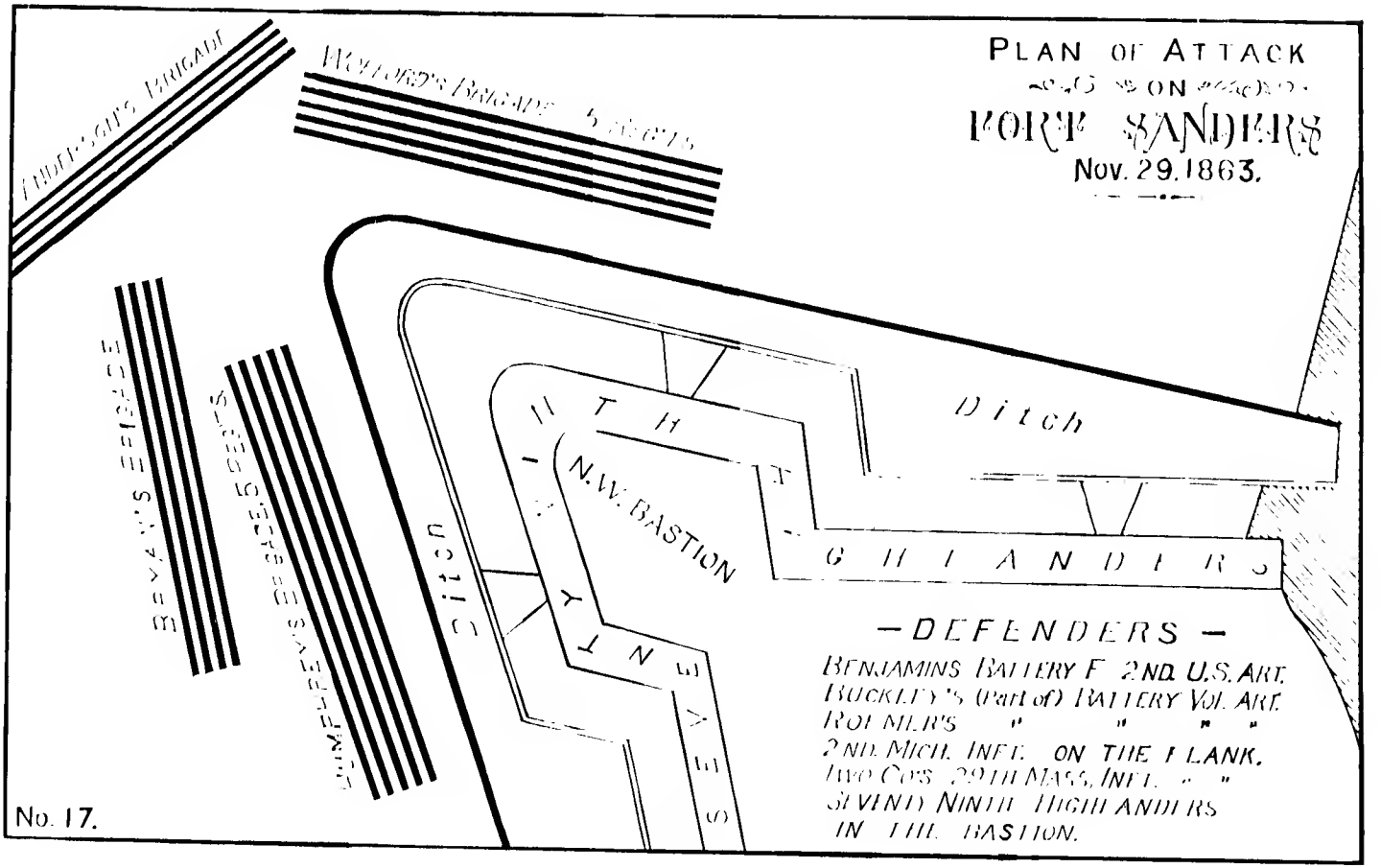
"No, you take it." And thrusting the book into his junior's hand he turned away The sergeant put the book in his blouse pocket and thought no more of the circumstance till after the assault.

Silently we made our way outside, deployed, and, with rifles at a "ready" slowly and cautiously advanced. We expected every moment to see the flash and hear the reports and the whistling of the bullets from the enemy's rifles, yet all was quiet. At last we reached our "rat-holes," into which we flopped, greatly relieved and wondering for a moment at our good fortune. It appeared that the enemy had withdrawn this part of their line, doubtless for the purpose of perfecting their alignment. We all breathed freer after our narrow (?) escape.

But we had not long to wait for news from the enemy Scarcely twenty minutes elapsed before a gun was fired from their battery near the Armstrong house. We saw

the flash before the report reached our ears, and we had time to screen ourselves; the shell burst beyond the fort. This seemed to be a signal gun, for immediately their whole line of guns opened, and for a few minutes we witnessed as fine a display of "sky rockets" as we had ever seen. The men seldom cared much for the enemy's shells, as but few were injured by them, so we watched them fly over our heads as though they had been indeed as harmless as rockets. We knew their infantry would not advance while the shelling continued, and we felt sure of being able to get into the fort before they reached the ditch. We were really safer where we lay, for soon the shells were bursting in and about the fort in such numbers as to render every foot of ground dangerous in the extreme. The shrieks of the murderous missiles were well calculated to shake the *morale* of men less accustomed than the Highlanders to such music. Now a shell strikes a stump between us and the fort, shivers it to atoms and sends the chips flying about our ears. Another strikes the end of a log behind which some of us are lying, and just as we begin to think the plaguy things are getting too familiar the fire ceases.

Darkness had given place to the gray dawn and we knew the enemy would not be long in making their appearance. "Now, boys! Look sharp! Do you see them?" "Yes, by ——! There they come!" Instinctively, one of our number levels his rifle to fire, but his hand is arrested by a comrade who remonstrates: "You —— fool! Don't draw their fire on us!" "Now, boys, into the fort as fast as your legs will carry you! 'Deil tak the hinmost,' but look out for the wires!" It was a grand rush to the southwest angle. A number were tripped up by the entanglement. "Long Andy" went down. "D——n the wires!" he exclaimed, but was up again in an instant. A single plank only spanned the ditch, and in the scramble two or three were thrown over.


PLAN OF ATTACK
ON
FORT SANDERS
Nov. 29. 1863.
ANDERSON'S BRIGADE
WOFFORD'S BRIGADE 5 REGTS
BEVAN'S BRIGADE
DUMPHREY'S BRIGADE 5 REGTS
Ditch
Ditch
N.W. BASTION
NINTH
SEVENTY
HIGHLANDERS
— DEFENDERS —
BENJAMINS BATTERY F 2ND. U.S. ART.
BUCKLEY'S (Part of) BATTERY VOL. ART.
ROEMER'S " " " "
2ND. MICH. INFT. ON THE FLANK.
TWO COS. 29TH MASS. INFT. " "
SEVENTY NINTH HIGHLANDERS
IN THE BASTION.
No. 17.

Just as we were crowding over the plank, the roar of artillery, volleys of musketry and yells of the rebels broke upon our ears from the direction of the northwest bastion. Not a shot had been fired from the fort until the enemy were within fifty yards of the muzzles of our pieces. "Hurry boys! To your posts!" We were soon there and found our comrades actively engaged in repelling the assault.

The attacking party had reached the ditch before we gained our positions, and a scene was being enacted difficult for pen to describe. The artillery, depressed to the lowest point, was hurling double and triple charges of canister into the masses of the enemy Some of our men were firing over the cotton bales and others through the embrasures occupied by the artillery: still others were pouring a destructive flank fire from their rifles, and enfilading the ditch on both the north and west fronts. Both officers and men were shouting and encouraging each other: "Give it to them, boys! Remember James Island! Remember James Island!" The enemy, finding that the ditch barred their progress, seemed at fault. They crowded about the edge, and, hoping to escape the murderous fire of our artillery and rifles, many jumped into the ditch! Now was Benjamin's opportunity, and, assisted by Captain Baird, who held a burning stick, the twenty-pound shells were ignited and rolled down among the living mass below As they burst, yells, shrieks and groans attested the bloody work! Now the enemy's fire slackens and we can see that many of them are hurrying to the rear. A cheer goes up from our throats, but is instantly answered by a chorus of yells from a fresh column of the enemy, who, nothing daunted by the repulse of their first line, now crowd up to the assault. The wires trip many and break their lines: many fall to rise no more, but the living press forward.

On entering the fort the sergeant to whom the roll-

book of his company had been given but a few minutes before, noticed one or two men fall as they were in the act of firing over the cotton bales. It seemed to be a needless exposure, as scores of the enemy lay behind the stumps, not a dozen yards away, with their rifles ranged for that particular point, and whenever a head appeared a dozen bullets flew to the mark. Appealing to the orderly-sergeant who was in command of the company, to stop the men from thus exposing themselves, the answer came: "Oh, I 've fired several shots that way myself and hit 'em every time, and I 'm going to fire just one more." "For God's sake, Tom, do n't do it!" But the warning was not heeded, and the doomed man sprang on the parapet. The instant his head appeared above the cotton bales he fell backwards, with a bullet hole through his brain, tumbling over his comrades as he fell, his blood and brains bespattering their clothing! The junior sergeant now assumed command of the company, and directed the men to load their muskets and pass them to the right, where from his station next an embrasure, and without exposing more than his right arm and shoulder, the pieces were discharged as fast as they could be handled. Suddenly the sergeant drops a musket he has just fired, staggers and clasps his hands over his breast. "What 's the matter? Are you hit?" "Yes; but I guess it was only a spent ball, after all; and yet it came with force enough to take my breath away" There at his feet lay a minie-bullet, battered and bruised by its progress through some part of the wood-work of the fort. A black and blue spot on his breast for many days after, attested the force with which the bullet had sped to its mark, and signified that the "call" was a pretty loud one.

But the second assaulting party was now raining bullets through the embrasures, and along the edge of the cotton bales, and the fire from within was renewed.

There was no need to take careful aim; the brave rebels crowded up to the ditch, as the first line had done, and almost every bullet fired by us found a death mark. Shells were bursting in the ditch, literally tearing the poor fellows limb from limb and scattering the fragments far and near. Many tried to scramble out by making a platform of the bodies of their dead comrades, but few came out alive, and those only to be a mark for our unerring rifles. To most of those who entered, it was indeed the "Last Ditch."

Our twelve-pound howitzer had ceased firing for some time, owing to a lack of ammunition, the last charge having been left in the gun for the greatest emergency; it came when half a dozen of the bravest of our foes, thinking the gun was silenced, had managed to scale the counterscarp and present themselves at the embrasure. The demand—"Surrender, you d——d Yankees!"—was all the gunner, who lay under the piece close to the parapet, was waiting for. "Yes! we 'll surrender *this* to you!" was his reply The lanyard was pulled, and when the smoke cleared away the bodies of the brave rebels had been scattered to the winds! The gun was now run up into the embrasure and the gunners armed themselves with rifles. No second attempt was made at that point.

But a yell louder than usual causes us to glance in the direction of the sound. There, on the very angle of the bastion, we see a rebel flag rising above the exterior crest, and soon appears the head and shoulders of the bearer! Brave fellow! but your last moment is at hand! A dozen rifles are discharged, and with the flag-staff clutched in a death-grip, he rolls to the bottom of the ditch, riddled with Yankee bullets. Another tries to succeed him and shares the same fate. Still others crowd on. They have formed a temporary bridge over the ditch, and are making a desperate effort to scale the parapet! A curious incident now occurs, which, were it not for the terrible

and deadly work going on, would be laughable. Sergeant Dunn, of Company K, owing to the excitement, had forgotten to withdraw his ramrod when last he loaded his piece, and it was fired off with the charge. On attempting to reload he was unable to ram home the cartridge. Two of the enemy were making their appearance above the crest within a dozen feet of him. Clubbing his rifle he flung it at them, but failed to hit either. No other piece was within reach; his comrades were busy with their own work—the enemy were nearly upon him—time was precious. Looking hastily about he espied an axe; it was but the work of a moment to seize and swing it about his head and hurl it at the approaching foe; it hit and knocked one down, while the other fell at the same instant, pierced by a bullet!

Now the rebel fire slackens a little, and Sergeant Judge, with two others of his company, spring to the parapet and open fire on a party of the enemy a few yards beyond the ditch; the fire was returned, and then the rebels fell back in retreat. Just then Judge, looking down into the ditch, saw one of the enemy with a rebel flag which had been torn from the staff, in the act of scrambling up the embankment; covering him with his rifle, Judge demanded the flag, which was promptly surrendered. The enemy's fire being renewed at that moment, a bullet passed between them; the "reb" slid back into the ditch, and Judge and his companions jumped into the fort with their prize. After a few more spasmodic efforts the enemy's fire ceases; soon we notice they are retreating, and the command is given to cease firing. Those of the enemy within reach of our voices are ordered to give themselves up as prisoners, and directed to enter the fort by way of the embrasures, and planks are thrown out to help them across the ditch, those bearing muskets or side-arms being relieved of such as they stepped inside. One fellow, an Irishman,

with a wounded arm, said, in a tone of voice and with facial expression and gestures that made us laugh: "Yees Yankees is divils! If yees can't shoot us yees 'll thry to break our necks over the d—d wires!" Another, taking his pipe from his pocket, said to his companions, as he reached towards the fire for a light: "Bedad, boys, General Longstreet said we would be in Knoxville for breakfast, this morning; and so some of us are!" When all the prisoners able to do so had entered and were properly disposed of, a truce, for the purpose of enabling them to care for the wounded and bury the dead, was tendered the enemy and accepted. The white flag was to fly till noon, and now we had time to look about us and learn the extent of our victory, and also to count the cost.

It was hardly nine o'clock, and yet how much had been crowded into those early hours of that Sabbath morning! The order for roll-call reminded the sergeant of the roll-book handed him early in the morning; on opening the book a line or two on the fly-leaf arrested his attention: "Dear Bill, if anything happens to me please write to my wife." Just the very words that had been spoken. Then followed the address. It was a simple request, apparently, and yet those whom duty called to perform such sad offices for their departed comrades know how hard was the task! We had often heard of men whose premonitions of approaching death caused them to anticipate the sad event, but this was the first case that had come so close home to us. Sergeant Thomas Denham was a man we all loved; he had long been a prisoner in the enemy's hands; he had suffered more than most of us for the cause he loved, and now he had given his life that the nation might be saved. The desired letter was written, and we shuddered as we thought of the gloom and despair it would carry to the heart of the young wife in her lonely Northern home.

The body had been tenderly cared for, and was soon to receive a soldier's burial. But during war we play the Dead March *to* the grave and a quickstep *returning*.

Roll-call showed that only four of the Highlanders had been killed and five wounded. Usually, a "glorious victory" means as much to the victors in the way of suffering and loss, as to the vanquished; in this case, however, the wonderful disproportion is easily accounted for, by the fact that we fought from behind good protection. Now, as our men are moving about among the wounded enemy and endeavoring to alleviate their sufferings, carrying their dead back to their lines for burial, and performing other sad offices for the dying, let us, in the light of what has since been published, look at the battle from the standpoint of our former foes. For this purpose we avail ourselves of the account given in an article by Major-General Jones, published in the Philadelphia *Times*, in 1884, and also of extracts from Confederate reports contained in the histories of the Twenty-First and Thirty-Sixth Massachusetts regiments.

On the evening of the 23d, Longstreet was informed by Bragg that he had been attacked at Chattanooga. On the 25th, General Ledbetter, Bragg's chief engineer, arrived at Longstreet's headquarters, and these two at once made a survey of the field. Ledbetter pronounced Fort Sanders assailable, but expressed a preference for an attack against Mabry's Hill, at the northeast corner of our lines. On the 26th Generals Longstreet, Ledbetter and Jenkins, and Colonel Alexander, made a more careful examination of our lines, and it was finally decided to attack Fort Sanders, as there was less intervening ground than at the other point. On the 27th rumors spread through the Confederate camp of the defeat of Bragg at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, and Longstreet realized that he must attack without delay The 28th was the morning selected, but a

heavy rain on the night of the 27th, and a desire to get his troops as close to the works as possible, caused a postponement. General McLaw was selected to make the assault with his division, supported (on his left?) by General Jenkins, with three brigades of Hood's division. The assault was ordered to be made on the northwest bastion. Colonel Alexander, Longstreet's chief engineer, thought:

"The ditch was of such small dimensions and of such a shape as to be no obstacle in the way of an assault. * * * On one occasion I took General Longstreet to a point where he could see it, and showed him a man crossing the ditch."

Longstreet believed, from what he could observe, that the ditch about the fort was very shallow, and had been made "more for the purpose of getting earth than for defence." He had also been informed that dogs were seen to pass over the ditch. (This was no doubt true, but the dogs, and men too, passed in and out fully fifty yards from the bastion attacked.)

On the 28th Longstreet ordered McLaw to "advance and occupy the lines now occupied by the enemy's pickets," which order was executed at eleven o'clock that evening, and also "to assault as soon as the weather lightens enough for our artillery to play on the enemy's position." The assault was to be made after about ten minutes' firing from their batteries. General McLaw's order of assault was:

"First: Wofford's Georgia, and Humphrey's Mississippi, brigades were selected to make the assault, the first on the left, the second on the right; this latter followed closely by three regiments of Bryan's brigade; the Sixteenth Georgia to lead the first, and the Thirteenth Mississippi the second, assaulting column.

"Second: The brigades to be formed for the attack in columns of regiments.

"Third: The assault to be made with fixed bayonets and without firing guns.

"Fourth: Should be made against the northwest angle of Fort Loudon or Sanders.

"Fifth: The men should be urged to the work with a determination to succeed, and should rush to it without hallooing.

"Sixth: The sharpshooters should keep up a continuous fire into the embrasures of the enemy's works and along the fort, so as to prevent the use of cannon, and distract, if not prevent, the fire of all arms."

After the fort was taken—which event seemed to be a foregone conclusion on the part of the enemy—Kershaw's brigade was to advance on the right of the fort, to attack the lines held by Colonel Morrison and our First brigade, and due provision was made for the disposition of troops in support of these movements.

The matter of providing their men with fascines and scaling ladders, was discussed by the Confederate leaders but it was thought unnecessary The assault was ordered in two columns because there was much felled timber between the two leading brigades, and McLaw "thought that the spirit of rivalry would urge them to the work with their accustomed dash and vigor." The signal for the assaulting columns to move was to be a rapid fire of artillery on the fort, commencing with Leyden's battery on the right, in front of Armstrong's house. When the firing ceased the assault was to be made.

General Jones says: "Just before the advance the weather had been detestable. On the 28th a cold wave swept over the country, and the temperature fell below the freezing point. The parapet was hard frozen, and a heavy ice crop was formed by the moisture from the bank, which prevented the men from obtaining a foot-hold."

Soon after four o'clock McLaw rode along the lines, giving final instructions and assigning staff officers to accompany the different commands. General Jones continues: "When the artillery fire ceased the sharpshooters opened and the two columns dashed forward to the assault. Then the Federal batteries opened and swept the ground in front. The abattis did not retard the

advance an instant; it was torn up and scattered by the living torrent. Many of the men were tripped and fell over the wire entanglements which caused some disturbance of the front line. They gathered themselves for an instant, under a destructive fire, on the brink of a ditch from seven to eight feet deep, twelve feet wide and surmounted on the further side by a parapet from twelve to thirteen feet high, making a distance of about twenty feet in height to the crest of the parapet.

"They sprang into the ditch until it was filled with men, swept by a deadly flank fire and triple charges of canister, and struggled with all their might to mount the parapet. In the absence of scaling ladders the men mounted on the shoulders of their comrades to the berme and parapet."

General Jones states that a soldier seized a handful of wet clay and clapped it on the fuse of a shell that Lieutenant Benjamin had rolled over in the ditch, "in the vain hope of extinguishing it, and held it there until the shell exploded and tore him to pieces." "Flesh and blood could not withstand the tempest of iron and lead that swept through the ditch and over the glacis. * * * It was plainly impracticable to enter the fort at that point. Those who could fell back, first sullenly and slowly; then the column broke and fell back in confusion. Those who could not escape surrendered."

General Jones is in error in stating that our artillery swept the ditch at the point of attack. It was the twenty-pound shells used as hand grenades, and our rifles that did the execution there. He continues:

"Longstreet seeing the repulse of this first assaulting party sent word to Anderson, whose brigade was marching to the assault, to halt and fall back, but the order did not reach him in time, and his men becoming excited at witnessing the repulse of McLaw's brigades, pressed on, and, mistaking the point of attack some hundred yards

or more to the north, where the ditch and parapet offered very much less obstacle to an assault, dashed at the bastion from which their comrades had been repulsed, as gallantly as they, and shared their fate "

In a foot note General Jones says :

"The Seventy-Ninth New York * * * had their revenge, if they wanted it, at Knoxville for their reception at Secessionville, S. C., on the 16th of June, 1862. There the positions were reversed."

In referring to this assault, the Southern historian Pollard, in his "Third Year of the War," says :

"In this terrible ditch the dead were piled eight or ten deep. * * * * * Never, excepting at Gettysburg, was there in the history of the war, a disaster adorned with the glory of such devout courage, as Longstreet's repulse at Knoxville."

The enemy's loss as given in their official returns was one hundred and twenty-nine officers and men killed, four hundred and fifty-eight wounded, and two hundred and twenty-six prisoners; aggregate loss, eight hundred and thirteen. Besides this we captured three battle-flags, and between five and six hundred stand of small arms.

But the hour of noon has arrived, at which time the truce was to end; the mournful work is hardly half completed however, and an extension is granted till five o'clock. While the details of men were engaged in carrying off the dead many of us were on the picket line engaged in friendly chats with the "Johnnies." What strange mortals men are! The deadly foes of but an hour before, were now sitting around the little brush fires, smoking the "pipe of peace," and chatting together, as though we belonged merely to different regiments of the same army We found men there whom we had met at Bull Run in '61 and '62, and at South Mountain and Antietam. We fought our battles over again, shared the contents of our canteens and divided with them our scanty rations, part of which we had taken from the

haversacks of our dead foes, and of which we were only too glad to avail ourselves.

"Why did you fellows set up such a terrible yelling when you made the assault?" was asked. "Did you expect to blow us out of the fort with your wind?" After a moment's hesitation the reply was made:

"Our officers told us that the fort was garrisoned only by Tennessee Conscripts, and that all we had to do was to put on a bold front, yell like devils, and the 'Yanks' would run!"

"Didn't you know that the Ninth Corps was here?"

"No, we didn't, but we're going to try it again, and when we do you uns 'll get the worst of it!"

"Well, Johnnie, we'll be ready for you, sure; we gave you a sound thrashing this time, and at the next attempt we will so use you up, there won't be a corporal's guard left! How did it happen that you attacked that particular part of the fort?"

"Well, General Longstreet was reported to have said that there was no ditch of any consequence about the fort, that he had seen little dogs running in and out, and had made up his mind that it wasn't very much of a fort anyway. Say 'Yanks,' let's agree not to fire on each other's pickets, will ye? It don't do no kind o' good, and only worries both parties."

"All right, 'Johnnie,' if you don't fire on us we won't fire on you."

"'Nough said, 'Yank,' and if some d—d fool on one side or the other don't git scared and fire his musket at the moon we won't have any more trouble on that point."

In conversation with the various groups of the enemy, we found a number of men who claimed to be New-Yorkers, and when they found that the Highlanders were from the same city, quite an intimacy sprang up. Several claimed that they had been compelled to join the

rebel army They were living in the South when the war broke out, couldn't get away, and public opinion finally drove them into the service; but they had had enough of it, and were only waiting a favorable opportunity of getting out. We thought it would be no great infraction of the rules of war, to assist these fellows, even during a truce, to accomplish their laudable purpose, and after a short consultation a plan was adopted. The weather was cold and most of us wore our overcoats; a disaffected "reb" would be surrounded by a group of our men, one of whom wore an overcoat, thrown loosely over his shoulders, *wrong side out;* he would "back up" to the "Johnnie," and in a moment the coat was transferred to the shoulders of the "gray-back" *right side out;* thus disguised it was no very difficult matter, as the neutral ground was covered with groups of men, for him to slowly wander towards the fort. The plan worked well, and before the truce ended half a dozen or more had been restored to the protection of the Old Flag.

But the hour of five o'clock is at hand, and the best of foes must separate; each side retires within its own lines, our pickets occupying the line from which they had been driven the night before.

Monday, 30th. Thirteenth day.—While there was less firing between the advance picket lines after our compact, the enemy seemed to think that the garrison of the fort did not deserve so much consideration, for the bullets flew over the parapet and struck the covers we had placed at the inner openings of the embrasures, in about as lively a manner on Monday as on Saturday We could hardly blame them, however, for no doubt they felt very sore over their defeat, and we could afford to be magnanimous. Captain Montgomery and the chaplain happened to be coming into the fort together, when a bullet whistled between their heads, at that moment not more than two feet apart; as both turned their heads their eyes met for an instant, but not a word was spoken.

Tuesday, December 1st. Fourteenth day.—An alarm about five o'clock, brought every man to his post in a hurry, and we remained under arms till daylight, but there was no demonstration on the part of the enemy The news of Grant's victory at Chattanooga, was embodied in a congratulatory address issued by General Burnside on our recent victory Help was on the way and would soon reach us, at the same time we were urged to renewed vigilance, as the enemy would doubtless make another attempt to carry the place before reënforcements could reach us. General Potter also issued an order: "* * * particularly to congratulate the officers and soldiers composing the garrison of Fort Sanders, on their gallant conduct during the assault on that work on the morning of the 29th ult. To Benjamin's Battery, with such portions of Buckley's and Roemer's as were with them in the fort, the 79th regiment N. Y vols., the 2nd Regt. Mich. vols., and a detachment of the 29th Regt. Mass. vols., is due the credit of repulsing a picked column of the enemy, killing, wounding and taking prisoners therefrom, treble their own number, besides capturing three stand of colors."

About ten o'clock in the forenoon, it appeared to us, from indications within the enemy's lines, that they were preparing for another attack, and we made ready for their reception, but they did not come. No rations were issued to-day and we began to think that mule steak might not taste bad after all. At dark many of us lay down decidedly hungry Just before tattoo we received orders to prepare for an attack on the enemy's lines at three o'clock on the following morning, but when that hour arrived we found, much to our relief, that the order had been countermanded.

Wednesday, 2nd. Fifteenth day.—The enemy are still busily engaged pushing forward their lines. Some of our posts are hardly twenty-five yards beyond the ditch. We

can also see them hard at work on the hill near the Clinton road, erecting new batteries and planting guns. Our artillery sent a few shells over there, but our supply of ammunition is so limited that we are obliged to use it very sparingly To-day we received quarter-rations of bread made from cob-meal, the corn and cob being ground together. At eight o clock in the evening it was reported that the enemy were moving large bodies of troops toward the east. Our guns opened fire and our whole force was under arms, and so remained all night. The weather was very cold and we found it difficult to keep comfortable.

Thursday, 3d. Sixteenth day.—At daylight the enemy appear to be moving off, and rumors of their abandoning the siege are current in the fort. Our guns opened and fired a few shots. At nine in the evening a rattling picket firing occurs. We are all put under arms and remain so for the night. Details from the regiment are made to man the guns, and one or two more light pieces are brought into the fort.

Friday, 4th. Seventeenth day.—There was considerable firing on the picket line before daylight. In the forenoon a wooden mortar, which had been constructed with a view of shelling the enemy out of their rifle pits, was mounted on the north front and tested. At the first fire, with a light charge of powder, the shell dropped inside our own lines, exploded, and came near doing us considerable damage. The second charge was heavier, when the "durned thing" burst to flinders, but fortunately no one was hurt. The news, apparently authentic, that General Sherman was advancing with an army of forty thousand men, and that his cavalry had crossed the Tennessee river the day before, put us all in excellent spirits. At tattoo all was quiet on the lines, but we were obliged to remain under arms all night, in order to be ready for any emergency

Saturday, 5th.—At one o'clock in the morning our pickets discover that the enemy's line is being withdrawn. Our men bid the Johnnies "Good-bye," and inquire "How is Vicksburg?" At seven o'clock our Second brigade advanced their skirmish line and found that the enemy, during the night,

> "Had folded their tents, like the Arabs,
> And silently stolen away."

CHAPTER XXV

THE EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN [CONTINUED].—AFTER THE SIEGE.—TO STRAWBERRY PLAINS.

VISITORS at the Fort.—Why Longstreet Did Not Make a Second Attack.—A Thanksgiving Service.—General Sherman Visits the Fort.—Ordered to Pursue the Enemy.—How We Ground Corn.—Complaints of the Natives.—Burnside Relieved.—Coffee, Sugar and Soap once more.—Reading Letters while in Line of Battle.—Blaine's Cross Roads.—How a Dinner was Obtained.—Rawhides for Shoes.—How a Haggis was Not Made.—The Reënlistment Question.—Build Winter Quarters.—Accessions to Our Ranks.—Strawberry Plains.—The Block House.—Running the Gauntlet for Food and Water.—Retreat toward Knoxville.

IT was found that the enemy had left behind their sick and wounded, and our surgeons at once took charge of their hospitals. Our mounted troops were sent after the retreating Confederates, and the Highlanders hoped for a short season of rest. We could now stand erect in the fort and take a good long breath, without fear of the bullets. What a relief! We began at once to clean up the ground and pitch our tents in more convenient places. Quite a number of the enemy who had remained behind for that purpose, came in during the day; they were "tired of the war"—so they said—and did not wish to fight any longer against the Union.

The day before the enemy left our front, a prisoner was captured by the pickets and brought to General Burnside, and from him the General obtained some interesting information, which he related at a reception given in his honor at Boston, in January, 1864. The General said: "I soon discovered that the specimen brought in was a

very bright one. His intelligence was far beyond what I had ever seen before in the ranks of the southern army. I became interested in his narrative of the condition of affairs at the front, and I felt that I would get an intelligent answer to a question that I proposed to ask him, on a subject that puzzled me very much—why General Longstreet did not make a second attack after the first assault on Fort Sanders. It seemed to me that it was necessary to make an attack, and that speedily, because he must have known that reënforcements were then approaching us. I asked this young rebel why their general had not made another attack. 'Well,' said he, 'General, I will tell you: Our men just swear that they are never going into that slaughter-pen again, and when they won't go the ball won't roll.'"

On Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, we attended divine service, which partook of the character of a thanksgiving. Chaplain Kennedy was eloquent, and we thought equal to the occasion. We certainly all felt very thankful at being relieved from our embarrassing position. During the day General Sherman, who had left the bulk of his force a few miles away, and brought only Granger's Fourth corps with him to Knoxville, visited the fort in company with General Burnside. We had not seen Sherman since the First Bull Run campaign. We had not forgotten his turning us out of the barn into the rain, that his horses might have shelter; but all old scores were wiped out when we beheld our deliverer, and he was received with feelings of joy and gratitude. The afternoon proved pleasant and large numbers of citizens from town visited the fort. The point attacked seemed to have a great attraction for them. They walked about the famous bastion, asked all sorts of questions, and listened with rapt attention to the somewhat exaggerated stories told by some of the defenders. It was perhaps pardonable that the boys "yeasted" their "thrill-

ing" narratives. We all felt proud of the part we had taken, and the citizens were loud in their praises of the Highlanders.

At tattoo we received orders to be ready to move in light marching order at seven o'clock on the following (Monday) morning. We were not to have much of a breathing spell, after all. We hoped that the enemy would have kept right on into Virginia and not bothered us any more during the winter, but it is a rule of warfare that an army should act directly opposite to the wishes of their antagonists, and the rebels followed the rule to the very letter. No doubt General Burnside erred in judgment when he retained only General Granger's corps of the forces which Sherman brought to our relief. The enemy found it out as soon as we did, and when we reached the end of our day's march on the 7th, a point on the railroad about twelve miles east of Knoxville, the rebels were reported to be only three miles beyond. It is true that we were "driving" them, but they did not run very fast, and our advance troops did n't seem particularly anxious to hurry them. The enemy showed fight whenever they were pressed too closely, just as though they were aware of our inferior numbers, and only wished to create as great a gap as possible between Sherman's army and our own before turning upon us. At noon of the 8th we resumed our march, and at half-past four reached Blaine's cross-roads, where we bivouacked for the night. (See map No. 15.) A brigade of mounted troops and a battery of artillery arrived from Cumberland Gap, but no provision train had as yet been started; the roads over the mountains were in bad condition, and besides that, the roving bands of the enemy made them insecure.

On the morning of the 9th we started at eight o'clock, and reached Rutledge at one P. M. Here we were obliged to use little hand coffee mills to grind corn, of which we

made mush, the only food we had during the day. When one small hand-mill was all a company had to depend upon to grind corn for twenty or thirty men, it may easily be seen that the last man to obtain the use of that article was obliged to do a good deal of impatient waiting, and many of the men, tired of waiting, parched the corn over the fire, put it in their pockets and ate it at their leisure. When in the evening the enemy was reported to be at Bean Station, nine miles beyond, some one was funny enough to suggest that *Bean* Station would be a pretty good place for us to occupy for a while.'

On the 10th those who had patience to wait their turn had corn mush for breakfast and dinner. Late in the afternoon a half-pound of flour was served out to each man, and of this we made slap-jacks; every man was his own cook, and dishes were produced that would have astonished a Delmonico. Our ordinary camp kettles were too large in which to cook individual rations, and so we borrowed cooking utensils from the natives, and the fact that some of these were not returned no doubt gave occasion to the remark, made by a farmer, who said: "The rebels took all our provisions, and now you uns come 'long and take our pots and kittles!'"

Before the siege was raised, General John G. Foster had been ordered to relieve General Burnside of the command of the Department of the Ohio. He reached Cumberland Gap on the 30th of November, where he found General O. B. Willcox with a small force holding that important point, and from which, as a base of operations, he had during the siege, made frequent attacks upon Longstreet's lines of communication with Virginia, and prevented reënforcements from reaching the enemy at Knoxville. On December 1st, General Foster left the Gap with all the force he could muster and started for Knoxville, thus coöperating with Sherman's advance

from Chattanooga. Foster arrived at Knoxville on the 11th, when Burnside formally turned over the command to his successor. General Burnside left Knoxville on the 14th, and in response to a reception given him at Cincinnati, a few days afterward, very unselfishly gave the full credit of the successful defence of Knoxville to his under officers and the men in the ranks. Major Burrage, before quoted, acknowledges the kindness of these words, and declares that it will ever be the pride of these officers and men to say: "We fought with Burnside at Campbell's Station and in the trenches at Knoxville."

On the 28th of January following, Congress passed a resolution, which was approved by the President, providing that the thanks of Congress be, and they hereby are, presented to Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside, and through him to the officers and men who have fought under his command, for their gallantry, good conduct and soldier-like endurance.

On Sunday, the 13th, we were still at Rutledge; we had put up our shelter-tents and matters were quiet; we enjoyed the usual Sunday morning inspection at nine o'clock, and listened to Chaplain Kennedy at eleven. The long-looked-for supply train arrived in the afternoon, and half-rations of coffee and sugar for five days were issued; we also got some soap, the first we had seen in two weeks, and which enabled us to properly wash our underclothes. On Monday we learned that the enemy was driving in our advance troops from Bean Station. The Third brigade was sent to the front in the afternoon, and we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

It was clear to us that Longstreet purposed wintering his troops in East Tennessee; he merely retired far enough up the valleys of the Holston and French Broad to protect himself from a flank attack from the direction of Cumberland Gap, and held possession of Rogersville,

Morristown and Bull's Gap. He had a fertile region from which to draw supplies, and it would have been foolish for him to retire to impoverished Virginia unless compelled to do so. During the entire winter he kept his cavalry and part of his infantry occupied in threatening our lines, and thereby preventing us from enjoying the rest usually accorded an army during the winter season.

On Tuesday morning we packed up and the brigade was formed in line of battle. The enemy were coming, and we soon heard the sound of the guns. While standing in this position, and expecting every moment to see the enemy appear in our front, our mail bag was opened and the letters distributed. Those of us who received letters forgot for a moment, in the perusal of home news, our present hardships and danger, and as we stood there, reading the words of comfort and cheer penned by our dear ones at home, the scene was worthy the pencil of a Forbes. We remained in line till nine o'clock in the evening and then began a retrograde march. Our progress was very slow, the road being blocked with artillery and baggage wagons, but our march was continued until two o'clock on the following morning, the 16th, and we then bivouacked only six miles from our starting place. The night was cold and rails were in great demand. At daylight we were up and in line again. Reports of a skirmish going on at Strawberry Plains indicated that the enemy were trying to get between us and Knoxville; at nine o'clock our march was resumed, and three in the afternoon found us at a point near Blaine's Cross roads, where the whole division was drawn up in line. Rough barricades were hastily constructed, and preparations made to resist the advance of the enemy on our part of the line. At eleven o'clock in the evening we were turned out to dig rifle-pits; rain began to fall at the same time which made it more unpleasant for us. We worked

till near three o'clock the next morning, Thursday the 17th, when we were allowed to lie down till daylight, at which time firing began in our front, and the engagement at Strawberry Plains was also renewed. The rain continued and we were soon ankle deep in mud.

A number of prisoners were captured during the day,

"Want Beefsteak? Good Gracious, what is the World coming to? Why, my Good Fellow, if *you* get Beefsteak, how on earth are Contractors to live? Tell me that."

and toward evening it was reported that the enemy were falling back. The night proved to be very cold and stormy A cold sleety rain fell all day Friday The enemy, however, were quiet, and at night were reported to have left our front entirely But if the Confederates had gone, another, and to us a more terrible, enemy was still pres-

ent. We had received no rations at all on this day and many of us lay down at night very hungry We had been expecting the arrival of another supply train, and had been told for some time that it would be along "in a day or two" and Hope, which the poet tells us "springs eternal in the human breast," kept our spirits up, even while our stomachs, poor weak members, cried for bread.

Small foraging parties had been the order of the day — and night too—but the inhabitants were in as straitened circumstances as ourselves, and in the presence of the enemy our foraging ground was necessarily limited. One of our comrades thus describes his experience:

"The morning of the 19th was cold and frosty; I had gone to sleep hungry the night before, and now drew cuts with my tent-mate to see who should go foraging for something to eat. The lot fell on my companion, and after his departure I busied myself with my ordinary duties, picturing to my mind meanwhile, the good hearty breakfast—or dinner—I should have when he returned. Fancy had full sway visions of home and the well-laden table and of good square meals I had eaten here and there during our term of service, floated before my imagination, but when these fleeting visions were dispelled I was hungry still, very hungry

"At noon my tent-mate had not returned and I could stand it no longer, I *must* have something to eat! Off I started, on a road over which I had seen wagons loaded with corn-stalks, enter camp the day before. To my inquiries at every house the same answers were returned: 'Got nuthin' for ourselves — The rebels cleaned us all out — 'Hain't had a good meal in weeks — Stock all druv off and barns emptied, even to the corn-stalks.' And if the appearance of the people was indicative of their true condition, their replies were correct. After walking about two miles I was warned by some of the natives not to go any further, as parties of the enemy had

been seen about there the day before, and I was in danger of being gobbled up.' I wondered if there wasn't something to eat in Richmond! Our cavalry pickets would not allow me to pass beyond their lines, and I was compelled to turn back, discouraged and awfully hungry. As I began to retrace my steps I noticed, lying in the road here and there, kernels of corn which had fallen from wagons days before. A bright idea occurred. I began picking up the kernels, one by one, and putting them in my overcoat pocket; soon I found a nubbin that had been crushed into the ground by a wagon wheel: it was frozen fast, but I dug it out with my knife, and got nearly a handful: I felt now like a prospector hunting for gold and finding it. My heart was light, for I knew that I should have something to eat! By diligent search, and picking up every kernel I saw, I managed before reaching camp to nearly fill my pocket: true, there was a good deal of frozen dirt mixed with the corn, but that was soon washed off, and after drying before the fire I procured the little hand coffee mill and ground the precious grain. I did not stop to bolt or sift the grist, and in a few minutes was enjoying a dish of mush, seasoned with a little salt and a voracious appetite. A more savory mess I had often eaten before, and have since, but one that tasted better—Well "

While most of us had comfortable clothing at this time, many of the men were badly off for shoes, and the Quartermaster, thinking no doubt that some covering for the feet was better than no shoes at all, kindly sent us a few hides stripped from some horses or mules that had died of hunger, or that had been mercifully killed to put them out of misery Of these hides it was thought moccasins might be made, but whether any of us ever put them to that use is not remembered.

On Sunday, the 20th, our knapsacks arrived from Knoxville, and we thus obtained a much needed change

of underclothes. We moved our quarters, too, beyond the rifle pits, and pitched our tents in regular order. On the 22nd a detachment from the regiment was sent as escort to the brigade foraging train, and when the men returned, late in the afternoon, loaded with good things, we enjoyed a feast, the contemplation of which, while cooking, was only surpassed by the realization a few minutes later. The enemy was reported falling back towards Virginia, and we believed the campaign for the season was over. Christmas arrived but found us in poor shape to celebrate the day One of our comrades tried to make a "haggis," but the proper ingredients were wanting and he found his mess more like thick broth than the

"Great chieftain of the puddin race;"

"but it was filling," as he afterwards remarked when relating the incident.

New Year's day of 1864 found us still at the Cross Roads, at which time the matter of reënlistment was agitating the "three years" regiments Several regiments, who had a year or thereabouts to serve, reënlisted and took advantage of the offer of a thirty days' furlough which was granted to all regiments that would reënlist in the field, and left us, to enjoy the brief respite from the hardships they had undergone during and since the siege. As the Highlanders had only about four months to serve we determined to "stick it out" in the field until our term of service should expire. We hoped the war would be over by that time and that our services would not longer be needed. On the 8th we paid a parting salute to the Eighth Michigan, all of whose members had reënlisted, and now started for home to enjoy their furlough and fill up their ranks The following resolutions, duly engrossed, were presented to the Highlanders by the Eighth, and when the Michiganders moved off we felt we were part-

ing with a body of men than whom no braver nor truer existed in the service.

"EIGHTH MICHIGAN VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
BLAINE'S CROSS ROADS, Tenn., Jan. 8th, 1864.

"*Colonel Morrison, Officers and Soldiers of the Seventy-Ninth New York:*

"We part with you this cold, bleak January morning, with feelings of sadness such as friends can only feel when parting with friends whom their hearts have learned to love and cherish.

"Every man of your number is made dearer to us when we call to mind the many long and blood-stained campaigns through which we have passed side by side. In all our privations, in all our battles and in all our victories, we have ever been shoulder to shoulder and shared them alike.

"Officers and soldiers of the Seventy-Ninth, we feel proud that it has been our lot to be so closely associated with men so generous, so noble and so brave. The Nation delights to own you as her heroes, Scotia as her children, and the old Empire State, too, feels proud of her Highlanders, and prouder still will she be when historians write your true record. It is therefore with feelings of deepest regret that we part with you, and we as a regiment have

"*Resolved*, That we hereby tender to Colonel David Morrison our heartfelt thanks for the kind manner in which he has seen proper to notice us in Special Order No. 4, for conduct while under his command. His name shall ever live in our memories.

"*Resolved*, That we part with the Seventy-Ninth New York Highlanders, as brother parteth with brother."

Signed by the Committee.

General Grant had visited Knoxville on the 4th, where

he found General Foster suffering from an old wound received in the Mexican War. General Granger was also at Knoxville, the next in command, and Grant was much dissatisfied with his inactivity and at the apparent disregard of his orders to drive Longstreet out of East Tennessee. On visiting the front at Strawberry Plains, however, Grant saw that the condition of our troops and animals would not warrant an aggressive campaign on our part, and, after leaving general directions for the conduct of operations, made his way into Kentucky *via* Cumberland Gap.

Small-pox had broken out in Knoxville during the winter, and, as a necessary precaution, every man in the regiment was vaccinated. Fortunately the disease did not visit our camp. We now began to think of building winter quarters again, but were loth to begin the erection of log huts, for fear we would not remain long enough to enjoy them; so we compromised by "banking up" our shelter tents, and erecting "devit" chimneys and fireplaces. But these expedients were not productive of much comfort. The sods used were frozen, and when the fire thawed them out, chimneys and fireplaces tumbled down and nearly suffocated us with the smoke. On the 12th we were ordered into the woods for the purpose of building log huts. Now we thought we were going to stay, and went about our work with right good will; yet there were not wanting those who predicted that something would turn up to prevent our enjoying the fruits of our labor. On this day a quarter of a pound of flour and three-quarters of a pound of bacon were served out for a ration. On the 14th we moved to our new camp. It was half a mile from our old quarters, and everything had to be carried on our shoulders. Those who had built brick chimneys in the old camp, took them down, brick by brick, and carried them over and rebuilt them in the new place. We fondly hoped that we might

stay long enough just to see how it would feel to be comfortable for a while.

On the following morning, the 15th, rumors of moving were flying about camp, and at seven in the evening orders to be ready to move at ten o'clock on the following morning, gave some a chance to say "I told you so." When the time arrived it found us in line, and our ranks were somewhat augmented by the transfer of detachments from the Forty-Fifth, Fiftieth, and Roundhead, regiments of Pennsylvania, who either would not reënlist or had not the privilege of reënlisting, while the bulk of their regiments who had reënlisted were ordered home on their furlough. Many of these men were Pennsylvania Dutch, and of all the jawbreaking names, those that these Bucks County Dutchmen answered to were the worst. But we soon became familiar with them, and the orderly sergeants were able to call them off as glibly as our own Smiths, Browns or Thompsons. Our contingent proved to be—as we well knew before—good soldiers, and we were only too glad of their company, to swell the ranks of our mere skeleton of a regiment. We reached Strawberry Plains at three o'clock in the afternoon. The road was in a horrible condition, and our march, though short, was very fatiguing.

Sunday the 17th was clear and cold; we pitched our tents, but could not be induced to follow the example of some other regiments, who began at once to cut down trees and build huts. We proposed to live it out in our tents for the balance of the winter. General Willcox returned to duty with the corps during the day and relieved General Potter At midnight we were warned to be ready to move at daylight. When Monday morning arrived, however, we did not move. The enemy was reported at Mossy creek, a short distance up the valley, rapidly advancing towards us and driving our men before them. On Tuesday morning the enemy appeared

on the opposite side of the river, our men having retired to our side during the night. The day was spent in manœuvring to prevent the enemy from crossing the railroad bridge that spanned the Holston at this point, but all indications pointed to an early evacuation of our position. On Wednesday, the 20th, the bridge was fixed for burning, and the men packed up, ready to start at a moment's notice. It looked to us as though Longstreet was about to begin another siege of Knoxville, and the destruction of the bridge was determined upon in order to retard his progress.

We were turned out at three o'clock on Thursday morning and remained stationary till ten o'clock, when we marched half a mile or so back into the woods, but were soon ordered to the front again, where we occupied a block house, situated on a knoll commanding the bridge, and about a third of a mile distant. The bridge was then burning. The skirmish lines from opposite sides of the river were keeping up a lively fire, and when the enemy brought his artillery into position, we at the block house were treated to a heavy fire of shell, which produced quite a fever in the blood of one of our number at least. A section of artillery was brought up to the block house, and when the guns opened the enemy's fire for a few minutes was redoubled; they made some fine line shots, but did not succeed in hitting the house or any of the men, and at two o'clock their guns were withdrawn.

The river was our only source of water supply, and it required considerable nerve to run the gauntlet of the enemy's fire to obtain it; many of the men did so, however, and seemed to enjoy the excitement; the trees and bushes which fringed the bank protected the men when they got near enough for close shooting on the part of the enemy, and there was no lack of water for all purposes. We noticed some freight cars standing on the

railroad track, quite near the bridge, and when it was found that they contained carcasses of hogs and sheep that had been intended for us, the desire to obtain some was too strong to be resisted, even had there been ten times the number of rebels within short musket range of the coveted articles. A rescuing party was made up; the boys laid aside arms and equipments and started with a shout, scattering as they ran down the hill, in order to present as little mark as possible to the rebel bullets, which flew thick about them. The cars were reached without any one being hit, and although many bullets crashed through the sides of the cars, the men managed to load themselves with all they could carry, and started back up the hill. It was an amusing sight, to see each man staggering under the carcass of a sheep or hog, and where the load was too much for one, two joined, and managed, without resting a moment, to bring their prizes safely into the block house. The rebel sharpshooters failed to hit a single man; and, in at least one case, the carcass of the hog saved the "carcass" of its carrier. We received the brave fellows—and their loads—with open arms, and were soon enjoying the fruits of their daring enterprise.

A daring feat was performed, too, by one of the enemy A flat-boat, loaded with sacks of flour or meal, had been abandoned by our troops, and lay close to our side of the river. It had no doubt been discovered by the sharp eyes of the "Johnnies" about the time we learned the contents of the cars; one of their number swam across, and we soon saw him poling the boat over to his own side. Some of our crack shots fired a few rounds, but with no serious intentions of hitting him, and when the boat was safely over we cheered his daring as loudly as did his own comrades.

Colonel Morrison had been assigned to the command of the block house and of the troops forming the rear

guard of our army, and had taken effective measures to prevent the enemy from crossing, at least until their main body came up. The destruction of the bridge had been complete, and with only one boat we knew they could not cross men enough to cause us any alarm. Orders were soon received to fall back towards Knoxville, however, and at three o'clock on Friday morning, the 22nd, we left our position at the block house, the Highlanders forming the rear guard. The roads were bad, and at daylight we had only traveled four miles. At Four-mile Creek we found the troops drawn up in line of battle, and the quartermasters busy issuing clothing, gratis, to all who needed. A supply had just been received, and more was on hand than could be transported, so it was merely a choice between destroying it or giving it to the men ; we were thankful for it, nevertheless.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CLOSE OF THE EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.—JOURNEY TO ANNAPOLIS.

RETREAT from Strawberry Plains.—A Bold Movement.—Erin Station.—Rumors of Re-crossing the Mountains.—The Plains Again.—"Take Back Those Rails."—Mossy Creek.—Miss a Good Supper.—Chucky Bend and Bull's Gap.—Return to Kentucky.—Incidents of the March.—Recalling the Engagement at Green River Bridge.—Arrival at Covington.—Cincinnati.—Baltimore.—Annapolis.—Lieutenant-General Grant.—Ninth Army Corps Reörganized.—Ordered to Virginia.

AT half-past nine the enemy's cavalry made their appearance, and we continued our retreat. About half the regiment was deployed on the skirmish line in our rear, supported by the Twenty-Ninth Massachusetts, and as soon as the enemy came within range firing began. We were ordered to hold the enemy in check until the troops had time to move on and form a new line, and in order to accomplish this object a bold and daring movement was ordered by Colonel Morrison, which is thus described by Captain Clarke, of the Twenty-Ninth Massachusetts, who was on staff duty at the time, and observed the execution:

"A movement almost unprecedented in war was now executed by the rear guard, which had just emerged from a piece of woods and was halted in an open field until the trains should get well out of the way towards Knoxville. The enemy's cavalry, following pretty close, came out of the woods and began to form to charge the rear guard and roll it back towards the defile in the rear. Thereupon Colonel Morrison ordered, not formation of

square and the waiting for the cavalry, but that the two battalions — the Twenty-Ninth and Seventy-Ninth — should take arms, form line, and advance on the cavalry Twice before, at Buena Vista, the Mississippi regiment and the Mexican Lancers; and at Balaklava, the Ninety-Third and six Russian squadrons encountered in line, but as far as I know, never before did the infantry line *advance* on the cavalry I may speak thus of this feat of arms, because I was not in it and only saw it. * * * It was peculiarly gallant, and showed a genius for war in the officer who devised it and the troops who dared it."

As soon as the cavalry saw the movement they wheeled about, after discharging their carbines at our line, and disappeared in the woods. But the enemy's reserves were being brought rapidly forward, and we were soon obliged to about face and continue the retreat. At one point on the route we held on just a little too long for the safety of some of our men, who were captured. At noon we were relieved, as many of the men were so exhausted as to be unable to keep out of the way of the rebel advance. At three in the afternoon we reached a point within three miles of Knoxville, where a final stand was to be made. At eight in the evening considerable firing took place between the pickets, but at nine o'clock all was quiet, and we lay down to snatch a few hours' rest. The night passed quietly, and on Saturday morning our cavalry reported the enemy falling back across the river. At ten o'clock the brigade was marched to a fine camp ground, where we pitched our tents, but at midnight we were ordered to be ready to move at daylight.

At eight o'clock on Sunday, the 24th, we reached Knoxville, through which we passed, continuing our march to Erin Station, five miles below the city, on the line of the railroad. By three in the afternoon we were

comfortably installed in our camp, where we hoped to remain long enough, at least, to wash our clothes. On the 26th General Parke returned from leave of absence and assumed command of the corps, General Willcox being assigned to the command of the Second division. Nothing occurred to disturb us till the evening of the 31st, when orders were issued requiring us to be ready to move in the morning.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of February 1st we crossed the Holston near Knoxville, marched a short distance south, and at eight o'clock bivouacked for the night. At five o'clock on the following morning the reveille called us up, and we ascertained that our forces which had been attacked the evening before, had beaten back the enemy, and our services would not be required. We returned to camp, reaching there at ten o'clock.

It was now rumored that the Ninth corps was to make another journey back over the mountains. Nothing definite, however, was learned for some time. On the 15th, in the midst of a rain-storm, we broke camp and marched to the city, where we bivouacked near the railroad station. We got a thorough drenching, and although the rain ceased at three o'clock, the afternoon proved very cold and disagreeable. At two o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th we were again on the road, and at half-past three halted about two miles northeast of the town. It began to look as though we had not yet got through with our campaign, for rumors of the enemy being near us were circulating freely about camp. At five o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th we were ordered to "pack up and be ready to move at the sound of the bugle," but the bugle didn't "toot" for a day or two. On Sunday, the 21st, a severe snow-storm prevailed, and perhaps the enemy took pity on us, for they kept quiet. On Tuesday the weather was clear and pleasant, and, to mark the day more legibly in our calendar, *full* rations were

issued—the first time such an event had occurred in about four months! We were ordered "to be ready to move in the morning, in light marching order, and with sixty rounds of ammunition, twenty in our haversacks." At day-break on Wednesday we marched, and at four in the afternoon reached Strawberry Plains, where we halted for the night.

The next morning, as some of us were in the act of appropriating a few fence-rails with which to make a fire, we were startled by the stern command from Colonel Morrison: "Take back those rails!" We wondered what had got into the head of our brigade commander; but supposed that pity for the impoverished inhabitants had opened the flood-gates of his sympathy, and led him to exercise a degree of vigilance strongly at variance with what we had noticed at Bealton in '63; but loyal Tennessee was entitled to more consideration than rebel Virginia; only, it was rather "late in the day," we thought, to put on the screws. Our knapsacks arrived from Knoxville by rail in the afternoon; our tents were soon up and the men ready for the next orders. They came on Friday, the 26th,—to move on the following morning. Our knapsacks were sent back to Knoxville, and at seven o'clock on Saturday morning we crossed the river on a ponton, marched two miles and halted for the night. At half-past ten on Sunday morning, the 28th, we resumed our march, and with drums beating and colors flying, passed through New Market at one P. M. Mossy Creek was reached at four o'clock, where we remained for the night. On Monday morning, in a drizzling rain, we resumed our march and reached Morristown at two P. M. Here we learned that the enemy was in force at Bull's Gap and Russellville.

Rain continued all the next day, Tuesday, March 1st, and as many of us had neither front or back flaps to our shelter-tents, we found the cold rain-storm very trouble-

some. On Wednesday morning, at half-past three, the reveille roused us from our uncomfortable slumbers. We found the rain had ceased, but the cold was more severe than we had experienced for some time. The enemy were now reported as falling back, and we began our return march as soon as we had partaken of our coffee, and reached Mossy Creek village at two in the afternoon. At midnight we moved to the bank of the creek, where we remained till daylight the next morning, Thursday, the 3d. At that time the Twenty-Third corps crossed the creek and marched in the direction of New Market. The night had been extremely cold, and, notwithstanding orders to the contrary, the fence-rails and loose lumber lying about were utilized for camp fires;—probably Colonel Morrison did not see this.

On Saturday, the 5th, when our mail arrived, many of the boys received valentines. Some of these "Cupid's messengers" were very comical, and were exhibited with a good deal of merriment. Others were of a more tender character and were jealously guarded from profane eyes. At three o'clock in the afternoon the enemy's cavalry made a dash on our lines, which caused some of us, who were at work on the pay-rolls at a farm house near by, to beat a hasty retreat and lose a good supper which had been ordered for our delectation. The enemy were driven back later in the day, and in the evening the regiment was sent out to support the cavalry pickets. The night was very dark, but the weather was mild, and the hours passed without any alarm, save an occasional shot from the videttes. On Monday, the 7th, at three in the afternoon, we moved camp half a mile or so to the Big Spring, where we also found plenty of wood, and managed to make ourselves comfortable.

On Saturday morning, the 12th, we were turned out at half-past three, and at five o'clock marched back in the direction of Morristown, through which we passed at

noon, and two miles beyond, on the Chucky Bend road, we bivouacked. This marching and counter-marching caused some of the men to indulge in a good deal of hard swearing. The next day, Sunday, at four in the afternoon, the regiment was hurriedly assembled and sent out to support the pickets, who had reported the enemy's cavalry scouting about the outposts. We returned to camp at half-past five without any encounter. Monday, the 14th, opened clear and cold; at noon we were on the road, and at two P. M. reached the Bull's Gap and Dandridge cross-roads. Here the regiment was held in reserve, while the Twentieth Michigan and Thirty-Sixth Massachusetts regiments, with the cavalry, advanced to the Bend and routed the rebel camp there, capturing one man and a few horses. The brigade returned to camp at six o'clock. On Wednesday, the 16th, the arrival of the Twenty-Third corps to relieve us from outpost duty, renewed the rumor of our re-crossing the mountains.

When it became certain that we were to leave Tennessee, Colonel Morrison detailed Corporal Young, of Company F, and other stone-cutters belonging to the regiment, for the purpose of gathering the bodies of those members of the regiment who had died while we were in the State, and properly interring them in the soldiers' cemetery at Knoxville. Each grave was marked by a marble tablet, giving age, company, date and cause of death. A monument was erected in the center of the line of graves, bearing the arms of the State of New York, and, below the coat of arms, the following inscriptions, written by Chaplain Kennedy, were cut—on one side:

"THEIR COUNTRY'S SOLDIERS—LIVING, THIS THEIR SIMPLE STORY,
BUT DEAD, HER BEST DEFENCE AND HER UNDYING GLORY."

and on the other:

"BY ALL THE THOUSANDS THAT HAVE DIED FOR THEE,
O LOV'D REPUBLIC, BE THOU JUST AND FREE!"

We were turned out at four o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the 17th, and at seven began our march, reaching New Market at four in the afternoon, where we remained for the night. Strawberry Plains was reached at half-past ten the next morning, and at five in the afternoon we bivouacked within seven miles of Knoxville. On Saturday we started at half-past six and reached Knoxville at ten. Our knapsacks, together with the heavy baggage and all the sick, were sent north by rail, *via* Chattanooga, and the regiment was then ready for its tramp over the mountains. Lieutenant-Colonel More here joined us, having been absent since our march through Kentucky, in September

It was generally supposed that the Highlanders left New York for the seat of war "a thousand strong." That at least was the "poetical" strength of all new regiments, and explains the title of the following verses, written by William Hutchison, of Company C, about this time. The poem has been abridged and slightly altered, a liberty we hope the writer will excuse.

OUR THOUSAND—WHERE ARE THEY?

DEDICATED TO THE SEVENTY-NINTH HIGHLANDERS.

I.

Time has recorded strange events,
Since we, a thousand strong,
Bid home and friends a long good-bye,
And hastened forth to bleed and die,
Or right our country's wrongs.

II.

Three years have nearly gone since then—
Our thousand!—where are they?
Alas! go ask the murm'ring winds,
That requiems sigh, through Southern pines,
O'er mounds of mould'ring clay.

III.

Go, seek Virginia's war-worn soil,
And ask the question there;

And wood, and plain, and deep ravine,
And fairy glade of em'rald green,
And mountain, scarr'd and bare,

IV

Will each return a sad response
In accents plaintive, low—
"Within our bosoms sleep the brave,
Who gave their lives their land to save
From anarchy and woe."

V.

Here marched again the Cameron men,
Here Cameron fought and fell;
And gallant Stevens joined the dead,
When, with their flag aloft, he led
The men he lov'd so well.

VI.

And Maryland will also tell
How, in her hour of dread,
When traitors leagued to work her shame,
We to her rescue promptly came,
Nor grudged our blood to shed.

VII.

She 'll point to where, 'neath Sharpsburg's shade,
Antietam's waters glide,
And whisper, "Here lies many a heart
That living bore the patriot's part,
And, dying, for me died."

VIII.

East, West and South—where 'er our feet
Stern duty's paths have press'd,
Disease and war insatiate,
Have hurried to a soldier's fate,
Our bravest and our best.

IX.

Then, "Forward, march!"—march, all that can;
Death shall not Duty daunt;
The North is up for God and Man
And Highland names are in the van—
McPherson, Logan, Grant!

Several regiments of the corps had been left at various points in the mountains, on our journey over, in the Fall.

Some had remained at Cumberland Gap after General Willcox left there in January All were now ordered to report to their respective brigades. The Ninth New Hampshire, with others, reported on the 18th, and the rest were ordered to join us at various points on our line of march. On Monday, the 20th, at nine o'clock, we began our northward journey, and reached the Clinch River, opposite the town of Clinton, at half-past five in the afternoon. When we awoke on Tuesday morning we found a snow-storm prevailing and the weather quite cold. The Second division began crossing the river at daylight ; by noon all were over, and at half-past seven we arrived within three miles of Jacksboro', where we halted for the night. The evening was dark and cold, and the men quite tired out by the rough march. At six o'clock on the following morning, the 22nd, we were off again, passing through Jacksboro', at the foot of the mountains, at eight. We halted at the gap road where four days' rations were issued, and at noon were under way again.

We found the mountain road a very rough one, but as we were in light marching order the wild scenery was enjoyed more than on our trip over in the early fall. Our route led us through Walter's Gap, and at half-past four we went into bivouac twelve miles beyond Jacksboro' We were now fairly in the mountains, and found the section a perfect wilderness, not a house or cultivated field to be seen — nothing but dense woods surrounded us. The Elk Ridge road seemed to have been laid out with a view of connecting the various ridges by a bee line, and the trail — for it could not, even by the greatest stretch of courtesy, be called a road — led us a series of ups and downs that were very trying, even to our seasoned limbs. The route being impracticable for wagons, our supplies were carried on pack mules, and the sure-footed little animals had a hard time of it under their heavy loads.

At half-past six on Thursday morning we were off again, and at five in the afternoon had marched an estimated distance of sixteen miles. When we awoke on Friday morning we found that snow had fallen during the night; as we began our march rain commenced to fall, and in a short time the road was deep with slush; we found the streams swollen and difficult to ford, but trudged along bravely, knowing that every step brought us nearer to civilization. At ten o'clock we passed the boundary line between Tennessee and Kentucky, and at half-past five in the afternoon, after a nineteen-mile march, halted for the night. On Saturday, at noon, the rain, which had continued up to that time, ceased; the afternoon was bright and clear, and about the same distance was covered as on Friday

At ten o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 27th, we reached Point Isabelle (see map No. 13), where we found a few troops stationed; here we received another supply of rations, and also witnessed the looting of a stock of sutler's goods contained in a temporary shanty The conduct of the participants in this act of vandalism was shameful in the extreme; what the provocation was we did not learn, but the "shebang" was pulled down over the head of the owner, and nearly all his goods confiscated. The Seventh Rhode Island regiment, which had been stationed at this point since the previous fall, here joined our Second division. The Point was left at noon, and at six o'clock we passed through Somerset, camping for the night about a mile beyond the town.

Monday was dull and cloudy Our shoes had become sadly demoralized by the rough march, and nearly all of us were footsore. At noon we stopped for dinner at Cuba. Four log shanties, a blacksmith shop and a deserted meeting-house formed the "town." A storm of wind and rain accompanied us for an hour or two as we resumed our march, and Company K came very near

being crushed by a tree which fell across the road just as the men were passing the spot; this incident, however, gave a turn to the monotony of the march, and our past experience of falling trees, and other hair-breadth escapes, were re-hashed for our entertainment. Hall's Gap, the northern exit from the mountains, was reached at noon of Tuesday, and here we had a most extensive and beautiful view of the country before us. The view to the northwest showed us the great valley of the Ohio in the far distance, while at our feet lay that of the Kentucky river. Towns and villages were seen scattered about; Stanford was just under the hill, Lancaster lay due north, while Nicholasville was less than two days' march in the same direction; Lebanon lay northwest, about forty miles away; the Blue Grass region — the garden of Kentucky — was before us.

Shortly after resuming our march, and as we were crossing the head-waters of Green river, some of our number who had been left behind to build the bridge, when the corps started on the Mississippi campaign, recalled the circumstances attending the attack by Morgan's cavalry Brief mention of the incident has been made on page 287, but the importance of the affair, especially as it was the only instance where any of the Highlanders were actively engaged with the enemy in Kentucky, a more detailed account would seem necessary

When the corps left Kentucky, Colonel O. H. Moore, of the Twenty-Fifth Michigan, with about two hundred men from his own regiment, was sent to protect our bridge builders. Morgan, soon after, raided a large portion of the State, and just at daylight on the morning of the 4th of July, appeared at Green river bridge and demanded the surrender of the small force. Anticipating the call, our men were prepared; the position occupied was a strong one, and had been rendered doubly secure by felled trees in their front and on the flanks, their rear was protected by the high bluffs on the river.

To Morgan's demand Colonel Moore replied: that the 4th of July was not a proper time for him to entertain such a proposition. Morgan then assaulted, and for three hours a spirited engagement was fought; at times the rude breastwork of logs alone separated the combatants; it was a hand-to-hand encounter, but the enemy were finally driven off and compelled to retire, with a loss of over fifty killed and two hundred wounded. Among the killed were one colonel, two majors, five captains and six lieutenants. Colonel Moore's loss was only six killed and twenty-three wounded. The enemy requested permission to bury their dead, which was granted. In this engagement, fought against a force which outnumbered the Michiganders and Highlanders, as ten to one, the men of the Seventy-Ninth behaved with their accustomed coolness and bravery, and were highly complimented by the commanding officer. They were not again molested, but finished their work, and joined the regiment on the eve of the battle of Blue Springs, in October.

When within two miles of Stanford we stopped for dinner, and a storm, which proved to be a severe one, kept us in our bivouac till six o'clock on Wednesday morning. We passed through Stanford at eight, and found it to be a pretty village, containing lots of handsome girls — quite an interesting sight to us after so long a sojourn in the wilderness. Snow began falling at daylight and continued until we reached Lancaster, at noon. Here we dined on eggs, principally; they seemed to be very plenty, and shortly after we halted every other man, almost, had from one to two dozen, carrying them in his cap to our bivouac, where they were soon boiling in our quart cups or frying in the pans. We had eggs boiled and eggs roasted, eggs fried and eggs toasted — in short, a regular "hen-fruit" dinner, and when we resumed our march, at two o'clock, we felt in better condition

than at any other time for months. Five o'clock found us halted within a mile of Camp Dick Robinson, a point we had passed on our southward march on the 27th of the previous August. Fried eggs and bacon, washed down with plenty of good coffee and milk, prepared us to enjoy a sound sleep, to which we betook ourselves shortly afterwards. At eight o'clock on Thursday, the 31st, we passed through Camp "Dick," and at ten crossed the Kentucky river at Hickman's Bridge; Camp Nelson was reached at noon, and at one P. M. we halted near our old camp ground, within three miles of Nicholasville. Here clothing and shoes were issued, and we were soon arrayed in a fitting manner for our further journey

On Friday, April 1st, we marched to the railroad station at Nicholasville, and at eleven o'clock were packed into a train of freight cars which soon started. We passed through Lexington at one P. M., and reached Covington at midnight. The regiment marched to the barracks, but the temptation to visit Cincinnati was too strong for many of the weak-minded ones, and a large delegation made their way over the river, where they no doubt enjoyed themselves after their own fashion and to their heart's content.

Learning, on Saturday morning, that the regiment would likely remain at the barracks till Sunday, a party was made up, late in the afternoon, to visit the city and attend the theatre in the evening. Proctor, in the title-role of the "*Jibbenainossay*" or "*Nick of the Woods*," was billed for that evening's performance, and the trip is thus described by one of the party:

"We thought it would be a rare treat to put up at a hotel for the night, enjoy a sound sleep on a soft bed, and have a good breakfast, before returning to camp in the morning. To this end we repaired to the hotel, paid a dollar and a half each for our double-bedded room—there

were four of us in the party—and then went to the theatre. We enjoyed the play and, after partaking of a good oyster-supper, returned to the hotel and retired, anticipating a good night's sleep on the feather beds. After criticising the play, and eating over again in imagination the good supper we had enjoyed, and contrasting our nice, comfortable beds with the places we had been obliged to sleep in during our late campaign, we turned over and tried to sleep. After remaining quiet for perhaps half an hour, I noticed my bed-fellow becoming very restless, apparently trying to attain a comfortable position. 'Come, John!' I exclaimed, 'why don't you lie still and go to sleep?' 'Why don't you go to sleep yourself?' was the response. Then we heard about the same conversation from the other bed, and soon our companions were heard tumbling out and lying down on the floor, declaring they couldn't sleep on that bed; it's *too soft!*' We chaffed each other a good deal about our adventure, but decided that rather than pay for beds in the hotel and then of our own accord lie on the floor, we had better go back to the barracks and lie in our bunks. 'Yes, but we have paid for our breakfast, too: we don't want to lose that,' said one. 'Never mind: let's go back,' rejoined another. So we got up, dressed, and sneaked down stairs, as though we had been trying to 'jump' our board bill. The night-clerk sat dozing in his chair. We felt too sheepish to acknowledge the truth to him, and simply inquiring at what hour breakfast would be ready, we started for the ferry and managed to catch the last boat over to Covington. In less than five minutes after stretching ourselves in our bunks we were sound asleep. We did not think it worth while to go back to the hotel after our breakfast.

"Fifteen years afterwards I met my bed-fellow of that night, at the breakfast table of a hotel, but neither of us complained of our inability to enjoy the soft beds. The

circumstance narrated above was recalled and we 'smiled' together over the days of long ago."

At eight in the morning the regiment crossed over to the city, and at eleven o'clock we were on board the cars, bound East. Columbus was reached at seven in the evening, and, marching to the Soldiers' Home, we partook of a very indifferent supper. We may have become too critical since our release from the short commons of Tennessee, for we thought that poor coffee, dry bread and cold potatoes, were hardly up to what might have been expected at the capital of Ohio. At Steubenville we were generously treated; cakes, pies, sausages and excellent coffee, made the boys feel kindly towards the people. At midnight we reached Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and enjoyed the hospitality of the Union Subsistence Committee, and before leaving were supplied with three days' rations of biscuit, cheese and smoked beef! How we would have liked to spend the remainder of our time at Pittsburgh! The train rolled out of the depot at five o'clock on the morning of the 5th, and at ten o'clock we were entering the Alleghany mountains. As we reached the summit snow began to fall. Altoona was passed at noon, the lights of Harrisburg were seen at seven in the evening, and at ten o'clock on the morning of the 6th we arrived at Baltimore. We liked our breakfast so well, at the rooms of the Union Relief Association, that we remained for dinner, and did not leave the monumental city till five in the afternoon. At ten o'clock in the evening we reached Annapolis, remaining all night in the cars, and at seven the next morning marched to our camp ground. We found the Eighth Michigan, returned from their thirty days' furlough, waiting to receive us, and our arms were hardly stacked before they charged on our position with kettles of hot coffee. The old "vets" had brought plenty of new material in their ranks, and the regiment presented a fine appearance.

It will be remembered, that on February 26th, Congress passed the bill reviving the rank of lieutenant-general, for the express purpose of conferring that rank on General Grant, and placing him in command of all the armies of the Union. The bill was not so worded, of course, the President being empowered "to appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a commander of the army, to be selected during the war, from among those officers in the military service of the United States, not below the grade of major-general, most distinguished for courage, skill, and ability; and who being commissioned as lieutenant-general, shall be authorized, under the direction of the President, to command the armies of the United States." Washington was the only one who had ever been raised to that rank, which he held for a year only. In 1855 it had been conferred by brevet on General Scott.

On March 9th, General Grant, who had been summoned to Washington, was presented with his Lieutenant-General's commission by the President, who accompanied the presentation with these words:—"General Grant: the Nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done, in the existing great struggle, are now presented, with this commission constituting you Lieutenant-General in the Army of the United States. With this high honor, devolves upon you, also, a corresponding responsibility. As the Country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add, that, with what I here speak for the Nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

Grant's reply was brief:—"Mr. President: I accept the commission, with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought in so many fields for our common Country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations.

I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me; and I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

The following day Grant visited General Meade, the commander of the Army of the Potomac, from whom he received a cordial greeting. Meade, in order to relieve Grant from any embarrassment, in case he wished to place any other General in command of the Army of the Potomac, assured the Lieutenant-General that he (Meade), was willing to serve in any capacity in which he might be placed. On the 12th, Grant, by orders from the War Department, was formally placed in command of all the armies, and on the 17th he assumed command in general orders. After a flying visit to his old command, the Military Division of the Mississippi, now transferred to Sherman, Grant returned to Washington, and on the 26th established his headquarters in the field at Culpeper Court House, where he began at once to prepare for the Spring campaign. Grant purposed remaining with the Army of the Potomac, leaving his chief lieutenant and trusted friend, Sherman, to carry out his orders in the West.

General Burnside had been re-appointed to the command of the Ninth corps early in January, and ordered to fill up its ranks, and be in readinesss for such service as might be required when Spring opened.

On Saturday, the 9th (April), General Burnside rode through our camps, and received a cordial greeting from the Highlanders. We found that all the regiments of the corps who had reënlisted had returned from their vacation, and also that a large number of new regiments had been added, and the work of organizing into brigades and divisions was being rapidly pushed. The old regiments were distributed in such a manner as to leave at least one in each of the new brigades, and we were sorry to

see some who had served with us assigned to other divisions.

On the 11th "A" tents were furnished us, and for the first time in about a year we enjoyed the luxury of occupying tents in which we could stand upright. On the 13th Lieutenant-General Grant, accompanied by Generals Burnside and Meade, reviewed the corps. This was the first time that many of us had seen General Grant, and his appearance in connection with General Meade looked very much as though we were to spend the last few days of our term of service with the old Army of the Potomac. We had fondly hoped we would not see Virginia again during the war, but if such was to be our fate we would do our best and close our term with flying colors. Annapolis had been the rendezvous of several expeditions, and it was generally understood that Burnside was to lead another army somewhere down the Atlantic coast. Burnside himself was ignorant of the destination of his command until a day or two before we started. General Grant kept his own counsel, and not even the President or Secretary of War knew, "up to the last moment," what purpose Grant had in view respecting the Ninth corps. On Thursday, the 21st, we received orders to be ready to move on Saturday Our "A" tents were at once struck and carted off and our "shelters" put up in their places, and on Friday evening we were warned to be ready to march at seven o'clock on the following morning.

The corps numbered 23,000 and was composed of four divisions, commanded respectively by Brigadier-Generals Thomas G. Stevenson, Robert B. Potter, Orlando B. Willcox, and Edward Ferrero. Besides two batteries of artillery assigned to each division, there was a reserve of seven batteries. Three regiments of cavalry were attached to the corps, as was also a provisional brigade of one dismounted cavalry regiment and two regiments of heavy artillery Ferrero's division was composed exclusively of colored troops.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WILDERNESS.

OUR New Brigade and Division.—The March to Washington.—Reviewed by President Lincoln.—Arrive at Alexandria.—Fairfax Court House.—Centreville.—Bristoe Station.—Old Memories Revived.—Warrenton Junction.—Confidence in General Grant.—Sixtieth Ohio and Highlanders Detached.—The Sand-Storm.—General Grant's Plan.—Cross the Rappahannock.—The Rapidan.—The Enemy.—The Union Army in the Wilderness.—Movements There.—At Meade's Headquarters.—Hancock on the Brock Road.—Leasure's Brigade.—Burnside's Patriotism.—Character of the Battle-Field.—Grant Satisfied.—Our Position on the Night of the 7th.—The "Rebel Yell."—A Volunteer Wanted.—An Adventure in The Wilderness.

SATURDAY, the 23d, opened clear and pleasant, and at eleven o'clock the Highlanders, forming a part of the Second brigade, Third division, started on the march in rear of the column. The brigade consisted of the First Michigan Sharpshooters, Twentieth Michigan, Fiftieth Pennsylvania, Sixtieth Ohio, and Seventy-Ninth New York, and was under command of the senior colonel, Benjamin C. Christ, of the Fiftieth. The day was warm and the delays on the road long and frequent. We were going in the direction of Washington, and there was little doubt in our minds but that Virginia was to be our destination. After a twelve-mile march we halted for the night. On Sunday we marched nineteen miles. At six o'clock on Monday morning we were off again. Rain had fallen during the night, rendering the road muddy and the streams high. While crossing a stream about knee-deep, the drummer boys thought it was about time to have some fun, and the fat doctor was selected as the

victim. Just what the boys did to the doctor's horse was not discovered, but the animal was made to cut up such antics while in mid-stream that the disciple of Esculapius was obliged to dismount and wade through the water, leading his horse by the bridle.

We reached the outskirts of the Capital at noon, and halted for an hour in order that we might brush up our shoes and clothing before passing through the city. The corps was to be reviewed by the President, and it was necessary that we should present as neat an appearance as possible. President Lincoln and suite occupied the balcony of Willard's hotel, and as we saw him, surrounded by members of his cabinet, and generals resplendent in glittering uniforms, the tall, plain, sad-looking man was, in our eyes, the "noblest Roman of them all." This was the last glimpse that many of us ever had of Abraham Lincoln. When the terrible news of his assassination reached us on that April morning, a year later, our minds reverted to the time when last we looked upon his kindly, melancholy face, as he watched us march by to join the Grand Army

We marched through the city and crossed the Potomac by the Long Bridge to Alexandria, and at half-past five camped about three miles beyond the city. At dress parade the next day we were ordered to be ready to move on the following morning at seven o'clock, and at that hour, of the 27th, the corps began its march. Our division took the Fairfax Court House road and reached that familiar place at half-past nine in the evening. Leaving our bivouac at seven o'clock the next morning, Centreville (see Map No. 6) was reached at eleven, Manassas Junction at four in the afternoon, and early in the evening we went into bivouac near Bristoe Station. How disagreeably familiar all these places were to the Highlanders! The old landmarks were pointed out, and many incidents recalled of our previous campaigns. On

Friday, the 29th, we marched, *via* Catlet Station, to Warrenton Junction, and pitched our tents at three o'clock in the afternoon. General Burnside and staff passed the column during the forenoon, and were heartily, though not noisily, welcomed by the Highlanders. While another Virginia campaign had no special charms for us, there was one thing that pleased us, and led us to hope that our last campaign there might, after all, be our best. We knew that General Grant was not only the Commanding General in name but in reality, and that the officials at Washington, from the President down, realized that if the war was to be brought to a successful termination by the army, that army must be under the sole direction of the commander in the field, helped and not hindered by official red tape at the Capital. Knowing or believing this, and having the utmost confidence in the skill and ability of Grant, we felt more secure of a victorious termination to this campaign, than we had felt at any time since our first, away back in 'sixty-one. At eleven o'clock on Saturday morning the Sixtieth Ohio and the Highlanders, under command of Colonel Morrison, were detached and ordered to the railroad station, to relieve a part of the Fifth corps that had been quartered there all Winter.

Sunday, the first of May, was clear and pleasant; the usual inspection took place in the morning, and as we were now in the rear of the army, our duties were more irksome than dangerous. On the afternoon of the 2nd, while the regiment was on dress parade, there occurred a violent storm of wind, or, as it was afterwards called, a sand-storm. While we stood in line the heavens grew dark, the air itself seemed black, but it was not until the storm broke upon us that we realized what the phenomenon was. As the dirt and sand, carried along by a perfect tornado, struck our faces, the sensation produced was like that of a sand-blast on the flesh, and we were

compelled to beat a hasty retreat to our tents, many of which had been blown down, those left standing being filled with sand and dirt to the depth of an inch or more. The cooks found that the coffee in their kettles had been generously "sugared," and it took us a long time to get the dust and dirt out of our hair and clothing. Until the next movement of the regiment, the wonderful storm was the all-engrossing subject of conversation.

On Tuesday, the 3d, four days' rations were issued, and we were ordered to be ready to move at seven o'clock on the following morning. All spare baggage was sent to the rear. Our knapsacks had been left at Alexandria, and the army appeared to be stripping for a fight. When Wednesday morning arrived marching orders were temporarily suspended; our command was to remain as a rear guard until everything had been removed. Bodies of troops and wagon trains moved rapidly by us all day, going towards the Rappahannock. Grant's headquarters were at Culpeper, and the movement betokened an early encounter with the enemy In the evening a strong picket from the Sixtieth Ohio was sent out. There was no enemy to guard against, but the new regiment managed to get up a scare during the night, which brought us out under arms, and after indulging in a little pardonably strong language at the greenhorns, we were allowed to lie down again and complete our night's rest.

General Grant tells us in his "Memoirs" that his first object was to get possession of Lee's army, and with this end in view he purposed going where that army was, with as large a force as he could gather. Officers and men absent on leave had been ordered to return to their commands, and thus many thousands had been added to the ranks. A movement by Sherman against Johnston and the city of Atlanta, one by Banks against Mobile, another in the Shenandoah Valley under Sigel, and in Southeastern Virginia Butler's advance towards Richmond, were

all ordered to be made simultaneously, so that the enemy might be kept fully employed at all points, and be prevented from sending reënforcements to overwhelm any of our columns—movements which they, with their interior lines of communication, had been able heretofore to accomplish. The advantage of a single head directing affairs in the field is thus apparent. General P H. Sheridan had been called from the West, where he was a division commander in the Army of the Cumberland, and placed at the head of the cavalry attached to the Army of the Potomac. Grant had all he asked for, and the campaign promised to be a brilliant one.

Of his last interview with President Lincoln before starting on the campaign, General Grant says: "He had, of course, become acquainted with the fact that a general movement had been ordered all along the line, and seemed to think it a new feature in war. I explained to him that it was necessary to have a great number of troops to guard and to hold the territory we had captured, and to prevent incursions into the Northern States. These troops could perform this service just as well by advancing as by remaining still; and by advancing they would compel the enemy to keep detachments to hold them back, or else lay his own territory open to invasion. His answer was: 'Oh! yes, I see that. As we say out West, if a man can't skin he must hold a leg while somebody else does.'"

After Grant had issued his orders for the grand forward movements he comments thus: "The Armies were now all ready to move for the accomplishment of a single object. They were acting as a unit so far as such a thing was possible over such a vast field. Lee, with the Capital of the Confederacy, was the main end to which all were making. Johnston, with Atlanta, was an important obstacle in the way of our accomplishing the result aimed at, and was therefore almost an inde-

pendent objective. It was of less importance only because the capture of Johnston and his army would not produce so immediate and decisive a result in closing the rebellion as would the possession of Richmond, Lee and his army All other troops were employed exclusively in support of these movements. This was the plan. * * * Soon after midnight, May 3d–4th, the Army of the Potomac moved out from its position north of the Rapidan, to start upon the memorable campaign destined to result in the capture of the Confederate Capital and the army defending it."

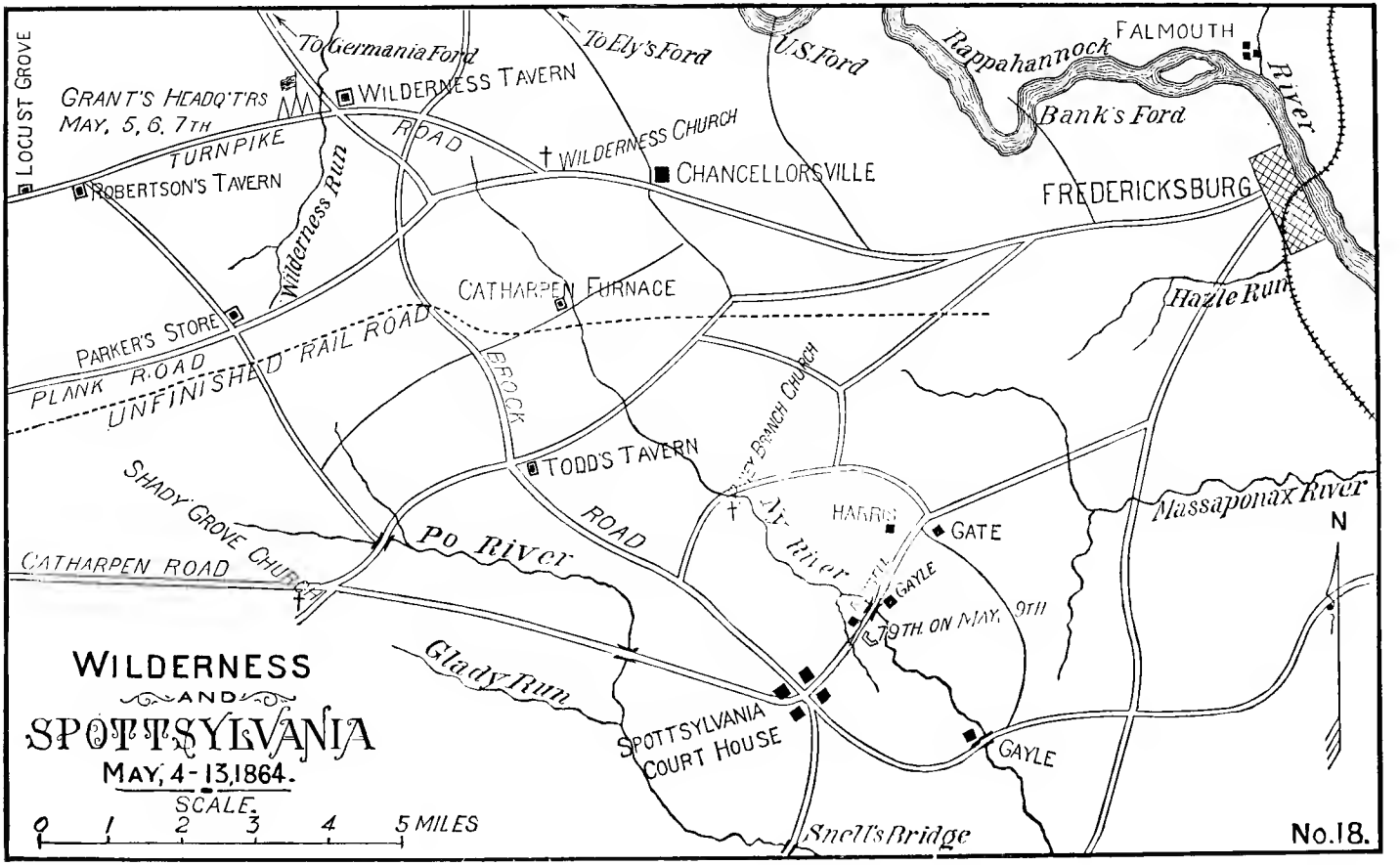
At eight o'clock on the morning of Thursday the 5th, Ferrero's division of colored troops arrived to take our places, and our two regiments were soon on the march to the front. Bealton, the scene of the battle for the rails in December 62, was reached at ten o'clock, and Rappahannock Station at noon. We remained here an hour and then crossed the river on a ponton bridge. As evening drew near we heard what seemed to be the sound of heavy guns in the distance. Some were of the opinion, however, that the sound was caused by the big drum carried at the head of the column, striking on the ground as the tired drummer dragged along his weary way; we were all anxious enough to put off the day of battle, and this explanation of the ominous sounds was accepted. We were now on the Germania Ford road, approaching the Rapidan, and expected to cross that stream before halting for the night, but at half-past eight, after a long and tiresome march, we halted within a mile of the ford, our shelter-tents were soon pitched and a very tired lot of men lay down to rest. It was estimated that we had marched between twenty-five and thirty miles since morning.

When the Union army, nearly 120,000 strong, began its march on the morning of the 4th, the Rebel army of about 75,000 men, occupied a strong position on the south

side of the Rapidan, the right resting on Mine Run, a small stream which empties into the river three miles west of Germania Ford, the left extending to the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge mountains. Longstreet's command had returned from Tennessee, and was stationed at Gordonsville, about the centre of the line and a few miles in its rear. This movement of the Union army caused Lee to abandon his position, but his knowledge of the country through which his opponents were advancing, enabled him to put his troops in motion and strike the Union army as soon as it entered the Wilderness, as the region was called.

Before daylight on the morning of the 4th, General Wilson, with a division of cavalry, crossed at Germania Ford and drove the enemy's pickets a mile or so back from the river. General Warren with the Fifth corps crossed shortly afterwards, and General Sedgwick followed later in the day with the Sixth corps. General Gregg's cavalry performed advance duty for General Hancock and the Second corps at Ely's Ford, six miles below In the evening Warren bivouacked near the Wilderness Tavern, Sedgwick was between him and the river, while Hancock was on the old Chancellorsville battle-ground. Lee's army was put in motion as soon as possible after the advance of Grant's forces was discovered, and at night Longstreet had begun his march from Gordonsville. A. P Hill was on the plank road, while Ewell was on the turnpike within five miles of Warren.

On the 5th, Warren, preceded by Wilson's cavalry, advanced toward's Parker's Store where he met the enemy early in the morning ; two divisions of the Sixth corps were sent to his support while Hancock was re-called from Chancellorsville and ordered to advance to Warren's left. Grant established his headquarters a little west of the Wilderness Tavern. Burnside was now ordered to hurry forward his corps. At noon Warren


LOCUST GROVE
GRANT'S HEADQ'TRS MAY, 5, 6, 7TH
TO GERMANIA FORD
TO ELY'S FORD
WILDERNESS TAVERN
U.S. FORD
RAPPAHANNOCK
FALMOUTH
RIVER
BANK'S FORD
TURNPIKE
ROAD
WILDERNESS CHURCH
CHANCELLORSVILLE
FREDERICKSBURG
ROBERTSON'S TAVERN
WILDERNESS RUN
CATHARPEN FURNACE
HAZLE RUN
PARKER'S STORE
PLANK ROAD
UNFINISHED RAIL ROAD
BROCK
TODD'S TAVERN
SHADY GROVE CHURCH
PO RIVER
ROAD
HARRIS
GATE
MASSAPONAX RIVER
N
CATHARPEN ROAD
GAYLE
GLADY RUN
SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE
GAYLE
SNELL'S BRIDGE
WILDERNESS
AND
SPOTTSYLVANIA
MAY, 4-13, 1864.
SCALE.
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No. 18.

began the attack and drove Ewell's troops a mile or more, but being unsupported by the divisions of the Sixth corps, was finally driven back in turn, after losing several guns and a large number of men. At night his line was about a mile southwest of Wilderness Tavern. Without waiting for Hancock to arrive, Getty, who with his division of the Sixth corps, was on Warren's left, attacked A. P Hill's corps, and when the Second corps reached the scene of action a severe battle ensued which did not terminate till after dark, what advantage there was being on the Union side. Orders were issued to renew the attack along the whole line at five o'clock on the morning of the 6th.

Friday morning opened clear and warm. We found that Potter's division of our corps had crossed the river the night before, and at six o'clock we were on the south side of the river. Artillery firing was heard at daylight, and as we proceeded, the sound of musketry in regular volleys, indicated that the battle had been renewed. As Morrison was moving along in search of the Third division, an aide galloped up with orders for him to report to General Sedgwick on the right of the Union line. Not knowing the officer who brought the order, and being then under orders from Burnside to join his own corps, Morrison hesitated, but, leaving his command, rode to Sedgwick's headquarters, and found that the aide had made a mistake.

In order to make sure, however, that there was no misunderstanding, Colonel Morrison was anxious to send to General Meade's headquarters, and as there was no other mounted officer disengaged, Chaplain Kennedy volunteered to carry the message. His course led him over quite a stretch of the battle-field, and along roads, or rather trails through the woods, where the hostile lines had met, and the dead and wounded were lying so thick in some places that the rider had difficulty in keep-

ing clear of the bodies. In telling of his ride afterwards, the Chaplain said that as he crossed one eminence after another and looked about him, it seemed like the day of doom—

"Dies iræ, dies illa"—

the dead and dying around, and, overhead and stretching to the horizon, a dense canopy of smoke, like a pall, under which the reverberations of the heavy guns and the rattle of musketry betokened the final dissolution. The Chaplain came up with a staff officer who had just left General Grant's headquarters, and upon inquiring how the General looked, was told that he was up yonder in that little shanty on the hill, sitting in the middle of the room near a little table, with a map spread out on the floor, on which, with the stub of a pencil, he was making marks now and then as he received dispatches and issued his orders. Of course he was smoking, as "cool as a cucumber," and as grave and undisturbed as a sphinx.

On passing Meade's headquarters near the Wilderness Tavern, Morrison was ordered by that officer to remain near there, ready to move, however, at a moment's notice. Meanwhile the battle raged fiercely along the entire line; Warren and Sedgwick found it difficult to make headway against the enemy, who had brought up fresh troops during the night. Hancock with the Second corps, and the First division of the Ninth, and Burnside, with his Second and Third divisions—less our two regiments—had obtained some advantage over Hill, but Longstreet and Anderson came up in time to turn the scale, and then the enemy took the offensive.

At one P. M., Morrison was sent to the support of the Fifth corps, and we remained in rear of that command until Warren recovered some lost ground, when we returned to our position at Meade's headquarters. The attack on Hancock was more violent. He covered the

Brock road, the most important line on the field, and although the enemy failed to break through his lines, he was forced back on the line of that road, and had it not been for the wounding of Longstreet at a critical period of the engagement, more serious results to the Union army might have occurred. Hancock had intrenched his position when driven back, and about the middle of the afternoon the enemy advanced to the assault. Morrison was now sent to the scene of conflict, and was assigned a position on the right of the turnpike-road, where we remained as a support to the right of Hancock's line. The enemy's attack was fierce, and for two hours the battle raged furiously, but at dark Hancock still held the Brock road, and the enemy retired. It is proper to mention here the gallant feat performed by some of our old comrades: Colonel Leasure commanded the Second brigade of the First division, consisting of his own Roundheads, the Third Maryland and Twenty-First Massachusetts. He was on the extreme left of Hancock's line when it was driven back to the Brock road in the forenoon, and in order to clear his front Leasure was ordered to charge across his entire front from left to right, at right angles with the Union line. The order was promptly and successfully executed, and reflected great credit on the commander, and the regiments engaged in the work.

In this manner the whole corps was divided during the battle in the Wilderness; it was not incorporated with the Army of the Potomac till the 24th, and Burnside received his orders direct from General Grant. As Burnside was an ex-commander of the Army of the Potomac, perhaps Grant thought it would be humiliating to the former if placed under Meade; but Burnside was too much of a patriot to allow any notions of false pride to interfere with the duty he owed his country, and he served as faithfully under Meade in sixty-four as the

latter had served under Burnside at Fredericksburgh in sixty-three.

While in support of Hancock's line we heard the sound of battle, but saw little of it. The nature of the field was such that it was with the utmost difficulty intelligent movements could be made; the dense woods and heavy underbrush rendered it difficult to form lines of battle. General Badeau says: "But neither men nor officers could see fifty yards before them. Manœuvring was impossible; skirmishing was the only tactics, and Wadsworth (a division commander) was compelled to direct the march of his troops by the compass." The Wilderness was rightly named. If a man became separated from his regiment it was almost impossible for him to find it again, and stragglers swarmed through the woods in all directions.

The regiment was moved several times during the day, and whenever a new line was formed we began at once to dig with our bayonets, and shovel up the earth with our tin plates, for the purpose of making temporary breastworks. Whenever the "rebel yell" was heard we would stop digging, fix bayonets, and prepare for the expected assault. A good deal of uncertainty about the result of the engagement prevailed during the afternoon, which was removed later in the day, for about six o'clock a staff officer, direct from Grant's headquarters, reported that "General Grant is taking matters very coolly, and is quite satisfied with the result so far." This satisfied us, and as the cooks came up at that moment with plenty of hot coffee, we were soon in a very comfortable frame of mind. We remained under arms all night, but nothing occurred to disturb us.

Before daylight of Saturday, the 7th, we were on the alert and ready for any emergency A good breakfast fortified our stomachs, and the Highlanders were never more confident of victory than at that moment. We

had been mercifully spared on the 6th; would we be as fortunate to-day? At half-past ten we rejoined the brigade, and formed line behind a temporary breastwork in the afternoon. Nothing of any importance occurred in our immediate front. As on Friday, we could *hear*, but not *see*, a rattling musketry fire; that was all. Artillery firing, on both our right and left, showed that we were somewhere near the center of the line. All about us the ground was littered with knapsacks, clothing, arms and accoutrements, and those of us in need had no difficulty in supplying ourselves with a change of underclothes. We were ordered to strengthen our defences in case of a night attack, and by using such material as we found at hand, trunks of dead trees, brushwood and litter, and digging as on the previous day, we managed to erect quite a respectable breastwork, behind which we lay and listened — not watched, for the inky darkness into which we attempted to peer was impenetrable.

About eight o'clock, as we lay behind this slight protection, our muskets loaded and capped, and with bayonets fixed, resting on the top of our hastily constructed barricade, our ears caught the sound of what seemed to be many voices — first a murmur, then a shout, and finally an unmistakable "rebel yell," which extended for a considerable distance both to our right and left. Directly in our front the noise seemed to be about a hundred yards distant. Every man was on his feet in an instant, and with muskets cocked and fingers on the triggers we awaited the expected onset. But while the yelling increased, accompanied now by the sound of wood chopping, the rumble of artillery and the neighing of horses, we could see nothing. The suspense produced a good deal of nervousness in some of our number; conversation was carried on in whispers, and the darkness, no doubt, hid many pale faces and screened many a trembling hero.

When we realized that the enemy was not making an advance we began to wonder what he was doing. What "game" was he up to? Just then the brigade commander, accompanied by our Colonel approached the line and after listening a while the former said: "Colonel, if you will furnish me a messenger I will send word to division headquarters that the enemy seem to be making ready for a demonstration in our front." Turning towards the men the Colonel said: "I want a volunteer to go to division headquarters." The comrade who performed the journey thus relates his experience: "I happened to be standing near the colonel at the moment, and as he spoke his eye caught mine. I did n't like the idea of poking through the dark woods, and so waited a moment, hoping somebody else would volunteer, but no one spoke and I felt obliged to; I said, 'I will go.' After receiving a verbal message and being told that I would 'find division headquarters off there to the left,' I prepared to start. My directions were rather indefinite, I thought, and yet none more explicit could have been given; so, without asking any questions, I saluted and started on my journey On arriving at the left of our brigade line I inquired:

"'What command joins on your left?'

"'Do n't know; do n't believe there is any,' was the response.

"'Are there any pickets out?'

"'No, we are the advance line, and if you go very far, guess you 'll wish you had n't.'

"'Well, I 've got to find division headquarters, and if I should come back this way do n't fire on me.'

"Putting a fresh cap on my rifle, I plunged into the darkness. Plunged, did I say? Crawled, rather. I made as little noise as possible, fearful that whoever heard me, friend or foe, would be apt to fire.

"When a school boy, how often had I revelled in the

wonderful stories of the adventures of Indian scouts and trappers! How I admired the daring and pluck of the brave fellows who crawled through the woods on their hands and knees, who swam rivers without taking off their clothes, and who *always* accomplished their purpose, no matter how impossible it seemed! I often wondered if they never felt afraid, if they never hesitated about going into the woods at night, when all about them a lurking enemy was waiting to take their scalps! But the stories would not have been good ones if the writers had ever allowed a feeling of fear to enter the minds of their heroes. Three years experience as a soldier, had, of course, driven all this romance out of my head, and yet, but for a moment only, as I left our line, these thoughts recurred. With a 'Pshaw what nonsense!' my mind became steadily fixed on the realities of the present, and Cooper and Cobb were forgotten.

"Fifty paces beyond our line I lost all knowledge of the direction in which I was going; it was impossible to see the sky, so I could not be guided by the stars; the dense, almost impenetrable woods and underbrush baffled all attempts to keep on a bee line, but I struggled on hoping and trusting that somehow I would come out all right. Stopping frequently to listen, hoping to catch the sound of friendly voices in front or to my left, yet fearing to hear on my right the ominous sounds, now happily dying away, I pushed on. I soon began to think that either division headquarters had been moved off, or that I was going in the wrong direction. It seemed to me that I had been over an hour in the woods, and began to consider the advisability of lying down and waiting for daylight, believing that then I would hear the voices of our men as they prepared their breakfast, or made ready for the march or assault, but the thought that my message was of the utmost importance, and the fact of this great gap

existing between our brigade and the next in line, of which the division commander was no doubt ignorant, spurred me on. If the enemy, with his superior knowledge of the locality should discover the break, he would no doubt make it decidedly interesting for us.

"I resolved to keep moving. A half-hour more passed before I heard the least sound, then I heard what seemed like voices directly in front, but whether of friend or foe I could not determine. It was just possible I had doubled on my tracks and was approaching my own brigade again. Advancing cautiously and listening intently, I at last got behind a tree; the voices were more distinct now, but the words were still unintelligible. I determined to risk a challenge—sticking my head out from behind the tree—with my heart in my mouth, I called out: 'What regiment's that?' As I drew my head back, I heard the challenge: 'Who is there?' 'Seventy-Ninth New York,' I replied. 'All right, come in.' But until I was received with a hearty shake of the hand, and found myself among comrades of my own division, I was not sure but that my invisible interlocutor might have been a 'Johnny Reb.' after all.

"I was soon conducted to headquarters where I delivered my message, and also reported the break in our lines; a staff officer was immediately despatched to attend to the matter, and after answering a few questions regarding the position of our brigade, I was dismissed with a message to its commander. I was in hopes that I might be detained till daylight, but could not summon courage enough to ask such a favor, and was obliged to retire. I was cautioned, when I left the advanced line to 'be sure and not get too far out to the left,' and I would doubtless find my own brigade in a short time. I knew better, but started. I pushed through the darkness for perhaps half an hour, and began to think that if I had gone in the proper direction, I must be quite near our line: I had

been obliged however to so turn and twist about in order to get through the underbrush, that I really did not know in what direction I was headed. While listening for a moment, I thought I heard voices. I crept nearer—I was sure of it ; several men were talking, and an expression I caught : 'Them d——d Yankees' made the cold shivers run down my spine ! 'I'm one of them,' I mentally explained, 'but don't want you to know that I'm so near you !' Undecided for the moment which way to turn, I did what many, under similar circumstances had done before—stood still and thought. 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead,' had a peculiar significance for me just then. I had laid aside my blanket, canteen and haversack, when setting out on my journey, and had nothing about me that would cause the least rattling or jingling, or impede my progress through the interminable bush, except my rifle and cartridge box—the latter being quite full would not rattle. I knew that by advancing I would run my head into the lion's jaws ; the yelling and chopping had entirely ceased, and I had not that sound to guide me to my friends, or keep me away from the enemy I decided to 'bout face' and put what I believed to be a safe distance between me and the rebel line, and then turn sharp to the left, thus hoping to strike our line. I was exceedingly careful when putting down my feet, not to break a twig or make the least noise that would attract the attention of the party who had spoken so disrespectfully of our Union soldiers ; I shuffled along for perhaps two hundred yards, then struck off to the left as near as I could judge, at a right angle. During these few minutes the suspense was such as I had never experienced before. Standing in line of battle, under fire of the enemy, and waiting for the command to charge, was nothing to it. I made up my mind this would be the last time I would ever volunteer on such a mission, at least in the dark, and in such a place as the Wilderness ! I was

very thirsty, and my exertions had produced a profuse perspiration; unseen dangers had no doubt unnerved me to some extent, and I was very tired. After creeping along for what seemed to be the space of an hour or more, I again heard the sound of voices; after getting a little closer and listening attentively, I felt sure that the voices were those of the maligned 'Yankees.' I felt relieved, and yet, if I alarmed the men, I knew that a bullet from their rifles would hurt just as much as though fired from a rebel gun; lying down behind a tree, I finally called out as I had done before, and to my great joy found myself only a few yards from that point of our line which I had left fully three hours before. On reporting to the regiment, the Colonel was pleased to remark: 'I thought you had been captured?' I briefly explained the cause of my long absence, received a 'thank you, sergeant, and was dismissed. In the exciting scenes which soon followed, my adventure was, for the time being, forgotten."

The losses during the three days' fighting had been severe; over 15,000 men had been killed, wounded and captured. The loss of the enemy was not reported, but was much less than that suffered by the Union army

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SPOTTSYLVANIA.—CLOSE OF THREE YEARS' SERVICE AND RETURN OF THE REGIMENT TO NEW YORK.

MOVEMENT on Spottsylvania.—The Ny River.—Beverly Farm.—The Last Charge of the Highlanders.—The Rail Fence.—Colonel Morrison Wounded and Captain Laing in Command.—What "Crackers" said.—Operations on the 10th.—Battle of the 12th.—Hancock's Success.—The Highlanders at Headquarters.—Homeward Bound.—Arrival in New York.—Muster Out of the Three Years Men.

IN the afternoon of the 7th General Grant had decided to move by the left flank towards Spottsylvania Court House, and thus interpose his army between Lee and Richmond. The wagon trains had been started before dark and the movement was betrayed to Lee, who, however, misunderstood the sign, and supposed that the Union army was falling back on Fredericksburgh, and getting ready to cross the river and give up the attempt to force its way to Richmond through his lines. He ordered Anderson, who had succeeded to the command of Longstreet's corps, to march to Spottsylvania in the morning of the 8th, but as the woods were on fire about Anderson's position in the afternoon, and he could find no suitable ground to camp his troops, he began his march at once, and arrived at the Court House on the 8th, shortly after it had been occupied by Wilson's division of Union cavalry, who had been ordered forward by Sheridan early in the morning. Anderson's infantry at once drove Wilson out of the place and secured the position. Wilson's line of retreat was such that he could

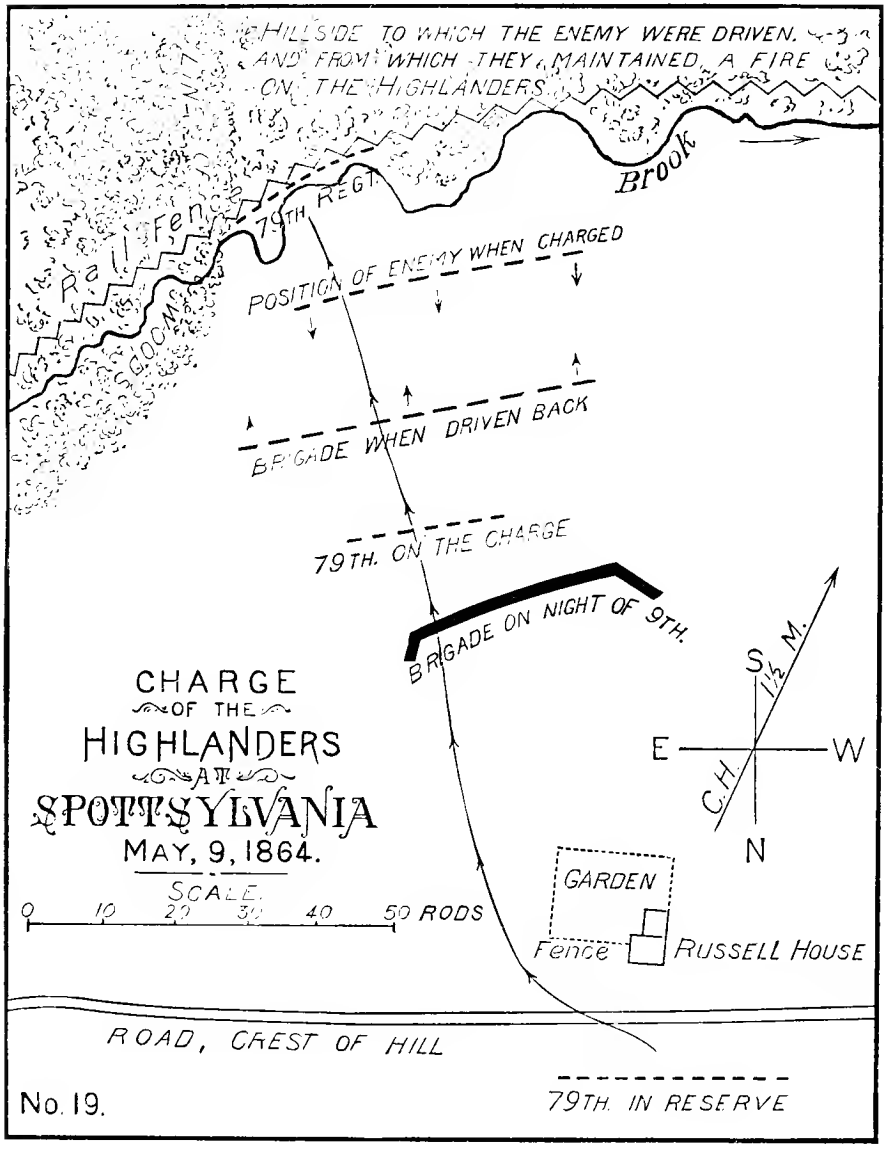
not communicate with Sheridan, and when Warren's advance of the Fifth corps came up, just before noon, expecting to enter without opposition, it found two divisions of Anderson's corps strongly posted behind breastworks near the junction of the Brock and Shady Grove roads, and about a mile northwest of the Court House. An assault followed, which resulted in Warren's obtaining a good position, where he rested till the remainder of the Union army should arrive. In the afternoon Sedgwick came up with the advance of the Sixth corps, and Anderson was again attacked, with the hope of crushing him before the balance of the Confederate army should arrive, but as only a small portion of the Union force was engaged no important benefit was derived. These movements showed to Lee what Grant's designs were, and by evening the Confederate army was thrown across the road to Richmond.

On the morning of the 8th the brigade was withdrawn from its position in the Wilderness and moved out on the Orange county turnpike in the direction of Fredericksburgh. We reached the turnpike at daylight, and found that we were bringing up the rear of the army; our progress was very slow, as we were obliged to see that everything was "moved along" before us. Wagons and artillery, as usual, blocked the road, and our patience was sorely tried. About four o'clock in the afternoon we came to a halt near the left of the Union line, and the regiment was thrown out in advance to support the cavalry skirmishers. In the evening it was reported that Spottsylvania Court House was in our possession; the bands played, drums beat, and everybody felt happy. We put up our shelter-tents late in the evening, had roll-call at tattoo, and matters looked as though the campaign was progressing favorably. But how little do the men or even regimental officers know of the movements in the field; our rejoicings were premature.

Late in the afternoon Lieutenant-Colonel More, who was now serving on General Willcox's staff, called for a detail from his old company, D, and after they had left the regiment informed them that he had special work for them to do that night. It was necessary to find the most direct road to Spottsylvania Court House, and the Colonel had a plan the execution of which, he thought, would secure a competent guide. Taking the men to our skirmish line he showed them a house, a half mile or more beyond our lines. "Now, boys," said he, "I want you to take a good look at that house and the surroundings, and get the bearings well fixed in your minds, for I want you to go there after dark and capture a rebel for me." The boys promised to do as desired, and after dark they successfully accomplished their task, bringing back a citizen, the occupant of the house, who was carefully guarded during the night. At daylight on the 9th the Colonel, with a detail of cavalry, started to lead the Ninth corps towards the objective point. "Now, sir," said he to the passive guide, "I want you to show us the most direct road to the Court House: if you do so you will be allowed to return to your own lines, as soon as we meet your troops; if you prove false and lead us away from the place you will be shot as soon as we discover your *mistake!*" Then turning to the cavalry escort he said: "Here, take this man, and the moment you find he is trying to play false, shoot him; if he leads you right, let him go when you meet the enemy" The guide did all that he promised, and piloted our advance until the rebel picket was encountered, when he was allowed to return within his own lines.

The Highlanders were turned out at three o'clock in the morning of the 9th, and at four were on the march. About the middle of the forenoon the advance of our division reached the vicinity of the Ny river, on the Spottsylvania-Fredericksburgh road, and found the cross-

ing guarded by a force of the enemy, which was promptly driven back across the river, and our brigade, with two batteries of artillery, crossed and occupied a hill about half a mile beyond, on the Beverly farm, owned or occupied by a Mr. Russell, the road in front of whose



house ran along the crest of the ridge. A portion of the brigade, with a new regiment in the advance, their skirmishers thrown well out, were deployed on the hill-side, a clear field of grass land, back of the house, while the Highlanders were held in reserve on the opposite side of the crest, in front of the house. About one hundred and twenty-five rods from the road, at the foot of the hill-side on which the troops were deployed, ran a small brook which emptied into the Ny river a short distance below, and beyond this, a rod or two, was a rail fence parallel with the stream; from there the ground, thickly covered with underbrush, which partly concealed the enemy who had just been driven across the river, gradually rose till the crest, about on a level with Russell's house, was reached.

Shortly before noon the enemy, now strongly reënforced, advanced in order to recover their lost ground. The skirmish line alluded to was composed of two companies of Indians—tame ones—and as this was the first time the regiment had been exposed in an open field, we watched their movements with a good deal of interest, wondering how they would stand the fire of Longstreet's veterans, who were rapidly advancing down the hill-side, keeping up a brisk skirmish fire at the same time. At first the advance regiment stood firm, returning the enemy's fire, but when the rebels, with a yell, jumped over the rail fence, crossed the brook and prepared to charge, the skirmish line broke, turned, and ran into their own regiment, throwing it into disorder, and causing a stampede. Back up the hill they came, pell-mell, yelling and shouting, as they crossed the road and encountered the Highlanders: "Get out of here, quick! The rebels are right upon us!"

We were expecting to "get out, quick," but not in the direction taken by our fleeing comrades, whom in vain we tried to stop in their panicky flight. Morrison's voice

was now heard—in as measured tones as though on parade: "Come, Seventy-Ninth! You 're wanted once more! Shake out your colors! Forward!"

As we advanced in line to the crest of the hill our right wing encountered the garden fence; fortunately the posts were rotten, and, yielding to the pressure of a hundred men, the fence was in a moment flat on the ground, and our line passed over without being broken. As we cleared the garden and appeared on the brow of the hill facing the enemy, they observed us, but steadily advanced. Now came the tug of war! Which side would yield? Not the Highlanders, certainly Down the hill we marched, receiving a scattering fire from the enemy, but not firing a shot in return. When within seventy rods of the foe, the command: "Charge bayonets! Double quick! March!" sent us down the hill with a cheer. The enemy first halted, delivered another volley, and then turned and fled! Back over the creek and rail fence they scampered, but we overtook some before those points were reached. An aid galloped after, with orders for us to halt at the rail fence, which afforded a slight shelter. The enemy meanwhile had recovered from their surprise, and as we formed behind the fence, opened a rattling fire of musketry on our ranks, by which three of our number were killed and eleven wounded. Both color bearers were severely wounded, while Colonel Morrison received an ugly wound which shattered his right hand. Reluctant to leave the field while the men were in such an exposed situation, he was at last compelled to do so, and the command of the regiment devolved on Captain Laing, who was ably assisted by Captains Gair and Baird. We maintained our position behind the fence for an hour or more, firing whenever a puff of smoke indicated the presence of the enemy; but the underbrush concealed their persons, and their shots were doubtless more effective than ours. While we held the enemy in check our

CHARGE OF THE HIGHLANDERS AT SICCESSYLVANIA.

demoralized associates were being re-formed and, with other regiments, were being established in good positions on the hillside below the Russell house. We expected either to be supported and sent in to drive the enemy further back, or else be recalled to our starting point, for the position we held was not one of importance, once our lines were firmly established.

We were now counting the days—yes, the hours—that intervened between that day and the 13th. During a lull in the firing, "Crackers," imitating the voice of a tired and peevish child, called out, loud enough for us all to hear: "I want to go home! Boo hoo! Boo hoo!" We could n't help laughing, but were soon brought to a sense of duty again by a rattling volley from the enemy, which wounded two or three more of our men. Early in the afternoon we retired about half way up the hill towards the Russell house, where the brigade threw up a rifle pit, behind which our line was established. The enemy had been foiled in the attempt to turn our left flank, and had fallen back. General Willcox gave us full credit for the part we had played. "Gallant Highlanders!" he exclaimed, "you have again saved my division!"

Late in the day a small drove of cattle was seen quietly grazing between the opposing picket lines; we thought it might be a decoy on the part of the enemy, and at first were disposed to let them alone. At last the desire for beefsteak overcame the fears of an ambush, and two or three of our men crawled out and drove several of the herd within our lines. Tenderloins toasted on our ramrods, or broiled on the coals, made a very palatable supper. Towards evening the enemy, supported by another brigade, and a battery of artillery, attempted again to force us from our position, but a few well-directed shots from our battery silenced their guns, and they gave up the attempt. While it was comparatively quiet in our immediate front during the evening, the artillery and

musketry rattled away on our right till near midnight We managed to snatch a little sleep during the night, and it was much needed, for we had none at all on the night of the 7th, and very little on the 8th; the men were so much worn out that they would frequently drop off asleep while standing in line, or throw themselves down for a moment or two, even while the regiment was under fire. General Sedgwick was killed during the forenoon while reconnoitering the enemy's lines, and the command of the Sixth corps devolved on General Wright. Late in the afternoon Hancock had advanced across the Po river, west of the court house, and at dark had established a line across the left flank of Lee s army

The battle was renewed early on the morning of the 10th, by Hancock, who pushed part of his force against the enemy, but he met with so much opposition that the movement was suspended in that direction, and the Fifth and Sixth corps were added to his command, in order that he might strike an effective blow at the enemy's left center. A severe engagement followed, which resulted in some temporary successes on the part of one or two of his divisions, but at night-fall no really important results had been obtained. The woods took fire during the engagement, and many of the wounded were burned to death. Nothing occurred in our immediate front till five in the afternoon, when we were ordered to advance, Grant being reported as saying that "the Court House must be taken at all hazards!"

The Highlanders determined to do their share. As we advanced across some open ground, the enemy opened a heavy fire of shell and case-shot, and their fire became so hot that we were compelled to halt, and seek cover for a few minutes. Re-forming again in column by regiments, the Highlanders leading, the brigade again advanced; we were close on the heels of our skirmishers, and advanced with steady ranks under a galling fire from the

enemy's guns, situated on a hill directly in our front. On reaching the foot of the hill we found the ground in our front covered with felled timber, which formed an almost impenetrable barrier—impassable to a column in line, certainly—and we were obliged to break ranks and scramble through as best we could. The regiments in our rear seemed to suffer the most from the shells of the enemy, which passed over our heads and burst behind us. The whole regiment was finally ordered to deploy on the skirmish line, and in this manner we worked our way through the slashed timber. Darkness came on while engaged in this work, but a portion of our line reached within a few rods of the enemy, for we could hear the voices of the rebels as they awaited our coming. Owing to the nature of the ground it was impossible, however, to get men enough in line to storm the heights, even had there been enough of daylight to warrant such an attempt. At midnight our line was formed within three hundred yards of the enemy's works, and the remainder of the night was occupied in forming a breast-work to secure ourselves when daylight should reveal our position. We were very tired, hungry and sleepy, but no sleeping was allowed. Several of our men had been wounded during the day, but we were thankful the result was not more serious.

During the advance late in the afternoon, we bore so much to the left that communication with the Sixth corps on our right was severed, and for an hour or two the Ninth was completely isolated from the rest of the army. During this critical period Burnside was near the front line, watching intently the movements of the enemy, nor did he retire until communication was again established. We had really turned the right of the rebel army, but the darkness prevented Burnside from fully realizing the fact, and when the Highlanders were left in their advanced position at midnight, the rest of the corps was

withdrawn some distance to the rear. Badeau says: "The results of this day, although disappointing, were not disheartening. * * * Although the fighting of the 10th of May had been bloody and continuous, although every corps had been engaged, and at the close no ground was won, no palpable result attained, still the sacrifices were not in vain. This day did its share to produce the result at which the general-in-chief was aiming." On the 11th Grant sent a despatch to the President, in which occured the famous sentence: "*I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all Summer.*"

Daylight of the 11th showed that the position occupied by the Highlanders was untenable, unless supported by the whole corps. We would certainly have been obliged to abandon it as soon as daylight discovered to the enemy our whereabouts, had it not been for the defence we had erected during the night. The day opened hot and sultry; our skirmish fire began at daylight, at seven the enemy opened with artillery, and two or three more of our men were wounded. At two in the afternoon, leaving a strong picket line at the front, in charge of Captain Baird, the rest of the regiment retired a short distance to the rear. At three o'clock a violent rain-storm set in, which continued till dark, and at half-past seven Burnside ordered the regiment back to its position at the front in support of the skirmish line. During the day the operations which had been carried on by the troops on our right, developed the fact, that a favorable point for attack existed on the right center of Lee's lines, and preparations were accordingly made for an assault early on the following morning. Hancock brought the Second corps to the right of the Ninth during the night, and Grant's orders were issued for an assault by both corps at four o'clock on the morning of the 12th. Potter's division was to lead the Ninth corps, supported by the First division, while our division, which bore the brunt of battle the day before, was to be held in reserve.

As the Highlanders, just after daylight, were moving to their position in line, Lieutenant-Colonel More appeared with orders for the regiment to report at General Burnside's headquarters, and when that place was reached we were ordered to perform provost-guard duty This day saw the culmination of the eight days' almost continuous fighting since the army crossed the Rapidan. Hancock had massed his command within twelve hundred yards of the rebel intrenchments, opposite a salient which extended in the form of the letter V, some four or five hundred yards in front of their main line, and against this the troops were hurled at five o'clock. Badeau well describes the assault, and from his account the following is gathered: The divisions of the Second corps rushed up, into, and beyond the enemy's position, driving through their ranks and breaking their line in two, then swinging round captured over four thousand prisoners of Ewell's corps, among whom were Major General Edward Johnson, commanding the division, and Brigadier-General Stewart. Twenty pieces of artillery, with their horses, caissons and material complete, several thousand stand of arms and thirty colors was the result of this brilliant charge. Burnside had moved a little earlier than Hancock, but the difficulties in his way were great, and although Potter succeeded in driving the enemy out of some of their intrenched positions, he was afterwards compelled to fall back. Before the day closed, however, portions of the enemy's lines had been driven back some two miles.

On the extreme right Warren made a very feeble attack, and his corps was finally broken up, two divisions being sent, one each, to the Second and Sixth corps. Five separate attacks were made on Hancock's captured salient, but the Second and Sixth corps held the ground. As the enemy still held an inner line no great advantage was gained by the day's fighting. It was midnight

before the enemy ceased their attacks, and a cold and drizzling rain was falling as they withdrew to their inner line.

About noon, as Potter's division was driven back, the enemy appeared to be moving heavy masses of infantry and artillery around to our left, and one or two of our batteries posted near headquarters opened on their lines. The commissary, fearing that we might be obliged to abandon our position, ordered a large quantity of stores to be made ready for burning, and we were told to help ourselves to what we wanted. Our haversacks were soon filled with crackers, coffee, tea and sugar — enough we thought to last us till we should arrive at Washington, for which place we expected to start on the following morning. When we pitched our shelter-tents in the evening we had about a hundred rebel prisoners in charge, captured during the day by the troops of the Ninth corps.

The eventful 13th of May dawned at last. As we looked into each other's eyes we could not but notice the appearance of relief which found expression through those "windows of the soul." The past week had been one of anxiety to us all—so near the expiration of our term of service, and yet engaged in the most bloody series of battles the Union army had ever fought. Many who had passed unscathed through all previous engagements had been either killed or wounded, and "whose turn next" was often in our thoughts. The danger seemed really greater — at least we realized it more — during this campaign than any other, and yet the Highlanders never fought better, never performed the duty assigned them more promptly or fearlessly, than since crossing the Rapidan. It was a source of satisfaction to know that those of us who had served three years had completed our term of service and were now entitled to an honorable discharge. Those of our number who

had a few months yet to serve expected to complete their term, unless sooner discharged, but hoped they might accompany the regiment home for a short furlough. Their hopes were realized, for the order directing us to leave the field made no exceptions. At five o'clock, and escorting the rebel prisoners, we began our march towards Fredericksburgh, reaching that place at two in the afternoon. Halting for dinner, we resumed our march in half an hour, and at half-past three halted for the night. The prisoners were quiet and orderly, and at night Companies B, H and I formed the guard, encircling the camp and keeping a watchful eye over our charge. At six o'clock on Saturday morning we were off again, and at one in the afternoon reached Belle Plain, where our prisoners were turned over to the proper authorities. The regiment then embarked on the steamboat General Hooker, and Alexandria was reached at seven in the evening. We marched to the Soldiers' Rest, where supper was served and where we remained for the night.

The beautiful State flag which had been voted to the regiment by the common council of the city of New York, and which had been sent on as far as Alexandria, was now exhibited. It was too nice looking to be carried in the field, the boys thought, but would look very well on Broadway. After breakfast on Sunday morning we went to the store house and got our knapsacks, which had been left there when we began our march in April. The river was then visited for a good bath, and when we donned our best clothes the men looked and felt much better. Colonel Farnsworth paid us a visit while here, and received a cordial greeting. In the evening the regimental baggage arrived, but too late for us to leave that night. On Monday, at noon, clothing was issued to all who needed any, and at three o'clock we found ourselves in Washington. We had supper at the Soldiers' Retreat, and at six o'clock were on the cars. Baltimore was

reached at ten o'clock, and marching to the Soldiers' Home we remained for the night. After breakfast on Tuesday we boarded the cars again, and at five in the afternoon reached Philadelphia. A short parade was made through the principal streets to the Camden and Amboy depot, and at the Union Refreshment Saloon we were treated to a fine supper. At eight o'clock we crossed the river, and an hour later were moving slowly on our way When Jersey City was reached, at half-past three on the morning of Wednesday, the 18th, we at once began to brush up for the reception of company

At eight o'clock the Caledonian club of New York arrived, and also a committee with "glengaries," one for each man in the regiment: these were distributed, and worn in place of our army caps. Crossing Court landt street ferry we planted our feet on New York soil at twenty minutes to eleven. Escorted by the Caledonians and the Seventh and Sixty-Ninth Militia regiments, we marched up Broadway to the City Hall, where the City Fathers received us; then up to Fourteenth street, to Sixth avenue, to Twenty-Third street, to Eighth avenue, to Greenwich street, to the Jefferson Market Armory where a fine collation had been prepared by the city authorities. After partaking of this we marched to the headquarters of the regiment, at the Mercer House, where we deposited our arms and were dismissed. Nothing need be said here of the meeting with relatives and friends. Many came to greet us whose loved ones were not in our ranks, but whose bodies occupied soldiers' graves on the spot where they fell, and who yielded up their lives that the survivors might enjoy peace.

In the evening the Caledonian club honored us with a banquet at the City Assembly rooms, and the regulation "wee sma hours avont the twal" were reached before "Auld Lang Syne" was sung and the comrades dispersed.

The work of preparing the muster-out rolls was begun at once, and on the 31st of the month the formality of muster-out was observed towards the original members. Those who were to return to the field were notified to hold themselves in readiness, while the veterans entered upon a season of rest and recreation which they had so richly earned.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LAST YEAR OF THE WAR.—SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.—CONCLUSION.

EFFORTS to Continue the Organization in the Field.—Captains Heffron and Baird Reënter the Service.—Departure of the Men for the Front.—On Duty at Headquarters, Eighteenth Army Corps.—Burnside's Self-abnegation.—Resumé of Operations in the Field.—Transfer of Highlanders to Ninth Army Corps Headquarters.—In Front of Petersburg.—Hatcher's Run.—Lieutenant-Colonel Elliot Assists in Obtaining Recruits for the Regiment.—Reörganization.—Fort Stedman.—The Final Assault.—Sutherland Station.—Lee's Surrender.—Half a Pint of Whiskey for a Brigade.—At Alexandria.—Return Home.—The Militia Regiment After the War.—Regiment Disbanded.—The Veteran Organization.—Final Reflections.—Death of General Grant.—Chaplain Kennedy's Verses.

THE records show that when the Highlanders returned to New York, all the commissioned officers had served three years—the term of their enlistment—and were mustered out. The number of enlisted men whose time had not expired was one hundred and seventeen. After a brief season allowed them for visiting their relatives and friends, these men were sent to the general rendezvous at Hart's Island, there to await the action of the Government. The friends of the regiment were desirous that the organization should be continued in the field as the Seventy-Ninth Highlanders till the close of the war, and measures were taken to recruit a sufficient number to fill up the ranks. Colonel Morrison recommended Captains Heffron and A. D. Baird as suitable officers to take charge of the men, and they promptly volunteered their services to accompany the men to the field as soon as that time should

arrive. The popularity of these officers induced others who had been mustered out to reënlist, and before the close of the War the regiment was stronger in numbers than at any time during 1863 or 1864.

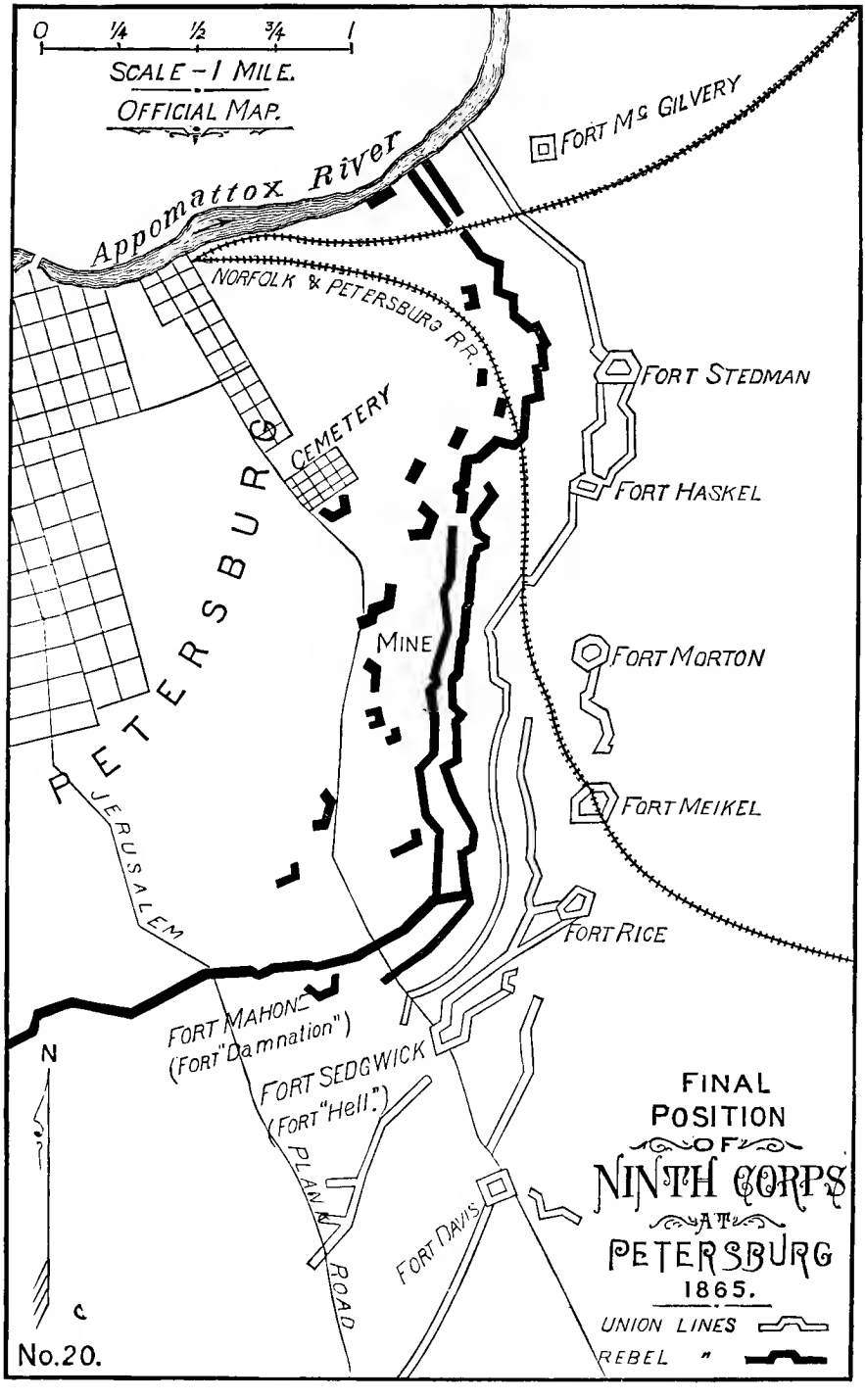
Seventeen of the men, who had but a few days to serve, were mustered out before June 11th, at which time Brigadier-General N. I. Jackson, commanding at Hart's Island, issued "Special Order No. 146," of which the following is an extract: "In pursuance of Special Orders No. 130, par. II, dated office of the A. A. Provost Marshal General, New York City, June 8th, 1864, Captain Baird, of the 79th New York Volunteers, will proceed on board steamer 'Varuna,' *en route* to Fortress Monroe, and take charge of the following detachment of enlisted men for the Army of the Potomac, whose term of service has not expired, viz.: For 79th N. Y. Vols., one hundred (100) men." Besides these there were a large number of men for other regiments, including some drafted men and stragglers, all of whom Captain Baird safely delivered to the authorities at Fort Monroe.

The colors which the regiment had carried during its previous term of service, were consigned to the keeping of our comrades who had helped us win laurels under their folds, and we felt assured they would be carried as honorably and guarded as jealously through subsequent campaigns as they had been when we stood shoulder to shoulder in previous battles. Before leaving New York the men were formed into two companies, A and B, and on arriving at their destination and reporting to General Butler, they were ordered into camp at Hampton. A day or two after their arrival the detachment was joined by Captain Heffron. On the 19th they were sent to Camp Distribution, uncertain as to what disposition would ultimately be made of them; but old friends were looking after their interests, for as soon as Colonel Bowen, who had been on General Potter's staff when the regi-

ment was in the field, and who was now serving on that of General W F Smith, heard of their arrival, he secured their assignment as provost guard of the Eighteenth corps, Army of the James, commanded by General Smith. This transfer was made on the 20th ; the corps was in front of Petersburg, and the Highlanders assumed their duties at once. Captain Heffron was appointed Provost Marshal of the corps, which removed him to the staff of General Smith, and the command of the men devolved on the competent shoulders of Captain A. D. Baird.

Let us look back for a moment, and see what the army has done since the Highlanders left the field on the 13th of May Minor engagements occupied the time from then until the 20th, when the army moved towards the North Anna river, which was reached on the 23d. From that date till the 27th some severe fighting occurred, with a total loss to the Union army of over eleven hundred men. The Ninth corps had been consolidated with the Army of the Potomac on the 24th, and Burnside was then under the direction of General Meade. Badeau, who has severely criticised Burnside's military ability, says, regarding this matter : "On every occasion during the war, when there was need, Burnside displayed the same heroic self-abnegation. * * * The purity of his patriotism and the loftiness of his public spirit were unsurpassed."

Failing to force his way through the enemy's lines on the North Anna, Grant continued his flank movements by the left, and marched down to Hanover Town on the Pamunky, which river is formed by the union of the North and South Anna rivers, and the crossing was effected without serious opposition on the part of the enemy The base of supplies, and the immense train of over four thousand wagons, were now transferred to White House, on the York river, where communication


0 1/4 1/2 3/4 1
SCALE - 1 MILE.
OFFICIAL MAP.
Appomattox River
FORT Mc GILVERY
NORFOLK & PETERSBURG R.R.
CEMETERY
PETERSBURG
FORT STEDMAN
FORT HASKEL
MINE
FORT MORTON
FORT MEIKEL
JERUSALEM
FORT RICE
FORT MAHON
("Damnation")
FORT SEDGWICK
("Hell.")
PLANK ROAD
FORT DAVIS
N
FINAL
POSITION
OF
NINTH CORPS
AT
PETERSBURG
1865.
UNION LINES
REBEL "
No.20.

was had with the North by means of steamers. At Cold Harbor the Union Army again encountered the Confederates, and from the 1st to the 12th of June, a series of bloody battles were fought, which cost the army of the Potomac and of the James, nearly fifteen thousand men. This was the scene of the battle of Gaines' Mill in 1862, and the ground was familiar to many who were again pitted against the veterans of Lee. The losses in killed, wounded and missing, during the campaign from May 5th to June 12th, inclusive, were about forty-nine thousand, besides which about ten thousand had been sent away, sick. Badeau's estimate of the enemy's loss during the same period is thirty thousand.

Grant had now forced the rebel army so close to Richmond, that nothing was left but a direct assault on their intrenchments, in case he wished to capture the city, but it was the Confederate Army more than the Capital that he was after. Another reason against a direct assault was that Grant was unwilling to adopt a plan that would, even if successful, entail such an enormous sacrifice of life, and so he moved his army south of the James River and advanced on Petersburg, hoping to capture that stronghold before Lee could concentrate his troops to oppose him. Grant was directing, in person, the most important campaign of the war. With all the armies of the Union under his command, he arranged their movements with a view of accomplishing the greatest amount of good to the cause, and if by waiting till Sherman had "cut the Confederacy in twain," by his bold and brilliant march to the sea, more could be accomplished towards ending the war, than by a direct assault on Richmond, he purposed to "fight it out on that line."

The Highlanders performed the duty assigned them in a creditable manner, but often wished to be with their old comrades of the Ninth corps, many of whom they frequently met, as the two corps were posted near each

other during the siege. Finally Captain Heffron made application to General Parke, who had succeeded to the command of the Ninth corps on the retirement of General Burnside about the middle of August, and on the 10th of September the transfer was made, and the Highlanders assigned to the same duty at those headquarters. Besides headquarters duty the command was frequently called upon in emergencies to take position at the front, and on the 27th of October, at Hatcher's Run, were actively engaged, although no casualties occurred in their ranks.

Strong efforts were being made to recruit the ranks up to the maximum, in order to entitle the command to a regimental organization. Our ex-Lieutenant-Colonel, Samuel M. Elliot, had received authority, just before the regiment returned to New York in May, to raise a regiment, to be called the "Cameron Rifle Highlanders." Little progress had been made, however, and on the 9th of November that authority was revoked, and he was authorized to recruit, instead, the ranks of the Seventy-Ninth. The men he had already enrolled were formed into two companies, C and D, and sent to the front, and in January, 1865, another company, E, was forwarded, and in March Company F was organized in the field from recruits forwarded from Elmira. Captain Baird had been ordered on to New York for the purpose of assisting in the matter, and he found Lieutenant-Colonel Elliot enthusiastic in his efforts to benefit the regiment and perpetuate the record of the Highlanders.

When Captain Baird returned with the last lot of recruits a thorough reörganization was effected. Captain Heffron was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain Baird Major and Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet; while the following men, all of whom had been non-commissioned officers during their previous term of service, were made captains: of Company A, Francis W Judge; Company B, James McLean; Company C, Alex-

ander L. Baird; Company D, James S. King; Company E, James Jones; Company F, Alfred Douglass. These officers had already been distinguished for bravery in the field, and their promotion was simply the reward of faithful services, and it was well assured that their future record would be as bright as that won with their former comrades. First and second lieutenants were also commissioned; those men who had served longest being given the preference.

Outpost as well as guard duty served to keep the Highlanders busy and a number of casualties occurred during the many strategic movements of the besieging army while in front of Petersburg. On the 25th of March, when the enemy broke through the Union lines and temporarily captured Fort Stedman, the regiment was engaged with the troops sent to drive back the Confederates, in which operation they were entirely successful. The enemy were not only driven back and our own works recaptured by the Ninth corps, but the troops pressed on, and, assisted by the Second corps, captured an intrenched picket line of the enemy's, which enabled our troops to establish a new line, and from which the Sixth and Ninth corps advanced to the final and successful assault on the 2nd of April.

On the 30th, General Parke was ordered to assault the enemy's lines, and the point of attack being left to his own discretion, he selected that opposite Fort Sedgwick, more familiarly and profanely known among the men as Fort "Hell." The Highlanders were temporarily relieved from duty at headquarters and ordered into the fort as its garrison, and Potter's and Hartranft's divisions, which had been selected to make the assault, were formed in the rear and under cover of the fort. Orders were soon received from General Meade, however, to defer the assault, as the other troops which were to coöperate had not attained their proper positions on the left.

The next day, April 1st, orders were again issued for the assault, but it was not till after nightfall that any advance was made. A portion of the enemy's outer line was carried and a number of prisoners captured, but their main line of works proved, in the darkness, an insurmountable obstacle, and during the night our men were withdrawn, and preparations made to renew the assault in the morning. Before daylight on the morning of the 2nd, General Parke established his headquarters at Fort Rice, half a mile northwest of Fort Sedgwick. General Willcox, whose division was in front of Fort Stedman, was to make a feint at that point, while Generals Potter and Hartranft were to make the real assault in front, and to the left of, the fort occupied by the Highlanders. Our men were well pleased with their position in the fort, and considered themselves fortunate in being assigned to a duty less dangerous than that allotted to the assaulting column.

Hartranft's division was now formed in front of the fort, with one brigade of Willcox's division on his right, his left extending towards the Jerusalem plank road; while Potter's division was placed with its right resting on that road. Before it was light our artillery opened and General Willcox advanced. Colonel Ely, of the Eighth Michigan, commanding his brigade, was on the extreme right, while Colonel Bolton commanded the brigade that advanced towards the vicinity of the mine. These two brigades performed the task allotted them so well, that a large force of the enemy was concentrated in their front. It was not yet light—only half-past four—when the main attack was ordered. Woodbury's account, from which a part of the above has been gleaned, is as follows:

"They (Hartranft's division) were received with a storm of grape, canister and musketry, but through the deadly tempest they advanced with an intrepidity which

showed that the Ninth corps had not lost the ancient daring. They plunged through the ditch, tore away the abattis, scaled the walls, swept over the parapets and carried the works. * * * General Potter's division advanced upon the left, in the face of a terrific fire, which made dreadful rents in the attacking column. The enemy's line in the part which General Potter assailed was heavily fortified, and it was necessary to drive him from traverse to traverse in a hand-to-hand conflict. * * * The enemy was very tenacious and fought with great resolution, but was finally obliged to yield before the progress of our troops. For a quarter of a mile he was borne back into an interior line of works, where he was strongly reënforced, and was enabled to check the advancing columns. A very daring but unsuccessful attempt was made to carry this inner position, in the midst of which General Potter fell, very severely wounded. General Griffin succeeded to the command of the division. * * *

"It was now daylight. The operations thus far had been very successful. The enemy's line, to the distance of four hundred yards on each side of the Jerusalem plank road, including several forts and redans, had been taken by our troops. Meanwhile, the Sixth, Second, and portions of the Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Fifth corps, had attacked from the left, and succeeded in carrying a part of the opposing lines in their front, with two thousand prisoners and at least fifteen pieces of artillery. * * * Before the day had passed, it reached the banks of the Appomattox on the southwest side of Petersburg. * * * The Ninth corps, after its first successful assault, received orders to hold on to what it had already gained. General Parke had attacked the enemy's main line, while the other corps had attacked another line, which might be occupied without securing possession of the city * * *

"It was useless to contend against fate. General Lee, beaten on the flank and front, prepared to abandon the position which he had so long and skillfully defended. * * * At two o'clock on the morning of the 3d the enemy's pickets were still out. They were doubtless withdrawn very soon afterwards, for at four o'clock when our skirmishers advanced they met with no resistance. The troops were immediately put in motion and entered the city at all points. Of the Ninth corps, Colonel Ely's brigade was the first to pass the enemy's works, and Colonel Ely himself received the formal surrender of the city. At half-past four the First Michigan Sharpshooters raised their flag upon the Court House and Petersburg was ours!"

The Highlanders were now ordered to return to corps headquarters. They marched into the city with the other troops, but did not remain long. General Willcox was made Military Governor and remained with his division to hold the place, while the other two divisions, with the Sixth corps, pursued the retreating enemy. Sutherland Station, eight miles west of the city, on the South-side railroad, was reached late in the afternoon, where corps headquarters were established, and here the regiment remained until the surrender of the Confederate Army at Appomattox on the 9th. On that memorable day, when the Union Army witnessed the collapse of the rebellion, and realized that the long and bloody war was virtually over, the Highlanders rejoiced with all their comrades, for peace was now assured, and "the citizen soldiers" had made a record of which they were justly proud, and which is well worthy of being handed down to generations yet unborn.

For a short time after the surrender, while the command was at Burkesville Junction, Lieutenant-Colonel Heffron was busily employed in furnishing transportation for the ex-Confederates, while details from the

command were scattered about acting as guards to persons and property Large numbers of Lee's soldiers were encamped near by, many of whom were *not* in a very repentant frame of mind. One of this class, a brigadier-general, presented himself at Colonel Heffron's quarters one day, and, in a somewhat haughty manner, asked for a ration of whiskey for his "brigade." It was only the day before that news of Lincoln's assassination reached the army, and it was with considerable difficulty that some of our hot-headed comrades were prevented from coming to blows, or even worse, with the hot-heads on the other side. Heffron was too much of a gentleman, however, to alter his demeanor towards the unfortunate Southerners, even under such trying circumstances, so long as they behaved themselves and kept quiet; but this request — almost a demand — for whiskey, at that time, was more than he could endure. He bit his lip, sat down at his table and wrote on a piece of paper:

"The commissary will furnish General — — —, late of the Confederate army, with *half a pint* of whiskey for his brigade.

HENRY G. HEFFRON, Lieutenant-Colonel,
and Provost-Marshal, Ninth Army Corps."

This he handed to the applicant, turned on his heel, and went into another apartment. The brigadier read the slip, tore it into bits, and walked out.

On the 19th the regiment reached City Point, and from there went to Alexandria, of which city Colonel Heffron was appointed Provost-Marshal. He was also ordered to establish a "Provisional Camp," for the accommodation of troops passing through on their way to Washington, and details from the regiment were made to assist in the work. Two companies, under

command of Captain Alexander L. Baird, were detailed for special duty as guard at Mount Vernon, during the stay of the corps at Alexandria. When the grand review was held in Washington, on the 22nd and 23d of May, the Highlanders formed a part of the pageant, after which they returned to Alexandria, where they remained till mustered out on the 14th of July On their arrival in New York they were received by the veterans of the regiment and a company each from the Seventh and Sixty-Ninth militia. At the rendezvous at Hart's Island they were paid off and dismissed, thus ending the record of the Seventy-Ninth Highlanders in the war of rebellion.

THE REORGANIZED MILITIA REGIMENT.

Many of the veterans who had been mustered out in 1864, maintained their connection with the National Guard of the State, under the original designation of a militia regiment, and after the return of the "men of '65" a reörganization was effected, although very many who had served in the field had no desire or taste for "playing" soldier during civil life. Our ex-colonel, Addison Farnsworth, was the first colonel under the new dispensation, but he soon resigned, and was succeeded by Colonel John G. Shaw, and on his retiring Colonel Joseph Laing was elected to the vacancy Under his energetic administration the old militia spirit was for a time revived, and the regiment bade fair to resume its honorable place among the citizen soldiery of the State, but, unfortunately for the desires and hopes of the members, the existence of the organization was about to end. The Adjutant-General of the State, in order to secure greater efficiency in the militia, had decided to pursue a weeding-out process, and those regiments failing, from lack of numerical strength, to attain a certain standard were ordered to be mustered out of the service. Among these was the Seventy-Ninth Highlanders, and although Colonel Laing made strenuous efforts to save his command, his exertions proved futile. On the 6th of January, 1876, the disbandment took place, and the militia organization also passed into history When disbanded the officers were: Colonel, Joseph Laing; adjutant, Thomas D Hughes; surgeon, James Norval; chaplain, Rev Stiffler Merritt, Jr.; captains, William C Clark, Alonzo Dutch, Joseph Ross, William A. Devou, William Lindsay and John H. Munroe.

THE VETERAN ORGANIZATION

OFFICERS FOR 1885 86.

President, ANDREW D. BAIRD.
No. 130 Hewes street, Brooklyn, N. Y
Vice-President, THOMAS MOORE.
No. 378 Pearl street, New York, N Y
Secretary, JOSEPH MATHEWS.
No. 1080 Fourth avenue, New York, N Y
Treasurer, JOHN H. TENNANT.
No. 4 Seventh avenue, New York, N. Y

This organization, to which all honorably discharged members of the regiment are eligible, was formed soon after the close of the war. Quarterly meetings are held, and the welfare of those of our number unfortunate in civil life, carefully looked after. Those who have been blessed with health and a little more wealth than is necessary for their own needs, have been liberal contributors to the cause of charity, and the world will never know of half that has been dispensed, for the most liberal givers are those who obey the scriptural injunction, and do not let their left hand know what their right hand giveth.

On each recurring anniversary of our original enlistment, May 13th, reunions are held, and as report is made of this, that or the other comrade who has received his final discharge from the ranks, in order to accept promotion to the Grand Army above, the survivors are reminded that the day is approaching when the last of the Highlanders shall be permitted to join the great majority who have gone before. Till that time comes, may each of us ever bear in mind the great principles

for which we suffered and fought, and for which so many of our comrades laid down their lives; may we always remember, too, that the war closed many years ago, and that the survivors of those over whom we were then victorious are now as never before our "fellow citizens;" may we know neither North nor South, "Rebel" nor "Yankee," but, with malice towards none and charity for all, live and labor together for the welfare of our undivided country

While these pages were in preparation for the press, word came to us from Mount McGregor that our great Captain was no more. After a lingering illness, General Grant died on the 23d of July, 1885.

The motto of the Grants—"Stand fast, Craigellachie"—is his eulogy and his epitaph. His name and his fame in the hearts of "the Highlanders," and of his countrymen, whose country he saved, will "stand fast," like the cliffs in the heather, and gather glory with the years.

Over sixty of the veterans of the regiment, with the tattered fragments of the old flags muffled in crape, followed the General's remains to the tomb. They were with him at Vicksburg and in the Wilderness, and they were with him at the last. We close our record with the Chaplain's verses, which were recited by one of the veterans at our meeting after the funeral:

GRANT'S BURIAL.

BY CRAMMOND KENNEDY.

THEY rise to join thy burial march,
Thy valiant captains and the men
Who won thy battles with their blood,
They rise to follow thee again—
To death that seals thine endless fame—
They rise, the dead, unseen and dumb,
From Lookout Mountain's utmost heights,
From Chattanooga's slopes they come.

They come from Shiloh, and the ranks
  That fell at Vicksburg form again;
At Donelson the roll is called,
  The Wilderness is full of men.
From grass-grown fort and trench they come,
  From gory Spottsylvania, down,
Cold Harbor way, across the James,
  To Petersburg and Richmond town.

From Reseca and Kenesaw,
  Atlanta—over to the sea—
Wherever broke the waves of war—
  For all our hosts were led by thee.
And as they muster on the fields
  Where erst they lay, at rest, or dying,
They carry still the starry flag,
  O man of men that kept it flying!

Yes; from the silent shadowy land,
  Along thy last triumphal way,
With marshal'd hosts that wore the blue
  Come marshal'd hosts that wore the gray!
The dead and living—North and South—
  (Such blessed glory, Grant, is thine)
In love and grief unite to make
  Thy memory and death divine.

* * * * * * *

Magnanimous, thou could'st not stoop
  To petty, mean or devious ways;
Whate'er betided, thou wert first
  To take the brunt, or share the praise.
Unjustly blamed, thou silence kept,
  Serene in triumph and disaster,
With all thy soul upon thy work,
  And ever of thyself the master.

Thy faith was great—it never failed—
  And thou didst labor and endure
As seeing the invisible,
  Unfalt'ring, undisturb'd, and sure.
Advancing—like the tide; at bay—
  Like thine ancestral rock to stand,
And wielding all the nation's powers
  To single purpose through the land.

When Lee, the lion of the South,
  At Appomattox vanquish'd lay,
And myriads hail'd thee conqueror,
  Thy thoughts from pride were far away.
Thy prayer was "Peace," and thou didst send
  Thy pris'ners home, that April morn,
When thou hadst fed them, and released
  Both man and horse, "to plow for corn."

Great Captain, modest, patient, leal,
  Fearless and steadfast as the stars,
Thy simple heart and spotless life
  Are worth the glory of thy wars.
As ages come and ages go,
  The race of men shall rarely see
A man in such vicissitudes
  Arise and bear himself like thee.

ROSTER OF COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Owing to the difficulty — nay, the almost impossibility — of making a complete record of the enlisted men who served in the regiment during the war, and for other reasons not necessary to mention here, it has been thought best to attempt nothing more than a roster of commissioned officers. The roster of New York troops prepared by the U. S. and State governments, the report of the State Adjutant-General for 1868 — for a copy of which the author is indebted to that office — and the muster-out rolls of the regiment for '64 and '65, have been compared for the purpose of making the list complete. As in nearly every case the date of rank antedates that of commission or muster-in, the former alone is given.

Names only appear once, and under the caption of highest rank attained in the regiment. Among the line officers the dates of intermediate rank are not given; the authorities consulted differed, and it was found impracticable to obtain correct dates. It may be understood that the majority of captains and first lieutenants passed through the lower grades. Where May 31st, 1864, is given as date of muster-out it indicates the end of three years' service; that of July 14th, 1865, indicates muster-out at the close of the war.

COLONELS.

JAMES CAMERON. Elected from civil life, June, 1861; killed, while leading the regiment in a charge on the Henry Hill, at Bull Run, Va., July 21st, 1861.

ISAAC INGALLS STEVENS. Graduated from Military Academy at West Point in 1839, Second Lieutenant of Engineers; First Lieutenant in 1840. Served in the Mexican War from Vera Cruz to Capture of City of Mexico. Brevetted Captain for gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco, and Major for Chapultepec. From 1849 to 1853 was in charge of Coast Survey office. Appointed Governor of Washington Territory in March, 1853, and for four years was engaged in administering its affairs, suppressing Indian revolts and making treaties. Elected Delegate to Congress in 1857 and served till 1861, when he was appointed Colonel of the regiment. Brigadier-General September 28th, 1861; Major-General July 4th, and killed at Chantilly, Va., September 1st, 1862.

ADDISON FARNSWORTH. A veteran of the Mexican War, which he entered as Second Lieutenant and won the rank of Major. Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-Eighth N. Y. Vols., which he commanded at Bull Run.

Appointed Colonel by Governor Morgan, December 17th, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 30th, 1862, and resigned in consequence, February 17th, 1863, and was transferred to Invalid corps. Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Vols., September 27th, 1865.

DAVID MORRISON. Captain of Company E, May 13th; Major, October 31st; Lieutenant-Colonel, December 3d, 1861; Colonel, February 17th, 1863; Mustered out, May 31st, 1864. Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Vols., March 13th, 1865.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.

SAMUEL M. ELLIOT. May 13th, resigned August —, 1861. Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Vols., March 13th, 1865.

WILLIAM NOBLES. Appointed from civil life in November, and resigned in December, 1861.

JOHN MORE. First Lieutenant Company D, May 13th; Captain, October 2nd, 1861; Major, November 17th, 1862; Lieutenant-Colonel, February 17th, 1863. Mustered out, May 31st, 1864.

HENRY G. HEFFRON. Hospital Steward of the regiment, May 13th; First Lieutenant Company K, November 21st, 1861; Captain, Company B, September 1st, 1862. Mustered out, May 31st, 1864. Accompanied the detachment to the field in June, 1864. Commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, January 26th, and mustered out July 14th; Brevet Colonel N. Y. Vols., 1865.

MAJORS.

DAVID MCLELLAN, May 13th; resigned August 10th, 1861.

FRANCIS L. HAGADORN. December 17th, 1861; resigned May 12th, 1862.

WILLIAM ST. GEORGE ELLIOT. First Lieutenant Company I, May 13th, 1861; Captain Company E, January 19th; Major, May 12th, commissioned in June; severely wounded at Chantilly, September 1st, and resigned in consequence, September 29th, 1862.

WILLIAM SIMPSON. Private Company C, May 13th, 1861; Second Lieutanant, ———; First Lieutenant, January 19th; Captain Company C, March 27th, 1862; Major, February 17th, 1863. Mustered out, May 31st, 1864.

ANDREW D. BAIRD. Private Company A, May 13th, 1861; Second Lieutenant, ———; First Lieutenant, Company K, October 16th, 1862; Captain, February 27th, 1863. Mustered out, May 31st, 1864. Accompanied the detachment to the field in June, 1864. Commissioned Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, January 26th; Mustered out July 14th, 1865.

ENGINEER.

JOHN J. SHAW. Captain, May 13th, but not mustered; resigned June, 1861.

ADJUTANTS

(WITH RANK OF FIRST LIEUTENANT).

DAVID IRELAND. May 13th. Promoted to captain in regular army in August, and transferred in September, 1861.

HAZARD STEVENS. Volunteer private, September 6th; First Lieutenant and Adjutant, September 26th; Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. Vols., Octobor 19th, 1861; Major and Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. Vols., October 13th; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel of U. S. Vols., August 1st; Brevet Colonel U. S. Vols., October 19th, 1864, and Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Vols., April 2nd, 1865. Mustered out, September 30th, 1865.

LAWRENCE BEATTIE. First Sergeant Company C, May 13th; Adjutant, October 16th, 1861; resigned, May 18th, 1862.

JOHN F COULTER. Second Lieutenant Company B, January 7th; Adjutant, May 17th; resigned, October 3d, 1862.

JAMES GILMOUR. Second Lieutenant, January 19th; Adjutant, September 30th 1862. Captured at Jackson, Miss., July 10th, 1863; escaped, December 8th, and mustered out December 24th, 1864.

JOHN SHEARER. June 15; mustered out, July 14th, 1865.

QUARTERMASTERS

(WITH RANK OF FIRST LIEUTENANT).

PATRICK HOME. May, 13th; not mustered; resigned June, 1861.

W A. L. OSTRANDER. First Lieutenant Company C, May 13th; Quartermaster, June —; resigned October 3d, 1861.

GEORGE D. MARTIN. Private Company B, May 13th; Quartermaster, October 20th, 1861. Mustered out, May 31st, 1864.

SURGEONS

(WITH RANK OF MAJOR).

JAMES NORVAL. May 13th; captured at Bull Run, July 21st, while caring for the wounded; resigned April, 1862.

JOHN E. MCDONALD. January 23d, 1862. Transferred to regular army, April 13th, 1863.

ANDREW T. FITCH. Assistant Surgeon, ———; Surgeon, May 5th, 1863. Mustered out, May 31st, 1864.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS

(WITH RANK OF FIRST LIEUTENANT).

ANDREW MCLETCHIE. June 26th, 1861; captured at Bull Run, while caring for the wounded; resigned April, 1862.

ANDREW MELVILLE. September 11th, 1862; resigned April, 1863.

DAVID MACKAY. May 5th, 1863. Mustered out, May 31st, 1864.

RICHARD T. MEAD. July 8th, 1863. Mustered out, May 31st, 1864.

CHAPLAINS

(WITH RANK OF CAPTAIN).

GEORGE S. DOUGHTY. May 13th, not mustered; resigned June, 1861.

PETER RIZER. Appointed in June; resigned December 15th, 1861.

JAMES C. WYATT. February 20th, 1862; died July 10th, 1863.

CRAMMOND KENNEDY. September 16th, 1863; mustered out May 31st, 1864; Brevet Major, N. Y. Vols.

BAND MASTER.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON. First Lieutenant, May 13th, 1861. Mustered out, by order of War department, August 18th, 1862.

CAPTAINS.

ROBERT ARMOUR. Private Company C, May 13th, 1861; Captain Company C, February 17th, 1863. Mustered out, May 31st, 1864.

ALEXANDER L. BAIRD. Private December 9th, 1861; reënlisted October 10th, 1864; Captain, January 26th. Mustered out, July 14th, 1865.

THOMAS BARCLAY. Company C, May 13th; discharged, August 12th, 1861.

DAVID BROWN. Company D, May 13th; killed at Battle of Bull Run, July 21st, 1861.

ROBERT CAMPBELL. First Lieutenant Company H, May 13th, 1861; Captain, May 16th; resigned, July 13th, 1862.

JAMES CHRISTIE. Company F, May 13th; dismissed, September 10th, 1861.

WILLIAM C. CLARK. Corporal Company E, May 13th, 1861; Captain, April 15th, 1863; mustered out, May 31st, 1864. Brevet Major, September 23d, 1867.

JAMES E. COULTER. Company H, May 13th; resigned, November 1st, 1861, Brevet Major and Lieutenant-Colonel N. Y. Vols.

ALFRED DOUGLASS. Private Company D, August 5th, 1862; Captain, May 1st; mustered out, July 14th, 1865.

HENRY A. ELLIS. Company K, May 13th; transferred to Seventeenth U. S. Infantry, November 14th, 1861. Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel N. Y Vols., 1865.

JAMES A. FARRISH. Company B, May 13th; wounded and captured at Bull Run, July 21st, 1861; exchanged early in 1862, and resigned to accept promotion, September 25th, 1862, when he was appointed Paymaster, with rank of Major of Cavalry. Mustered out, January, 1866. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel N. Y Vols.

ROBERT GAIR. First Sergeant Company C, May 13th, 1861; Captain, September 23d, 1862. Mustered out, May 31st, 1864.

KEITH GILMORE. First Sergeant Company G, May 13th, 1861; Captain Company I, January 20th; resigned April 19th, 1863.

JOHN GLENDINNING. Private Company A, May 13th, 1861; Captain, March 6th, 1863. Mustered out, May 31st, 1864.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM. First Sergeant Company H, May 13th, 1861; Captain, January 19th, 1862; resigned April 28th, 1863.

JAMES INNES. Private Company I, September 26th, 1861; mustered out, September 26th, and reënlisted October 8th, 1864; Captain, January 26th; mustered out, July 14th, 1865.

WALTER B. IVES. Second Lieutenant Company G, May 13th; captured at Bull Run, July 21st, 1861; Captain, February 28th, 1862; dismissed, March 6th, 1863.

FRANCIS W. JUDGE. Private Company K, May 13th, 1861; mustered out, as First Sergeant, May 31st, 1864. Reënlisted February 8th; Captain, February 21st; mustered out, July 14th, 1865. Brevet Major N. Y. Vols.

JAMES S. KING. Enlisted October 7th, 1864; Captain, June 15th, and mustered out July 14th, 1865.

JOSEPH LAING. Company G, May 13th; severely wounded at Bull Run, July 21st, 1861. Mustered out, May 31st, 1864.

WILLIAM T. LUSK. Captain Company K, January 19th, 1862; resigned February 28th, 1863.

WILLIAM MANSON. Company A, May 13th; captured at Bull Run, July 21st, 1861; exchanged, ———; resigned, March 29th, 1862.

KENNETH MATHIESON. First Lieutenant Company C, May 13th, 1861; Captain, January 19th; discharged March 28th, 1862.

JAMES McLEAN. Private Company —, August 28th, 1862; Captain, January 26th; mustered out July 14th, 1865.

ROBERT McNIE. First Lieutenant Company F, May 13th, 1861; Captain, ———; resigned May 18th, 1862.

WILLIAM S. MONTGOMERY. Sergeant Company F, May 13th, 1861; Captain, June 27th, 1862. Mustered out, May 31st, 1864.

GEORGE W. PIER. Second Lieutenant Company I, May 13th, 1861; Captain, May 12th; discharged September 25th, 1862.

ROBERT T. SHILLINGLAW. Captain Company I, May 13th; wounded and captured at Bull Run, July 21st, 1861; resigned January 20th, 1863.

SAMUEL F. WALLACE. Private Company D, May 13th, 1861; Captain Company H, April 28th, 1863; mustered out May 31st, 1864.

JOHN WINDSOR. Sergeant-Major, May 13th, 1861; Captain Company D, ———; mustered out May 31st, 1864.

HUGH YOUNG. Private Company F, June, 1862; Captain, June 15th, and resigned June 26th, 1865.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

SAMUEL ALLEYNE. April 8th; mustered out July 14th, 1865.

NATHAN K. ARNOLD. Private, December 22nd, 1862; First Lieutenant January 26th; mustered out July 14th, 1865.

JAMES B. AYRES. Company E, May 13th; discharged August 1st, 1861.

PAUL BRODIE. Private Company F, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant July 9th; transferred to Signal Corps March 3d, 1863.

ROBERT CAMPBELL. Company H, May 13th, 1861; resigned July 16th, 1862.

ROBERT M. CLARK. Sergeant Company A, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant January 19th; resigned November 12th, 1862.

JAMES L. DICK. Company G, May 13th, 1861; resigned ———1861.

JOHN S. DINGWALL. Corporal Company A, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant Company K, February 27th, 1863; mustered out May 31st, 1864.

JAMES DONALDSON. Private Company D, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant April 15th, 1863; mustered out May 31st, 1864.

SAMUEL R. ELLIOT. Company K, May 13th; resigned September, 1861.

DAVID G. FALCONER. Second Lieutenant Company B, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant February 28th; wounded at Antietam, September 17th, 1862; transferred to staff duty as A. A. I. G. in March, and to Veteran Reserve Corps July 20th, 1863; mustered out July 20th, 1866.

JOHN A. FALCONER. Second Lieutenant Company D, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant January 19th; resigned March, 1862.

JAMES W FLANNELEY. November 18th, 1864; mustered out July 14th, 1865.

FRANCIS GALLAGHER. Private, December 24th, 1863; First Lieutenant, January 26th; mustered out July 14th, 1865.

WILLIAM GRAY. Private Company C, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant, July 4th, 1863; transferred to First U. S. Heavy Artillery, colored, February, 1864.

GAVIN HAMILTON. First Sergeant Company E, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant, January 19th; discharged May 16th, 1862.

THOMAS HAMILTON. Private Company E, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant, February 17th, 1863; mustered out, May 31st, 1864.

GEORGE HOWIESON. Private Company C, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant, April 28th, 1863; mustered out May 31st, 1864.

GEORGE H. LADLEY. Private Company G, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant, December 10th, 1863; mustered out May 31st, 1864.

CHARLES LOWEN. Private Company B, February 11th, 1862; mustered out February 11th, reënlisted; First Lieutenant, May 1st; mustered out July 14th, 1865.

DAVID J. MALLON. Private Company E, May 13th, 1861; mustered out May 31st, 1864. Reënlisted; First Lieutenant, June 30th; mustered out July 14th, 1865.

DANIEL E. MANTON. Corporal Company I, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant Company C, July 30th, 1862; discharged February 24th, 1863.

JAMES MCGIFFEN. Private Company F, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant, March 6th, 1863; mustered out May 31st, 1864.

JOHN R. MENZIES. First Sergeant Company A, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant, November 12th, 1862; resigned April 22nd, 1863.

WILLIAM H. MORRISON. Company A, May 13th; resigned September 5th, 1861.

JAMES J. REID. Private Company B, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant, September 30th, 1862; resigned April 28th, 1863.

THOMAS W. ROBERTSON. Corporal Company I, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant, May 16th; resigned August 25th, 1862, on account of wounds received at James Island, June 16th, 1862.

JAMES CHARLES ROSS. April 8th; mustered out July 14th, 1865.

JOHN H. TENNANT. Private, August 28th, 1862; First Lieutenant, January 26th; mustered out July 14th, 1865.

CHARLES WATSON. Private Company C, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant, February 17th, 1863; mustered out May 31st, 1864.

JOHN WHITE. Company A; resigned August, 1862.

JOHN WHYTE. Private Company K, May 13th, 1861; First Lieutenant, August 1st, 1863; mustered out May 31st, 1864.

JOHN WHYTE. Company B, May 13th, 1861; resigned July 30th, 1862.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

EDWARD BALLISTER. Company K, May 13th; resigned July 14th, 1861.

EDWARD BRIER. January 26th; mustered out July 14th, 1865.

ROBERT CALDERWOOD. Private Company A, May 13th, 1861; Second Lieutenant, May 16th, 1862; resigned May 7th, 1863.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL. Private Company F, May 13th, 1861; Second Lieutenant, September 23d, 1862; discharged April 28th, 1863.

GARRETT S. CONOVER. Private Company D, May 13th, 1861; Second Lieutenant, January 19th; resigned May 21st, 1862.

WILLIAM B. DRAKE. Company H, May 13th; resigned August 2nd, 1861.

WALTER FITZSIMMONS. Private Company D, May 13th, 1861; Second Lieutenant, June 27th, 1862; discharged April 28th, 1863.

ALEXANDER FRAZER. Sergeant Company I, May 13th, 1861; Second Lieutenant, May 23d; discharged September 25th, 1862.

ROBERT GARDNER. Second Lieutenant, September 22nd; discharged November 26th, 1864.

JOHN R. HUNTER. Private Company A, May 13th, 1861; Second Lieutenant, January 19th; resigned May 12th, 1862.

HENRY HUTCHINSON. Private Company F, May 13th, 1861; Second Lieutenant, November 17th, 1862; mustered out May 31st, 1864.

JAMES KINNEAR. Company E, January 7th; died June 18th, from wounds received at James Island, June 16th, 1862.

FREDERICK KOCHERT. Sergeant Company B, May 13th, 1861; Second Lieutenant, May 16th; resigned November 12th, 1863.

ROBERT MARSHALL. First Sergeant Company K, May 13th, 1861; Second Lieutenant, January 19th; resigned April 14th, 1862.

JOHN MACPHERSON. Company A, May 13th; resigned August 1st, 1861.

CHARLES RILEY. Private Company K, May 13th, 1861; Second Lieutenant, April 28th, 1863; mustered out May 31st, 1864.

GEORGE ROBINSON. May 1st; mustered out July 14th, 1865.

WILLIAM S. ROSS. Corporal Company K, May 13th, 1861; Second Lieutenant, May 16th; resigned September 27th, 1862.

JAMES B. SINCLAIR. Company E, May 13th; promoted to First Lieutenant, Fourteenth U. S. Infantry, October 26th, 1861.

RICHARD SUNDERLAND. Private Company C, May 13th, 1861; Second Lieutenant, December 11th; dismissed January 15th, 1863.

CHARLES SYME. First Sergeant, May 13th, 1861; Second Lieutenant, September 24th, 1862; discharged April 22nd, 1863.

JAMES TAYLOR. First Sergeant Company D, May 13th; Second Lieutenant, ———; resigned October 18th, 1861.

JOHN P. TURNER. Private Company B, February 11th, 1862; Second Lieutenant, January 26th; mustered out July 14th, 1865.

JAMES WITHERSPOON. Company G, May 13th; resigned August 14th, 1861.

REGIMENTAL STATISTICS.

Up to the muster-out of the three-years men at the expiration of their term of service, in May, 1864, there had been enrolled in the regiment 105 officers and 1,269 enlisted men, making a total of 1,374, who are accounted for as follows:

Killed in action and died of wounds	108
Died of disease	82
Officers transferred, resigned, discharged and dismissed previous to May, 1864	76
Enlisted men discharged by reason of disability caused by wounds or sickness, and for all other causes, and including deserters	747
Officers mustered out May 31, 1864	29
Enlisted men " "	215
Enlisted men who had not completed their term of enlistment	117
	1,374

Owing to the absence of complete files of monthly returns at the Adjutant General's office, at Albany, it has been impossible to obtain a complete list of wounded, but taking the usual proportion, based on the number killed in action, would give, for the first three years' service, about four hundred and fifty.

The unusually small proportion of deaths from disease is a marked feature of the record of the Highlanders, and was frequently commented upon by the medical staff during our term of service. A partial explanation may be found on page 107. It was also noted that men from the cities exhibited a greater amount of endurance, and were less liable to disease than those from the country.

During the second period of the regiment's service, from June, 1864, to July, 1865, there were enrolled in the six companies (including 100 men of the 117 noticed above who returned to the field to serve out their time), 19 officers and 590 enlisted men, total, 609, accounted for as follows:

Officers resigned or discharged previous to July 14, 1865	4
Enlisted men mustered out by reason of expiration of term of service, and for other causes, and including deserters	310
Officers mustered out July 14, 1865	15
Enlisted men mustered out July 14, 1865	280
	609

GENERAL STATISTICS.

Comparative Statement of the Number of Men Furnished, and of the Deaths in the Union Army During the War.

States, Territories, etc.	Men Furnished.					Aggregate of deaths.
	White troops.	Sailors and Marines	Colored troops.	Indians.	Total.	
Alabama	2,576	.....	.....	.....	2,576	345
Arkansas	8,289	.....	.....	.....	8,289	1,713
California	15,725	.....	.....	.....	15,725	573
Colorado	4,903	.....	.....	.....	4,903	323
Connecticut	51,937	2,163	1,764	.....	55,864	5,354
Dakota	206	.....	.....	.....	206	6
Delaware	11,236	94	954	.....	12,284	882
District of Columbia	11,912	1,353	3,269	.....	16,534	290
Florida	1,290	.....	.....	.....	1,290	215
Georgia	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	15
Illinois	255,057	2,224	1,811	.....	259,092	34.834
Indiana	193,748	1,078	1,537	.....	196,363	26,672
Iowa	75,797	5	440	.....	76,242	13,001
Kansas	18,069	.....	2,080	.....	20,149	2,630
Kentucky	51,743	314	23,703	.....	75,760	10,774
Louisiana	5,224	.....	.....	.....	5,224	945
Maine	64,973	5,030	104	.....	70,107	9,398
Maryland	33,995	3,925	8,719	.....	46,638	2,982
Massachusetts	122,781	19.983	3,966	.....	146,730	13,942
Michigan	85,479	498	1,387	.....	87,364	14,753
Minnesota	23,913	3	104	.....	24,020	2,584
Mississippi	545	.....	.....	.....	545	78
Missouri	100,616	151	8,344	.....	109,111	13.885
Nebraska	3,157	.....	.....	.....	3,157	239
Nevada	1,080	.....	.....	.....	1,080	33
New Hampshire	32,930	882	125	.....	33,937	4,882
New Jersey	67,500	8,129	1,185	.....	76,814	5,754
New Mexico	6,561	.....	.....	.....	6,561	277
New York	409,561	35.164	4,125	.....	448,850	46.534
North Carolina	3,156	.....	.....	.....	3,156	360
Ohio	304,814	3,274	5,092	.....	313,180	35,475
Oregon	1,810	.....	.....	.....	1,810	45
Pennsylvania	315,017	14,307	8,612	.....	337,936	33,183
Rhode Island	19,521	1,878	1,837	.....	23,236	1,321
Tennessee	31,092	.....	.....	.....	31,092	6,777
Texas	1,965	.....	.....	.....	1,965	141
Vermont	32,549	619	120	.....	33,288	5,224
Virginia	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	42
Washington	964	.....	.....	.....	964	22
West Virginia	31,872	.....	196	.....	32,068	4,017
Wisconsin	91,029	133	165	.....	91.327	12,301
Indian Nations	.....	.....	.....	3,530	3,530	1,018
Colored Troops	.....	.....	99,337	.....	*99,337	†36,847
Veteran Reserve Corps	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1,672
U. S. Veteran Vols. (Hancock's Corps)	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	106
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Regular Army	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5,798
Grand aggregate	2,494,592	101,207	178,975	3,530	2,778,304	359,528

* Number not credited upon the quotas of any State.

† Includes losses in all colored organizations excepting three regiments from Massachusetts.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

With the exception of three Massachusetts regiments (organized and officered exclusively by the State authorities), whose casualties are included with those of the *white troops* from that State, all losses in the one hundred and seventy-eight thousand, nine hundred and seventy-five *colored troops* are reported separately, irrespective of any credits allowed upon the quotas of the States. The deaths in the excepted regiments aggregated 574.

In all other cases the figures in the column of deaths represent only such as occurred among the *white troops* and *Indians*. Information relative to the number of deaths in the Navy and Marine Corps belongs to the Navy Department.

The colored soldiers organized under the direct authority of the General Government, and not credited to any State, were recruited as follows :

In Alabama, 4,969; Arkansas, 5,526; Colorado, 95; Florida, 1,044; Georgia, 3,486; Louisiana, 24,052; Mississippi, 17,869; North Carolina, 5,035; South Carolina, 5,462; Tennessee, 20,133; Texas, 47; Virginia, 5,723.

There were also 5,896 negro soldiers enlisted at large, or whose credits are not specifically expressed by the records.

Of the number of colored troops credited to the States, 5,052 were obtained, under the provisions of section 3, act of Congress, approved July 4, 1864, from the States that had seceded.

The number of officers and men of the Regular Army among whom the casualties herein noted occurred is estimated at 67,000: the number in the Veteran Reserve Corps was 60,508; and in Hancock's Veteran Corps, 10,883.

The other organizations of white volunteers, organized directly by the United States authorities, numbered about 11,000.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, July 15, 1885.

Approved, and will be printed as a supplement to the statistical exhibit of deaths in the U. S. Army during the late war.

R. C. DRUM,
Adjutant-General.

From Colonel Frederick Phisterer's volume (Statistical Record), "Campaigns of the Civil War," we gather some interesting facts: There were over 2,260 separate engagements fought in 35 States and Territories. Of these 600 occurred in Virginia and West Virginia alone; 298 in Tennessee, 244 in Missouri, 186 in Mississippi, 167 in Arkansas, 138 in Kentucky, 118 in Louisiana, and 108 in Georgia. A list is given of 149 battles, in each of which the Union loss was over 500 in killed, wounded and missing. We notice also in this volume that the Regular Army register shows: 1 General, 2 Lieutenant-Generals, 1 Brevet Lieutenant-General, 11 Major-Generals, 152 Brevet Major-Generals, 36 Brigadier-Generals, and 187 Brevet Brigadier-Generals. The Volunteer Army register shows: 128 Major-Generals, 228 Brevet Major-Generals, 561 Brigadier-Generals, and 1,170 Brevet Brigadier-Generals. Many of the latter, however, were Colonels near and at the close of the war, and received the brevet after the war closed, as a reward for faithful services in the field.

The magnitude of the operations carried on during the war may be further illustrated by the following account, taken from tables prepared by Lieutenant Totten, U. S. A., of the number of men in the Union army, the *total* being an *average* strength :

Regular troops	22,929
White volunteers	741,507
Colored volunteers	42,339
Total	806,775

The losses have been tabulated by Mr. J. W. Kirkley, an experienced statistician in the Adjutant-General's office, and show:

	Officers.	Men.	Aggregate.
Killed or died of wounds	6,365	103,673	110,038
Died of disease	2,795	221,791	224,586
Drowned	106	4,838	4,944
Other accidental deaths	142	3,972	4,114
Murdered	37	487	524
Killed after capture	14	86	100
Committed suicide	26	365	391
Executed	——	267	267
Executed by enemy	4	60	64
Died from sunstroke	5	308	313
Other known causes	62	1,972	2,034
Causes not stated	28	12,093	12,121
Totals	9,584	349,912	359,496

From the above we learn that over sixty per cent. of the loss in officers was caused by being "killed or died of wounds," while among the enlisted men the proportion was only thirty per cent. Officers were more frequently the marks for the enemy's sharpshooters, and, according to their numbers, were more exposed in battle than the men in the ranks.

In the "died of disease" the percentage is reversed, that of the officers being thirty, while among the enlisted men it is about sixty-three per cent. Officers were surrounded by more comforts, and were less exposed to the elements, and consequently were in a position to take better care of themselves. The great loss by disease illustrates the well-known truth, that in war more men die of disease than are killed by the enemy. In the present case the fact of the Union soldiers serving in a climate to which they were unaccustomed should also be taken into consideration and the large proportion of such deaths is easily accounted for.

The above lists do not include the numbers enrolled nor losses in the Navy. In order also to arrive, even approximately, at the total loss of life among soldiers during the War, it is necessary to include the casualties in the Confederate Army. While their losses in battle may have been about the same as in the Union Army, they suffered much less from disease; but the aggregate, even at the lowest estimate, is appalling.

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